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COWLEY.
Hall Sculp

THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

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M DCC LXXIX.

THE

POEMS

OF

COWLEY.

VOLUME I.

NOV 1 1
1931

THE

POEMS

OF

MR. ABRAHAM COWLEY.

ELEGIA DEDICATORIA,

AD ILLUSTRISSIMAM ACADEMIAM CANTABRIGIENSEM.

HOC tibi de nato, ditiſſima mater, egeno
Exiguum immenſi pignus amoris habe.
Heu, meliora tibi depromere dona volentes
Aſtringit gratas parcior arca manus.
Túne tui poteris vocem hìc agnoſcere nati
Tam malè formatam, diſſimilemque tuæ?
Túne hìc materni veſtigia ſacra decoris,
Tu ſpeculum poteris hìc reperire tuum?
Poſt longum, dices, Coulëi, ſic mihi tempus?
Sic mihi ſperanti, perfide, multa redis?
Quæ, dices, Sagæ Lemuréſque Deæque, nocentes,
Hunc mihi in infantis ſuppoſuêre loco?
At tu, ſancta parens, crudelis tu quoque, nati
Ne tractes dextrâ vulnera cruda rudi.
Hei mihi, quid fato genetrix accedis iniquo?
Sit ſors, ſed non ſis, ipſa, noverca mihi.

Si mihi natali Muſarum adoleſcere in arvo,
Si benè dilecto luxuriare ſolo,
Si mihi de doctâ licuiſſet pleniùs undâ
Haurire, ingentem ſi ſatiare ſitim,
Non ego degeneri dubitabilis ore redirem,
Nec legeres nomen fuſa rubore meum.
Scis benè, ſcis quæ me tempeſtas publica mundi
Raptatrix veſtro ſuſtulit è gremio,
Nec pede adhuc firmo, nec firmo dente, negati
Poſcentem querulò murmure lactis opem.
Sic quondam, aërium vento bellante per æquor,
Cùm gravidum autumnum ſæva flagellat hyems,
Immatura ſuâ velluntur ab arbore poma,
Et vi victa cadunt; arbor & ipſa gemit.
Nondum ſuccus ineſt terræ generoſus avitæ,
Nondùm ſol roſeo redditur ore pater.
O mihi jucundùm Grantæ ſuper omnia nomen!
O penitùs toto cordè receptus amor!
O pulchræ ſine luxu ædes, vitæque beatæ,
Splendida paupertas, ingenuúſque decor!
O chara ante alias, magnorum nomine regum
Digna domus! Trini nomine digna Dei!
O nimium Cereris cumulati munere campi,
Poſthabitis Ennæ quos colit illa jugis!
O ſacri fontes! & ſacræ vatibus umbræ,
Quas recreant avium Pieridúmque chori!
O Camus! Phœbo nullus quo gratior amnis!
Amnibus auriferis invidioſus inops!
Ah mihi ſi veſtræ reddat bona gaudia ſedis,
Detque Deus doctâ poſſe quiete frui!

Qualis

Qualis eram, cum me tranquillâ mente ſedentem
Vidiſti in ripâ, Came ſerene, tuâ;
Mulcentem audîſti puerili flumina cantu;
Ille quidèm immerito, ſed tibi gratus erat.
Nam, memini ripâ cum tu dignatus utrâque,
Dignatum eſt totum verba referre nemus.
Tunc liquidis tacitiſque ſimul mea vita diebus,
Et ſimilis veſtræ candida fluxit aquæ.
At nupt cœnoſæ luces, atque obice multo
Rumpitur ætatis turbidus ordo meæ. [unda?
Quid mihi, Sequanâ opus, Tameſisve aut Thybridis
Tu potis es noſtram tollere, Came, ſitim.
Felix, qui nunquam plus uno viderit amne!
Quique eadem Salicis littora more colit!
Felix, qui non tentatus ſordeſcere mundus,
Et cui pauperies nota nitere poteſt!
Tempore cui nullo miſera experientia conſtat,
Ut res humanas ſentiat eſſe nihil!
At nos exemplis fortuna inſtruxit opimis,
Et documentorum ſatque ſupérque dedit.
Cum capite avulſum diadema, infractâque ſceptra,
Contuſáſque hominum ſorte minante minas,
Parcarum ludos, & non tractabile fatum,
Et verſas fundo vidimus orbis opes.
Quis poterit fragilem poſt talia credere puppim
Infami ſcopulis naufragiiſque mari?
Tu quoque in hoc terræ tremuiſti, Academia, motu.
(Nec fruſtrà) atque ædes contremuêre tuæ:
Contremuêre ipſæ pacatæ Palladis acres;
Et timuit fulmen laurea ſancta novum.

Ah quanquam iratum, peſtem hanc avertere numen,
Nec ſaltem bellis iſta licere, velit!
Nos, tua progenies, pereamus; & ecce, perimus!
In nos jus habeat: jus habet omne malum.
Tu ſtabilis brevium genus immortale nepotum
Fundes; nec tibi mors ipſa ſuperſtes erit:
Semper plena manens uteri de fonte perenni
Formoſas mittes ad mare mortis aquas.
Sic Venus humanâ quondam, Dea ſaucia dextrâ,
(Namque ſolent ipſis bella nocere Deis)
Imploravit opem ſuperûm, queſtúſque cievit,
Tinxit adorandus candida membra cruor.
Quid quereris? contemne breves ſecura dolores:
Nam tibi ferre necem vulnera nulla valent.

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE TO His EDITION in Folio, 1656.

AT my return lately into England *, I met by great accident (for ſuch I account it to be, that any copy of it ſhould be extant any where ſo long, unleſs at his houſe who printed it) a book intituled, "The Iron Age," and publiſhed under my name, during the time of my abſence. I wondered very much how one who could be ſo fooliſh to write ſo ill verſes, ſhould yet be ſo wiſe to ſet them forth as another man's rather than his own; though perhaps he might have made a better choice, and not fathered the baſtard upon ſuch a perſon, whoſe ſtock of reputation is, I fear, little enough for maintenance of his own numerous legitimate offspring of that kind. It would have been much leſs injurious, if it had pleaſed the author to put forth ſome of my writings under his own name, rather than his own under mine: he had been in that a more

* In 1656.

pardonable plagiary, and had done leſs wrong by robbery, than he does by ſuch a bounty; for nobody can be juſtified by the imputation even of another's merit; and our own coarſe cloaths are like to become us better than thoſe of another man, though never ſo rich: but theſe, to ſay the truth, were ſo beggarly, that I myſelf was aſhamed to wear them. It was in vain for me, that I avoided cenſure by the concealment of my own writings, if my reputation could be thus executed *in effigie*; and impoſſible it is for any good name to be in ſafety, if the malice of witches have the power to conſume and deſtroy it in an image of their own making. This indeed was ſo ill made, and ſo unlike, that I hope the charm took no effect. So that I eſteem myſelf leſs prejudiced by it, than by that which has been done to me ſince, almoſt in the ſame kind; which is, the publication of ſome things of mine without my conſent or knowledge, and thoſe ſo mangled and imperfect, that I could neither with honour acknowledge, nor with honeſty quite diſavow them.

Of which ſort, was a comedy called "The Guardian," printed in the year 1650; but made and acted before the Prince, in his paſſage through Cambridge towards York, at the beginning of the late unhappy war; or rather neither made nor acted, but rough-drawn only, and repeated; for the haſte was ſo great, that it could neither be reviſed or perfected by the author, nor learned without book by the actors, nor ſet forth in any meaſure tolerably by the officers of the college. After the repreſentation (which, I confeſs,

feſs, was ſomewhat of the lateſt) I began to look it over, and changed it very much, ſtriking out ſome whole parts, as that of the poet and the ſoldier; but I have loſt the copy, and dare not think it deſerves the pains to write it again, which makes me omit it in this publication, though there be ſome things in it which I am not aſhamed of, taking the excuſe of my age and ſmall experience in human converſation when I made it. But, as it is, it is only the haſty firſt-ſitting of a picture, and therefore like to reſemble me accordingly.

From this which has happened to myſelf, I began to reflect on the fortune of almoſt all writers, and eſpecially poets, whoſe works (commonly printed after their deaths) we find ſtuffed out, either with counterfeit pieces, like falſe money put in to fill up the bag, though it add nothing to the ſum; or with ſuch, which, though of their own coin, they would have called in themſelves, for the baſeneſs of the allay: whether this proceed from the indiſcretion of their friends, who think a vaſt heap of ſtones or rubbiſh a better monument than a little tomb of marble; or by the unworthy avarice of ſome ſtationers, who are content to diminiſh the value of the author, ſo they may increaſe the price of the book; and, like vintners, with ſophiſticate mixtures, ſpoil the whole veſſel of wine, to make it yield more profit. This has been the caſe with Shakeſpeare, Fletcher, Jonſon, and many others; part of whoſe poems I ſhould take the boldneſs to prune and lop away, if the care of replanting them in print did belong

belong to me: neither would I make any ſcruple to cut off from ſome the unneceſſary young ſuckers, and from others the old withered branches; for a great wit is no more tied to live in a vaſt volume, than in a gigantic body; on the contrary, it is commonly more vigorous, the leſs ſpace it animates. And, as Statius ſays of little Tydeus *,

" —— Totos infuſa per artus
" Major in exiguo regnabat corpore virtus."

I am not ignorant, that, by ſaying this of others, I expoſe myſelf to ſome raillery, for not uſing the ſame ſevere diſcretion in my own caſe, where it concerns me nearer: But though I publiſh here more than in ſtrict wiſdom I ought to have done, yet I have ſuppreſt and caſt away more than I publiſh; and, for the eaſe of myſelf and others, have loſt, I believe too, more than both. And upon theſe conſiderations I have been perſuaded to overcome all the juſt repugnances of my own modeſty, and to produce theſe poems to the light and view of the world; not as a thing that I approved of in itſelf, but as a leſs evil, which I choſe rather than to ſtay till it were done for me by ſomebody elſe, either ſurreptitiouſly before, or avowedly after, my death: and this will be the more excuſable, when the reader ſhall know in what reſpects he may look upon me as a dead, or at leaſt a dying perſon; and upon my Muſe in this action, as appearing, like the Emperor Charles the Fifth, and aſſiſting at her own funeral.

* Stat. Theb. lib. i. 426.

For,

For, to make myſelf abſolutely dead in a poetical capacity, my reſolution at preſent is, never to exerciſe any more that faculty. It is, I confeſs, but ſeldom ſeen that the poet dies before the man; for, when we once fall in love with that bewitching art, we do not uſe to court it as a miſtreſs, but marry it as a wife, and take it for better or worſe, as an inſeparable companion of our whole life. But, as the marriages of infants do but rarely proſper, ſo no man ought to wonder at the diminution or decay of my affection to poeſy; to which I had contracted myſelf ſo much under age, and ſo much to my own prejudice in regard of thoſe more profitable matches, which I might have made among the richer ſciences. As for the portion which this brings of fame, it is an eſtate (if it be any, for men are not oftener deceived in their hopes of widows, than in their opinion of, "Exegi monumentum ære perennius—") that hardly ever comes in whilſt we are living to enjoy it, but is a fantaſtical kind of reverſion to our own ſelves: neither ought any man to envy poets this poſthumous and imaginary happineſs, ſince they find commonly ſo little in preſent, that it may be truly applied to them, which St. Paul ſpeaks of the firſt Chriſtians, "If their reward be in this life, they are of all men "the moſt miſerable."

And, if in quiet and flouriſhing times they meet with ſo ſmall encouragement, what are they to expect in rough and troubled ones? If wit be ſuch a plant, that it ſcarce receives heat enough to preſerve it alive even in the ſummer of our cold climate, how can it

chooſe but wither in a long and a ſharp winter? A warlike, various, and a tragical age is beſt to write of, but worſt to write in. And I may, though in a very unequal proportion, aſſume that to myſelf, which was ſpoken by Tully to a much better perſon, upon occaſion of the civil wars and revolutions in his time: "Sed "in te intuens, Brute, doleo: cujus in adoleſcentiam, "per medias laudes, quaſi quadrigis vehentem, tranſ- "verſa incurrit miſera fortuna reipublicæ *."

Neither is the preſent conſtitution of my mind more proper than that of the times for this exerciſe, or rather divertiſement. There is nothing that requires ſo much ſerenity and chearfulneſs of ſpirit; it muſt not be either overwhelmed with the cares of life, or overcaſt with the clouds of melancholy and ſorrow, or ſhaken and diſturbed with the ſtorms of injurious fortune; it muſt, like the halcyon, have fair weather to breed in. The ſoul muſt be filled with bright and delightful ideas, when it undertakes to communicate delight to others; which is the main end of poeſy. One may ſee through the ſtyle of Ovid de Triſt. the humbled and dejected condition of ſpirit with which he wrote it; there ſcarce remains any footſtep of that genius,

"—quem nec Jovis ira, nec ignes †, &c."

The cold of the country had ſtrucken through all his faculties, and benumbed the very feet of his verſes. He is himſelf, methinks, like one of the ſtories of his

* Cic. de Clar. Orator. § 331.
† Metam. l. xv. 871.

own

own Metamorphosis; and, though there remain some weak resemblances of Ovid at Rome, it is but, as he says of Niobe *,

" In vultu color est sine sanguine: lumina mœstis
" Stant immota genis: nihil est in imagine vivi.—
" Flet tamen—"

The truth is, for a man to write well, it is necessary to be in good humour; neither is wit less eclipsed with the unquietness of mind, than beauty with the indisposition of body. So that it is almost as hard a thing to be a poet in despite of fortune, as it is in despite of nature. For my own part, neither my obligations to the Muses, nor expectations from them, are so great, as that I should suffer myself on no considerations to be divorced, or that I should say like Horace †,

" Quisquis erit vitæ, scribam, color."

I shall rather use his words in another place ‡,

" Vixi Camenis nuper idoneus,
" Et militavi non sine gloriâ:
" Nunc arma, defunctúmque bello
" Barbiton hic paries habebit."

And this resolution of mine does the more befit me, because my desire has been for some years past (though the execution has been accidentally diverted) and does still vehemently continue, to retire myself to some of

* Metam. l. vi. 304.
† Hor. 2 Sat. i. 60.
‡ 3 Carm. Ode xxvi. " Vixi puellis," &c.

our

our American plantations, not to ſeek for gold, or enrich myſelf with the traffic of thoſe parts (which is the end of moſt men that travel thither; ſo that of theſe Indies it is truer than it was of the former,

" Impiger extremos currit mercator ad Indos,
" Per mare pauperiem fugiens—*)"

but to forſake this world for ever, with all the vanities and vexations of it, and to bury myſelf there in ſome obſcure retreat (but not without the conſolation of letters and philoſophy)

" Oblitúſque meorum, obliviſcendus & illis—†"

as my former author ſpeaks too, who has enticed me here, I know not how, into the pedantry of this heap of Latin ſentences. And I think Dr. Donne's *Sundyal in a grave* is not more uſeleſs and ridiculous, than poetry would be in that retirement. As this therefore is in a true ſenſe a kind of death to the Muſes, and a real literal quitting of this world; ſo, methinks, I may make a juſt claim to the undoubted privilege of deceaſed poets, which is, to be read with more favour than the living;

" Tanti eſt ut placeam tibi, perire ‡."

Having been forced, for my own neceſſary juſtification, to trouble the reader with this long diſcourſe of the reaſons why I trouble him alſo with all the reſt of

* Hor. 1 Ep. i. 45.
† Hor. 1 Ep. xi. 9.
‡ Martial. lib. viii. ep. 69.

the

the book; I ſhall only add ſomewhat concerning the ſeveral parts of it, and ſome other pieces, which I have thought fit to reject in this publication: as, firſt, all thoſe which I wrote at ſchool, from the age of ten years, till after fifteen; for even ſo far backward there remain yet ſome traces of me in the little footſteps of a child; which, though they were then looked upon as commendable extravagancies in a boy (men ſetting a value upon any kind of fruit before the uſual ſeaſon of it) yet I would be loth to be bound now to read them all over myſelf; and therefore ſhould do ill to expect that patience from others. Beſides, they have already paſt through ſeveral editions, which is a longer life than uſes to be enjoyed by infants that are born before the ordinary terms. They had the good fortune then to find the world ſo indulgent (for, conſidering the time of their production, who could be ſo hard-hearted to be ſevere?) that I ſcarce yet apprehend ſo much to be cenſured for them, as for not having made advances afterwards proportionable to the ſpeed of my ſetting out; and am obliged too in a manner by diſcretion to conceal and ſuppreſs them, as promiſes and inſtruments under my own hand, whereby I ſtood engaged for more than I have been able to perform; in which truly if I have failed, I have the real excuſe of the honeſteſt ſort of bankrupts, which is, to have been made unſolvable not ſo much by their own negligence and ill-huſbandry, as by ſome notorious accidents and public diſaſters. In the next place, I have caſt away all ſuch pieces as I wrote during the time of the late troubles,

with

with any relation to the differences that cauſed them; as, among others, three books of the civil war itſelf, reaching as far as the firſt battle of Newbury, where the ſucceeding misfortunes of the party ſtopt the work.

As for the enſuing book, it conſiſts of four * parts. The firſt is a Miſcellany of ſeveral ſubjects, and ſome of them made when I was very young, which it is perhaps ſuperfluous to tell the reader: I know not by what chance I have kept copies of them; for they are but a very few in compariſon of thoſe which I have loſt; and I think they have no extraordinary virtue in them, to deſerve more care in preſervation, than was beſtowed upon their brethren; for which I am ſo little concerned, that I am aſhamed of the arrogancy of the word, when I ſaid I had loſt them.

The ſecond, is called, "The Miſtreſs," or "Love-"Verſes;" for ſo it is, that poets are ſcarce thought freemen of their company, without paying ſome duties, and obliging themſelves to be true to love. Sooner or later they muſt all paſs through that trial, like ſome Mahometan monks, that are bound by their order, once at leaſt in their life, to make a pilgrimage to Mecca:

"In furias ignemque fuunt: amor omnibus idem †."

* In the preſent collection, there are *five* parts; the firſt of which contains the juvenile Poems mentioned in p. 15. Their hiſtory may be ſeen in the prefaces prefixed to them. N.

† Virg. Georg. iii. 244.

But

But we muſt not always make a judgment of their manners from their writings of this kind; as the Romaniſts uncharitably do of Beza, for a few laſcivious ſonnets compoſed by him in his youth. It is not in this ſenſe that poeſy is ſaid to be a kind of painting; it is not the picture of the poet, but of things and perſons imagined by him. He may be in his own practick and diſpoſition a philoſopher, nay a Stoic, and yet ſpeak ſometimes with the ſoftneſs of an amorous Sappho,

"——ferat & rubus aſper amomum *."

He profeſſes too much the uſe of fables (though without the malice of deceiving) to have his teſtimony taken even againſt himſelf. Neither would I here be miſunderſtood, as if I affected ſo much gravity as to be aſhamed to be thought really in love. On the contrary, I cannot have a good opinion of any man, who is not at leaſt capable of being ſo. But I ſpeak it to excuſe ſome expreſſions (if ſuch there be) which may happen to offend the ſeverity of ſupercilious readers: for much exceſs is to be allowed in love, and even more in poetry; ſo we avoid the two unpardonable vices in both, which are obſcenity and profaneneſs, of which, I am ſure, if my words be ever guilty, they have ill repreſented my thoughts and intentions. And if, notwithſtanding all this, the lightneſs of the matter here diſpleaſe any body, he may find wherewithal to content his more ſerious inclinations in the weight and height of the enſuing arguments.

* Virg. Ecl. iii. 89.

For, as for the "Pindaric Odes" (which is the third part), I am in great doubt whether they will be understood by most readers; nay, even by very many who are well enough acquainted with the common roads and ordinary tracts of poesy. They either are, or at least were meant to be, of that kind of style which Dion. Halicarnasseus calls, Μεγαλοφυὲς καὶ ἡδὺ μετὰ δεινότητος, and which he attributes to Alceus. The digressions are many, and sudden, and sometimes long, according to the fashion of all lyriques, and of Pindar above all men living: the figures are unusual and bold, even to temerity, and such as I durst not have to do withal in any other kind of poetry: the numbers are various and irregular, and sometimes (especially some of the long ones) seem harsh and uncouth, if the just measures and cadences be not observed in the pronunciation. So that almost all their sweetness and numerosity (which is to be found, if I mistake not, in the roughest, if rightly repeated) lies in a manner wholly at the mercy of the reader. I have briefly described the nature of these verses, in the Ode intituled, "The Resurrection:" and though the liberty of them may incline a man to believe them easy to be composed, yet the undertaker will find it otherwise—

"—Ut sibi quivis
"Speret idem; sudet multùm, frustráque laboret
"Ausus idem *.

* Hor. A. P. 240.

I come

I come now to the laſt part, which is "Davideis," or an heroical poem of the troubles of David: which I deſigned into twelve books; not for the tribes' ſake, but after the pattern of our maſter Virgil; and intended to cloſe all with that moſt poetical and excellent elegy of David on the death of Saul and Jonathan; for I had no mind to carry him quite on to his anointing at Hebron, becauſe it is the cuſtom of heroic poets (as we ſee by the examples of Homer and Virgil, whom we ſhould do ill to forſake to imitate others) never to come to the full end of their ſtory: but only ſo near, that every one may ſee it; as men commonly play not out the game, when it is evident that they can win it, but lay down their cards, and take up what they have won. This, I ſay, was the whole deſign: in which there are many noble and fertile arguments behind; as the barbarous cruelty of Saul to the prieſts at Nob; the ſeveral flights and eſcapes of David, with the manner of his living in the Wilderneſs; the funeral of Samuel; the love of Abigail; the ſacking of Ziglag; the loſs and recovery of David's wives from the Amalekites the witch of Endor; the war with the Philiſtines; and the battle of Gilboa: all which I meant to interweave, upon ſeveral occaſions, with moſt of the illuſtrious ſtories of the Old Teſtament, and to embelliſh with the moſt remarkable antiquities of the Jews, and of other nations before or at that age.

But I have had neither leiſure hitherto, nor have appetite at preſent, to finiſh the work, or ſo much as to

reviſe that part which is done, with that care which I reſolved to beſtow upon it, and which the dignity of the matter well deſerves. For what worthier ſubject could have been choſen, among all the treaſuries of paſt times, than the life of this young prince; who, from ſo ſmall beginnings, through ſuch infinite troubles and oppoſitions, by ſuch miraculous virtues and excellencies, and with ſuch incomparable variety of wonderful actions and accidents, became the greateſt monarch that ever ſat on the moſt famous throne of the whole earth? Whom ſhould a poet more juſtly ſeek to honour, than the higheſt perſon who ever honoured his profeſſion? whom a Chriſtian poet, rather than the man after God's own heart, and the man who had that ſacred pre-eminence above all other princes, to be the beſt and mightieſt of that royal race from whence Chriſt himſelf, according to the fleſh, diſdained not to deſcend?

When I conſider this, and how many other bright and magnificent ſubjects of the like nature the holy Scripture affords and proffers, as it were, to poeſy; in the wiſe managing and illuſtrating whereof the glory of God Almighty might be joined with the ſingular utility and nobleſt delight of mankind; it is not without grief and indignation that I behold that divine ſcience employing all her inexhauſtible riches of wit and eloquence, either in the wicked and beggarly flattery of great perſons, or the unmanly idolizing of fooliſh women, or the wretched affectation of ſcurril laughter, or at beſt on the confuſed antiquated dreams of

of ſenſeleſs fables and metamorphoſes. Amongſt all holy and conſecrated things, which the devil ever ſtole and alienated from the ſervice of the Deity; as altars, temples, ſacrifices, prayers, and the like; there is none that he ſo univerſally, and ſo long, uſurpt, as poetry. It is time to recover it out of the tyrant's hands, and to reſtore it to the kingdom of God, who is the father of it. It is time to baptize it in Jordan, for it will never become clean by bathing in the water of Damaſcus. There wants, methinks, but the converſion of that, and the Jews, for the accompliſhment of the kingdom of Chriſt. And as men, before their receiving of the faith, do not without ſome carnal reluctancies apprehend the bonds and fetters of it, but find it afterwards to be the trueſt and greateſt liberty: it will fare no otherwiſe with this art, after the regeneration of it; it will meet with wonderful variety of new, more beautiful, and more delightful objects; neither will it want room, by being confined to heaven.

There is not ſo great a lye to be found in any poet, as the vulgar conceit of men, that lying is eſſential to good poetry. Were there never ſo wholeſome nouriſhment to be had (but alas! it breeds nothing but diſeaſes) out of theſe boaſted feaſts of love and fables; yet, methinks, the unalterable continuance of the diet ſhould make us nauſeate it: for it is almoſt impoſſible to ſerve up any new diſh of that kind. They are all but the cold-meats of the ancients, new-heated, and new ſet forth. I do not at all wonder that the old poets

made ſome rich crops out of theſe grounds; the heart of the ſoil was not then wrought out with continual tillage: but what can we expect now, who come a gleaning, not after the firſt reapers, but after the very beggars? Beſides, though thoſe mad ſtories of the gods and heroes ſeem in themſelves ſo ridiculous; yet they were then the whole body (or rather chaos) of the theology of thoſe times. They were believed by all, but a few philoſophers, and perhaps ſome atheiſts; and ſerved to good purpoſe among the vulgar (as pitiful things as they are), in ſtrengthening the authority of law with the terrors of conſcience, and expectation of certain rewards and unavoidable puniſhments. There was no other religion; and therefore that was better than none at all. But to us, who have no need of them; to us, who deride their folly, and are wearied with their impertinencies; they ought to appear no better arguments for verſe, than thoſe of their worthy ſucceſſors, the knights-errant. What can we imagine more proper for the ornaments of wit or learning in the ſtory of Deucalion than in that of Noah? Why will not the actions of Sampſon afford as plentiful matter as the labours of Hercules? Why is not Jeptha's daughter as good a woman as Iphigenia? and the friendſhip of David and Jonathan more worthy celebration than that of Theſeus and Perithous? Does not the paſſage of Moſes and the Iſraelites into the Holy Land yield incomparably more poetical variety than the voyages of Ulyſſes or Æneas? Are the obſolete

thread-bare

thread-bare tales of Thebes and Troy half ſo ſtored with great, heroical, and ſupernatural actions (ſince verſe will needs find or make ſuch), as the wars of Joſhua, of the Judges, of David, and divers others? Can all the transformations of the gods give ſuch copious hints to flouriſh and expatiate on, as the true miracles of Chriſt, or of his prophets and apoſtles? What do I inſtance in theſe few particulars? All the books of the Bible are either already moſt admirable and exalted pieces of poeſy, or are the beſt materials in the world for it.

Yet, though they be in themſelves ſo proper to be made uſe of for this purpoſe; none but a good artiſt will know how to do it: neither muſt we think to cut and poliſh diamonds with ſo little pains and ſkill as we do marble. For, if any man deſign to compoſe a ſacred poem, by only turning a ſtory of the Scripture, like Mr. Quarles's, or ſome other godly matter, like Mr. Heywood of angels, into rhyme; he is ſo far from elevating of poeſy, that he only abaſes divinity. In brief, he who can write a prophane poem well, may write a divine one better; but he who can do that but ill, will do this much worſe. The ſame fertility of invention; the ſame wiſdom of diſpoſition; the ſame judgment in obſervance of decencies; the ſame luſtre and vigour of elocution; the ſame modeſty and majeſty of number; briefly, the ſame kind of habit, is required to both: only this latter allows better ſtuff; and therefore would look more deformedly, ill dreſt in it.

I am far from aſſuming to myſelf to have fulfilled the duty of this weighty undertaking: but ſure I am, there is nothing yet in our language (nor perhaps in any) that is in any degree anſwerable to the idea that I conceive of it. And I ſhall be ambitious of no other fruit from this weak and imperfect attempt of mine, but the opening of a way to the courage and induſtry of ſome other perſons, who may be better able to perform it thoroughly and ſucceſsfully.

JUVENILE

JUVENILE POEMS.

THE BOOKSELLER'S ADVERTISEMENT TO THE EDITION OF 1674.

THE following Poems of Mr. Cowley being much enquired after, and very ſcarce (the Town hardly affording one Book, though it hath been four times printed) we thought this fifth edition could not fail of being well received by the world. We preſume one reaſon why they were omitted in the laſt collection, was, becauſe the propriety of this copy belonged not to the ſame perſon that publiſhed thoſe: but the reception they had found appears by the ſeveral impreſſions through which they had paſſed. We dare not ſay they are equally perfect with thoſe written by the Author in his riper years, yet certainly they are ſuch as deſerve not to be buried in obſcurity. We preſume the Author's judgment of them is moſt reaſonable to appeal

to; and you will find him (allowing grains of modeſty) give them no ſmall character. His words are in the 6th page of his Preface before his former publiſhed Poems *.

You find our excellent Author likewiſe mentioning and reciting part of theſe Poems, in his "Several Diſcourſes by way of Eſſays in Verſe and Proſe, in the "11th Diſcourſe treating of himſelf." Theſe we ſuppoſe a ſufficient authority for our reviving them; and ſure there is no ingenuous Reader to whom the ſmalleſt remains of Mr. Cowley will be unwelcome. His Poems are every where the copy of his mind; ſo that by this ſupplement to his other volume you have the picture of that ſo deſervedly eminent man from almoſt his childhood to his lateſt years, the bud and bloom of his Spring; the warmth of his Summer; the richneſs and perfection of his Autumn. But, for the Reader's further curioſity, we refer him to the Author's following Preface to them, publiſhed by himſelf.

* See the Author's Preface above, p. 15.

TO

TO THE

Right Honourable and Right Reverend Father in God,

JOHN

Lord Biſhop of *Lincoln*, and Dean of *Weſtminſter*.

MY LORD,

I MIGHT well fear, leſt theſe my rude and unpoliſhed lines ſhould offend your honourable ſurvey; but that I hope your Nobleneſs will rather ſmile at the faults committed by a Child, than cenſure them. Howſoever I deſire your Lordſhip's pardon, for preſenting things ſo unworthy to your view; and to accept the good-will of him, who in all duty is bound to be

Your Lordſhip's

moſt humble ſervant,

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE TO HIS JUVENILE POEMS.

READER (I know not yet whether gentle or no); ſome, I know, have been angry (I dare not aſſume the honour of their envy) at my poetical boldneſs, and blamed in mine, what commends other fruits, earlineſs: others, who are either of a weak faith, or ſtrong malice, have thought me like a pipe, which never ſounds but when it is blowed in, and read me, not as Abraham Cowley, but Authorem Anonymum. To the firſt I anſwer, that it is an envious froſt which nips the bloſſoms, becauſe they appear quickly: to the latter, that he is the worſt homicide who ſtrives to murder another's fame: to both, that it is a ridiculous folly to condemn or laugh at the ſtars, becauſe the moon and ſun ſhine brighter. The ſmall fire I have is rather blown than extinguiſhed by this wind. For the itch of Poeſy, by being angered, increaſeth; by rubbing, ſpreads farther; which appears in that I have ventured upon this Third Edition. What though it be neglected? It is not, I am ſure, the firſt book which hath lighted,

lighted tobacco, or been employed by cooks and grocers. If in all men's judgments it ſuffer ſhipwreck, it ſhall ſomething content me, that it hath pleaſed myſelf and the Bookſeller. In it you ſhall find one argument (and I hope I ſhall need no more) to confute unbelievers: which is, that as mine age, and conſequently experience (which is yet but little) hath increaſed, ſo they have not left my Poeſy flagging behind them. I ſhould not be angry to ſee any one burn my Piramus and Thiſbe, nay, I would do it myſelf, but that I hope a pardon may eaſily be gotten for the errors of ten years age. My Conſtantius and Philetus confeſſeth me two years older when I writ it. The reſt were made ſince, upon ſeveral occaſions, and perhaps do not belye the time of their birth. Such as they are, they were created by me: but their fate lies in your hands; it is only you can effect, that neither the Bookſeller repent himſelf of his charge in printing them, nor I of my labour in compoſing them. Farewel.

A. COWLEY.

TO

TO THE READER.

I Call'd the buſkin'd muſe Melpomene,
And told her what ſad ſtory I would write:
She wept at hearing ſuch a tragedy,
Though wont in mournful ditties to delight.
If thou diſlike theſe ſorrowful lines, then know
My Muſe with tears, not with conceits, did flow:

And as ſhe my unabler quill did guide,
Her briny tears did on the paper fall;
If then unequal numbers be eſpied,
Oh, Reader! do not that my error call;
But think her tears defac'd it, and blame then
My Muſes' grief, and not my miſſing pen.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

CON-

CONSTANTIA AND PHILETUS.

I SING two conſtant lovers' various fate,
The hopes and fears that equally attend
Their loves; their rivals' envy, parents' hate:
I ſing their woeful life and tragic end.
Aid me, ye gods, this ſtory to rehearſe,
This mournful tale, and favour every verſe!

In Florence, for her ſtately buildings fam'd,
And lofty roofs that emulate the ſky,
There dwelt a lovely maid, Conſtantia nam'd,
Fam'd for the beauty of all Italy.
Her, laviſh Nature did at firſt adorn,
With Pallas' ſoul in Cytherea's form:

And, framing her attractive eyes ſo bright,
Spent all her wit in ſtudy, that they might
Keep earth from chaos and eternal night;
But envious death deſtroy'd their glorious light.
Expect not beauty then, ſince ſhe did part;
For in her Nature waſted all her art.

Her hair was brighter than the beams which are
A crown to Phœbus; and her breath ſo ſweet,
It did tranſcend Arabian odours far,
Or ſmelling flowers, wherewith the ſpring doth greet
Approaching ſummer; teeth, like falling ſnow
For white, were placed in a double row.

Her

Her wit, excelling praiſe, even all admire;
Her ſpeech was ſo attractive it might be
A cauſe to raiſe the mighty Pallas' ire,
And ſtir up envy from that deity.
The maiden lilies at her ſight
Wax'd pale with envy, and from thence grew white.

She was in birth and parentage as high
As in her fortune great or beauty rare;
And to her virtuous mind's nobility
The gifts of Fate and Nature doubled were;
That in her ſpotleſs ſoul and lovely face
You might have ſeen each deity and grace.

The ſcornful boy Adonis, viewing her,
Would Venus ſtill deſpiſe, yet her deſire;
Each who but ſaw, was a competitor
And rival, ſcorch'd alike with Cupid's fire.
The glorious beams of her fair eyes did move,
And light beholders on their way to love.

Among her many ſuitors, a young knight,
'Bove others wounded with the majeſty
Of her fair preſence, preſſeth moſt in ſight;
Yet ſeldom his deſire can ſatisfy
With that bleſt object, or her rareneſs ſee;
For beauty's guard is watchful jealouſy.

Oft times, that he might ſee his deareſt fair,
Upon his ſtately jennet he in th' way
Rides by her houſe; who neighs, as if he were
Proud to be view'd by bright Conſtantia.
But his poor maſter, though to ſee her move
His joy, dares ſhow no look betraying love.

Soon

Soon as the morning left her roſy bed,
And all heaven's ſmaller lights were driven away,
She, by her friends and near acquaintance led,
Like other maids, would walk at break of day:
Aurora bluſh'd to ſee a ſight unknown,
To behold cheeks more beauteous than her own.

Th' obſequious lover follows ſtill her train,
And where they go, that way his journey feigns:
Should they turn back, he would turn back again;
For with his love, his buſineſs does remain.
Nor is it ſtrange he ſhould be loth to part
From her, whoſe eyes had ſtole away his heart.

Philetus he was call'd, ſprung from a race
Of noble anceſtors; but greedy Time
And envious Fate had labour'd to deface
The glory which in his great ſtock did ſhine:
Small his eſtate, unfitting her degree;
But blinded Love could no ſuch difference ſee.

Yet he by chance had hit his heart aright,
And dipt his arrow in Conſtantia's eyes,
Blowing a fire that would deſtroy him quite,
Unleſs ſuch flames within her heart ſhould riſe.
But yet he fears, becauſe he blinded is,
Though he have ſhot him right, her heart he 'll miſs.

Unto Love's altar therefore he repairs,
And offers up a pleaſing ſacrifice;
Intreating Cupid, with inducing prayers,
To look upon and eaſe his miſeries:
Where having wept, recovering breath again,
Thus to immortal Love he did complain:

" Oh mighty Cupid! whoſe unbounded ſway,
" Hath often rul'd th' Olympian thunderer;
" Whom all cœleſtial deities obey;
" Whom men and gods both reverence and fear!
" Oh force Conſtantia's heart to yield to love!
" Of all thy works the maſter-piece 'twill prove.

" And let me not affection vainly ſpend,
" But kindle flames in her like thoſe in me;
" Yet if that gift my fortune doth tranſcend,
" Grant that her charming beauty I may ſee!
" For ever view thoſe eyes, whoſe charming light,
" More than the world beſides, does pleaſe my ſight.

" Thoſe who contemn thy ſacred deity,
" Laugh at thy power, make them thine anger know;
" I faultleſs am; what honour can it be,
" Only to wound your ſlave, and ſpare your foe?"
Here tears and ſighs ſpeak his imperfect moan,
In language far more moving than his own.

Home he retir'd, his ſoul he brought not home;
Juſt like a ſhip, while every mounting wave
Toſs'd by enraged Boreas up and down,
Threatens the mariner with a gaping grave;
Such did his caſe, ſuch did his ſtate appear,
Alike diſtracted between hope and fear.

Thinking her love he never ſhall obtain,
One morn he haunts the woods, and doth complain
Of his unhappy fate, but all in vain;
And thus fond Echo anſwers him again:
It mov'd Aurora, and ſhe wept to hear,
Dewing the verdant graſs with many a tear.

THE ECHO.

I.

"OH! what hath caus'd my killing miſeries?"
"EYES," Echo ſaid. "What hath detain'd my eaſe?"
"EASE," ſtraight the reaſonable nymph replies.
"That nothing can my troubled mind appeaſe?"
"PEACE," Echo anſwers. "What, is any nigh?"
"Philetus ſaid, ſhe quickly utters, "I."

II.

"Is 't Echo anſwers? tell me then thy will:"
"I WILL," ſhe ſaid, "What ſhall I get," ſays he,
"By loving ſtill?" To which ſhe anſwers, "ILL."
"Ill! Shall I void of wiſh'd-for pleaſures die?"
"I." "Shall not I, who toil in ceaſeleſs pain,
"Some pleaſure know?" No," ſhe replies again.

III.

"Falſe and inconſtant nymph, thou lyeſt!" ſaid he;
"THOU LYEST," ſhe ſaid; "And I deſerv'd her hate,
"If I ſhould thee believe." "BELIEVE," ſaith ſhe.
"For why? thy idle words are of no weight."
"WEIGHT," ſhe anſwers. "Therefore I 'll depart."
To which reſounding Echo anſwers, "PART."

THEN from the woods with wounded heart he goes,
Filling with legions of freſh thoughts his mind.
He quarrels with himſelf, becauſe his woes
Spring from himſelf, yet can no medicine find:
He weeps to quench the fires that burn in him,
But tears do fall to th' earth, flames are within.

No morning-baniſh'd darkneſs, nor black night
By her alternate courſe expell'd the day,
In which Philetus by a conſtant rite
At Cupid's altars did not weep and pray;
And yet he nothing reap'd for all his pain,
But care and ſorrow was his only gain.

But now at laſt the pitying God, o'ercome
By conſtant votes and tears, fix'd in her heart
A golden ſhaft, and ſhe is now become
A ſuppliant to Love, that with like dart
He 'd wound Philetus; does with tears implore
Aid from that power ſhe ſo much ſcorn'd before.

Little ſhe thinks ſhe kept Philetus' heart
In her ſcorch'd breaſt, becauſe her own ſhe gave
To him. Since either ſuffers equal ſmart,
And a like meaſure in their torments have:
His ſoul, his griefs, his fires, now her's are grown;
Her heart, her mind, her love, is his alone.

Whilſt thoughts 'gainſt thoughts riſe up in mutiny,
She took a lute (being far from any ears)
And tun'd this ſong, poſing that harmony
Which poets attribute to heavenly ſpheres.
Thus had ſhe ſung when her dear love was ſlain,
She 'd ſurely call'd him back from Styx again.

THE

THE SONG.

I.

TO whom ſhall I my ſorrows ſhow?
Not to Love, for he is blind:
And my Philetus doth not know
The inward torment of my mind.
And all the ſenſeleſs walls, which are
Now round about me, cannot hear;

II.

For, if they could, they ſure would weep,
And with my griefs relent:
Unleſs their willing tears they keep,
Till I from earth am ſent.
Then I believe they 'll all deplore
My fate, ſince I taught them before.

III.

I willingly would weep my ſtore,
If th' flood would land thy love,
My dear Philetus, on the ſhore
Of my heart; but, ſhould'ſt thou prove
Afraid of flames, know the fires are
But bonfires for thy coming there.

THEN tears in envy of her ſpeech did flow
From her fair eyes, as if it ſeem'd that there
Her burning flame had melted hills of ſnow,
And ſo diſſolv'd them into many a tear;
Which, Nilus-like, did quickly overflow,
And quickly caus'd new ſerpent griefs to grow.

Here ſtay, my Muſe; for if I ſhould recite
Her mournful language, I ſhould make you weep
Like her, a flood, and ſo not ſee to write
Such lines as I, and th' age requires, to keep
Me from ſtern death, or with victorious rhyme
Revenge their maſter's death, and conquer Time.

By this time, chance and his own induſtry
Had help'd Philetus forward, that he grew
Acquainted with her brother, ſo that he
Might, by this means, his bright Conſtantia view;
And, as time ſerv'd, ſhew'd her his miſery:
This was the firſt act in his tragedy.

Thus to himſelf, ſooth'd by his flattering ſtate,
He ſaid; "How ſhall I thank thee for this gain,
"O Cupid! or reward my helping fate,
"Which ſweetens all my ſorrows, all my pain?
"What huſbandman would any pains refuſe,
"To reap at laſt ſuch fruit, his labour's uſe?"

But, when he wiſely weigh'd his doubtful ſtate,
Seeing his griefs link'd like an endleſs chain
To following woes, he would when 'twas too late
Quench his hot flames, and idle love diſdain.
But Cupid, when his heart was ſet on fire,
Had burnt his wings, who could not then retire.

The wounded youth and kind Philocrates
(So was her brother call'd) grew ſoon ſo dear,
So true and conſtant in their amities,
And in that league ſo ſtrictly joined were,
That death itſelf could not their friendſhip ſever,
But, as they liv'd in love, they died together.

If

If one be melancholy, th' other 's ſad;
If one be ſick, the other 's ſurely ill;
And if Philetus any ſorrow had,
Philocrates was partner in it ſtill:
Pylades' ſoul, and mad Oreſtes', was
In theſe, if we believe Pythagoras.

Oft in the woods Philetus walks, and there
Exclaims againſt his fate, fate too unkind:
With ſpeaking tears his griefs he doth declare,
And with ſad ſighs inſtructs the angry wind
To ſigh; and did ev'n upon that prevail;
It groan'd to hear Philetus' mournful tale.

The cryſtal brooks, which gently run between
The ſhadowing trees, and, as they through them paſs,
Water the earth and keep the meadows green,
Giving a colour to the verdant graſs,
Hearing Philetus tell his woeful ſtate,
In ſhew of grief run murmuring at his fate.

Philomel anſwers him again, and ſhews,
In her beſt language, her ſad hiſtory,
And in a mournful ſweetneſs tells her woes,
Denying to be pos'd in miſery:
Conſtantia he, ſhe Tereus, Tereus, cries;
With him both grief, and grief's expreſſion, vies.

Philocrates muſt needs his ſadneſs know,
Willing in ills, as well as joys, to ſhare,
Nor will on them the name of friends beſtow,
Who in light ſport, not ſorrow, partners are.
Who leaves to guide the ſhip when ſtorms ariſe,
Is guilty both of ſin and cowardice.

But when his noble friend perceiv'd that he
Yielded to tyrant paſſion more and more,
Deſirous to partake his malady,
He watches him, in hope to cure his ſore
By counſel, and recall the poiſonous dart,
When it, alas! was fixed in his heart.

When in the woods, places beſt fit for care,
He to himſelf did his paſt griefs recite,
Th' obſequious friend ſtrait follows him, and there
Doth hide himſelf from ſad Philetus' ſight;
Who thus exclaims (for a ſwoln heart would break,
If it for vent of ſorrow might not ſpeak):

"Oh! I am loſt, not in this deſart wood,
"But in Love's pathleſs labyrinth; there I
"My health, each joy and pleaſure counted good,
"Have loſt, and, which is more, my liberty;
"And now am forc'd to let him ſacrifice
"My heart, for raſh believing of my eyes.

"Long have I ſtaid, but yet have no relief;
"Long have I lov'd, yet have no favour ſhown;
"Becauſe ſhe knows not of my killing grief,
"And I have fear'd to make my ſorrows known.
"For why, alas! if ſhe ſhould once but dart
"Diſdainful looks, 'twould break my captiv'd heart.

"But how ſhould ſhe, ere I impart my love,
"Reward my ardent flame with like deſire?
"But when I ſpeak, if ſhe ſhould angry prove,
"Laugh at my flowing tears, and ſcorn my fire?
"Why, he who hath all ſorrows borne before,
"Needeth not fear to be oppreſt with more."

Philocrates

Philocrates no longer can forbear,
Runs to his friend, and ſighing, "Oh!" ſaid he,
"My dear Philetus! be thyſelf, and ſwear
"To rule that paſſion which now maſters thee,
"And all thy reaſon; but, if it can't be,
"Give to thy love but eyes, that it may ſee."

Amazement ſtrikes him dumb; what ſhall he do?
Should he reveal his love, he fears 'twould prove
A hindrance; and, ſhould he deny to ſhow,
It might perhaps his dear friend's anger move:
Theſe doubts, like Scylla and Charybdis, ſtand,
Whilſt Cupid, a blind pilot, doth command.

At laſt reſolv'd; "How ſhall I ſeek," ſaid he,
"T' excuſe myſelf, deareſt Philocrates!
"That I from thee have hid this ſecrecy?
"Yet cenſure not; give me firſt leave to eaſe [known,
"My caſe with words: my grief you ſhould have
"Ere this, if that my heart had been my own.

"I am all love; my heart was burnt with fire
"From two bright ſuns, which do all light diſcloſe;
"Firſt kindling in my breaſt the flame Deſire:
"But, like the rare Arabian bird, there roſe
"From my heart's aſhes never-quenched Love,
"Which now this torment in my ſoul doth move.

"Oh! let not then my paſſion cauſe your hate,
"Nor let my choice offend you, or detain
"Your ancient friendſhip; 'tis alas too late
"To call my firm affection back again:
"No phyſick can re-cure my weakened ſtate,
"The wound is grown too great, too deſperate."

"But

"But counsel," said his friend, "a remedy
"Which never fails the patient, may at least,
"If not quite heal your mind's infirmity,
"Assuage your torment, and procure some rest.
"But there is no physician can apply
"A medicine ere he know the malady."

"Then hear me," said Philetus; "but why? Stay,
"I will not toil thee with my history;
"For to remember sorrows past away,
"Is to renew an old calamity.
"He who acquainteth others with his moan,
"Adds to his friend's grief, but not cures his own."

"But," said Philocrates, "'tis best, in woe,
"To have a faithful partner of their care;
"That burthen may be undergone by two,
"Which is perhaps too great for one to bear.
"I should mistrust your love, to hide from me
"Your thoughts, and tax you of inconstancy."

What shall he do? or with what language frame
Excuse? He must resolve not to deny,
But open his close thoughts and inward flame:
With that, as prologue to his tragedy,
He sigh'd, as if they 'd cool his torments' ire,
When they, alas! did blow the raging fire.

"When years first styl'd me twenty, I began
"To sport with catching snares that Love had set:
"Like birds that flutter round the gin, till ta'en,
"Or the poor fly caught in Arachne's net,
"Even so I sported with her beauty's light,
"Till I at last grew blind with too much sight.

"First

" Firſt it came ſtealing on me, whilſt I thought
" 'Twas eaſy to repel it; but as fire,
" Though but a ſpark, ſoon into flames is brought,
" So mine grew great, and quickly mounted higher;
" Which ſo have ſcorch'd my love-ſtruck ſoul, that I
" Still live in torment, yet each minute die."

" Who is it," ſaid Philocrates, " can move
" With charming eyes ſuch deep affection?
" I may perhaps aſſiſt you in your love;
" Two can effect more than yourſelf alone.
" My counſel this thy error may reclaim,
" Or my faſt tears quench thy deſtructive flame."

" Nay," ſaid Philetus, " oft my eyes do flow
" Like Nilus when it ſcorns th' oppoſed ſhore;
" Yet all the watery plenty I beſtow,
" Is to my flame an oil that feeds it more.
" So fame reports o' th' Dodonéan ſpring,
" That lightens all thoſe which are put therein.

" But, being you deſire to know her, ſhe
" Is call'd (with that his eyes let fall a ſhower,
" As if they fain would drown the memory
" Of his life-keeper's name) Conſtantia—" More
Grief would not let him utter; tears, the beſt
Expreſſers of true ſorrow, ſpoke the reſt.

To which his noble friend did thus reply:
" And was this all? Whate'er your grief would eaſe,
" Though a far greater taſk, believe 't, for thee
" It ſhould be ſoon done by Philocrates:
" Think all you wiſh perform'd; but ſee, the day,
" Tir'd with its heat, is haſting now away!"

Home

Home from the ſilent woods night bids them go;
But ſad Philetus can no comfort find;
What in the day he fears of future woe,
At night in dreams, like truth, affrights his mind.
Why doſt thou vex him, Love? Could'ſt thou but ſee,
Thou would'ſt thyſelf Philetus' rival be.

Philocrates, pitying his doleful moan,
And wounded with the ſorrows of his friend,
Brings him to fair Conſtantia; where alone
He might impart his love, and either end
His fruitleſs hopes, nipt by her coy diſdain,
Or, by her liking, his wiſht joys attain.

"Faireſt," ſaid he, "whom the bright heavens do cover,
"Do not theſe tears, theſe ſpeaking tears, deſpiſe!
"Theſe heaving ſighs of a ſubmiſſive lover,
"Thus ſtruck to th' earth by your all-dazzling eyes!
"And do not you contemn that ardent flame,
"Which from yourſelf, your own fair beauty, came!

"Truſt me, I long have hid my love; but now
"Am forc'd to ſhow 't, ſuch is my inward ſmart;
"And you alone, fair Saint! the means do know
"To heal the wound of my conſuming heart.
"Then, ſince it only in your power doth lie
"To kill or ſave, Oh! help, or elſe I die."

His gently cruel love did thus reply;
"I for your pain am grieved, and would do,
"Without impeachment of my chaſtity.
"And honour, any thing might pleaſure you.
"But, if beyond thoſe limits you demand,
"I muſt not anſwer, Sir, nor underſtand."

Believe

" Believe me, virtuous maiden! my deſire
" Is chaſte and pious as thy virgin thought;
" No flaſh of luſt, 'tis no diſhoneſt fire,
" Which goes as ſoon as it was quickly brought;
" But as thy beauty pure; which let not be
" Eclipſed by diſdain and cruelty!"

" Oh! how ſhall I reply?" ſhe cry'd, " thou 'ſt won
" My ſoul, and therefore take thy victory:
" Thy eyes and ſpeeches have my heart o'ercome,
" And if I ſhould deny thee love, then I
" Should be a tyrant to myſelf: that fire
" Which is kept cloſe burns with the greateſt ire.

" Yet do not count my yielding lightneſs, now;
" Impute it rather to my ardent love;
" Thy pleaſing carriage won me long ago,
" And pleading beauty did my liking move; [might
" Thy eyes, which draw like loadſtones with their
" The hardeſt hearts, won mine to leave me quite."

" Oh! I am rapt above the reach," ſaid he,
" Of thought; my ſoul already feels the bliſs [thee
" Of heaven: when, Sweet, my thoughts once tax but
" With any crime, may I loſe all happineſs
" Is wiſh'd for: both your favour here, and dead,
" May the juſt gods pour vengeance on my head!"

Whilſt he was ſpeaking this (behold their fate!)
Conſtantia's father enter'd in the room,
When glad Philetus, ignorant of his ſtate,
Kiſſes her cheeks, more red than ſetting ſun,
Or elſe the morn, bluſhing through clouds of water,
To ſee aſcending Sol congratulate her.

Juſt

Juſt as the guilty priſoner fearful ſtands,
Reading his fatal Theta in the brows
Of him who both his life and death commands,
Ere from his mouth he the ſad ſentence knows:
Such was his ſtate to ſee her father come,
Nor wiſh'd-for, nor expected, in the room.

Th' enrag'd old man bids him no more to dare
Such bold intruſion in that houſe, nor be
At any time with his lov'd daughter there,
Till he had given him ſuch authority:
But to depart, ſince ſhe her love did ſhew him,
Was living death, with lingering torments to him.

This being known to kind Philocrates,
He chears his friend, bidding him baniſh fear,
And by ſome letter his griev'd mind appeaſe,
And ſhew her that which to her friendly ear
Time gave no leave to tell: and thus his quill
Declares to her the abſent lover's will.

THE LETTER.

PHILETUS TO CONSTANTIA.

I TRUST, dear ſoul, my abſence cannot move
You to forget or doubt my ardent love;
For, were there any means to ſee you, I
Would run through death, and all the miſery
Fate could inflict; that ſo the world might ſay,
In life and death I lov'd Conſtantia.

Then

Then let not, dearest Sweet, our absence part
Our loves, but each breast keep the other's heart;
Give warmth to one another, till there rise
From all our labours and our industries
The long-expected fruits: have patience, Sweet,
There 's no man whom the summer pleasures greet
Before he taste the winter; none can say,
Ere night was gone, he saw the rising day.
So, when we once have wasted sorrow's night,
The sun of comfort then shall give us light.

PHILETUS.

This, when Constantia read, she thought her state
Most happy, by Philetus' constancy
And perfect love: she thanks her flattering fate,
Kisses the paper, till with kissing she
The welcome characters doth dull and stain:
Then thus with ink and tears writes back again.

CONSTANTIA TO PHILETUS.

YOUR absence, Sir, though it be long, yet I
Neither forget nor doubt your constancy.
Nor need you fear that I should yield unto
Another, what to your true love is due.
My heart is yours; it is not in my claim,
Nor have I power to take it back again.
There 's nought but death can part our souls; no time,
Or angry friends, shall make my love decline:
But for the harvest of our hopes I 'll stay,
Unless death cut it, ere 'tis ripe, away.

CONSTANTIA.

Oh!

Oh! how this letter ſeem'd to raiſe his pride!
Prouder was he of this than Phaeton,
When he did Phœbus' flaming chariot guide,
Unknowing of the danger was to come:
  Prouder than Jaſon, when from Colchos he
  Returned with the fleece's victory.

But ere the autumn, which fair Ceres crown'd,
Had paid the ſweating plowman's greedieſt prayer:
And by the fall diſrob'd the gaudy ground
Of all thoſe ornaments it us'd to wear;
  Them kind Philocrates t' each other brought,
  Where they this means t'enjoy their freedom wrought.

"Sweet fair-one," ſaid Philetus, "ſince the time
"Favours our wiſh, and does afford us leave
"T' enjoy our loves; oh, let us not reſign
"This long'd-for favour, nor ourſelves bereave
  "Of what we wiſh'd for, Opportunity,
  "That may too ſoon the wings of love out-fly!

"For when your father, as his cuſtom is,
"For pleaſure doth purſue the timorous hare,
"If you 'll reſort but thither, I'll not miſs
"To be in thoſe woods ready for you, where
  "We may depart in ſafety, and no more
  "With dreams of pleaſure only, heal our ſore."

To this the happy lovers ſoon agree;
But, ere they part, Philetus begs to hear,
From her inchanting voice's melody,
One ſong, to ſatisfy his longing ear:
  She yields; and, ſinging added to deſire,
  The liſtening youth increas'd his amorous fire.

THE

THE SONG.

I.

TIME! fly with greater ſpeed away,
Add feathers to thy wings,
Till thy haſte in flying brings
That wiſht-for, and expected day.

II.

Comfort's ſun we then ſhall ſee,
Though at firſt it darken'd be
With dangers; yet, thoſe clouds but gone,
Our day will put his luſtre on.

III.

Then, though death's ſad night appear,
And we in lonely ſilence reſt;
Our raviſh'd ſouls no more ſhall fear,
But with laſting day be bleſt.

IV.

And then no friends can part us more,
Nor no new death extend its power;
Thus there 's nothing can diſſever
Hearts which love hath join'd together.

FEAR of being ſeen, Philetus homeward drove,
But ere they part ſhe willingly doth give
(As faithful pledges of her conſtant love)
Many a ſoft kiſs; then they each other leave,
Rapt up with ſecret joy that they have found
A way to heal the torment of their wound.

But, ere the ſun through many days had run,
Conſtantia's charming beauty had o'ercome
Guiſardo's heart, and ſcorn'd affection won;
Her eyes ſoon conquer'd all they ſhone upon,
Shot through his wounded heart ſuch hot deſire,
As nothing but her love could quench the fire.

In roofs which gold and Parian ſtone adorn
(Proud as the owner's mind) he did abound;
In fields ſo fertile for their yearly corn,
As might contend with ſcorch'd Calabria's ground;
But in his ſoul, that ſhould contain the ſtore
Of ſureſt riches, he was baſe and poor.

Him was Conſtantia urg'd continually,
By' her friends, to love: ſometimes they did intreat
With gentle ſpeeches and mild courteſy;
Which when they ſee deſpis'd by her they threat.
But love too deep was ſeated in her heart,
To be worn-out with thought of any ſmart.

Soon did her father to the woods repair,
To ſeek for ſport, and hunt the ſtarted game;
Guiſardo and Philocrates were there,
With many friends too tedious here to name:
With them Conſtantia went, but not to find
The bear or wolf, but Love all mild and kind.

Being enter'd in the pathleſs woods, while they
Purſue their game, Philetus, who was late
Hid in a thicket, carries ſtraight away
His love, and haſtens his own haſty fate;
That came too ſoon upon him; and his ſun
Was quite eclips'd before it fully ſhone.

Conſtantia miſs'd, the hunters in amaze
Take each a ſeveral courſe, and by curſt fate
Guiſardo runs, with a love-carried pace,
Tow'rds them, who little knew their woeful ſtate:
Philetus, like bold Icarus, ſoaring high
To honours, found the depth of miſery.

For when Guiſardo ſees his rival there,
Swelling with envious rage, he comes behind
Philetus, who ſuch fortune did not fear,
And with his ſword a way to 's heart does find.
But, ere his ſpirits were poſſeſt of death,
In theſe few words he ſpent his lateſt breath:

"O ſee, Conſtantia! my ſhort race is run;
"See how my blood the thirſty ground doth dye;
"But live thou happier than thy love hath done,
"And when I 'm dead, think ſometime upon me!
"More my ſhort time permits me not to tell,
"For now death ſeizeth me; my dear, farewell!"

As ſoon as he had ſpoke theſe words, life fled
From his pierc'd body, whilſt Conſtantia, ſhe
Kiſſes his cheeks, that loſe their lively red,
And become pale and wan; and now each eye,
Which was ſo bright, is like, when life was done,
A ſtar that 's fall'n, or an eclipſed ſun.

Thither Philocrates was driven by fate,
And ſaw his friend lie bleeding on the earth;
Near his pale corpſe his weeping ſiſter ſate,
Her eyes ſhed tears, her heart to ſighs gave birth.
Philocrates, when he ſaw this, did cry,
"Friend, I 'll revenge, or bear thee company!

" Juſt Jove hath ſent me to revenge this fate ;
" Nay, ſtay, Guiſardo, think not Heaven in jeſt ;
" 'Tis vain to hope flight can ſecure thy ſtate."
Then thruſt his ſword into the villain's breaſt.
" Here" ſaid Philocrates, " thy life I ſend
" A ſacrifice, t' appeaſe my ſlaughter'd friend."

But, as he fell, " Take this reward," ſaid he,
" For thy new victory." With that he flung
His darted rapier at his enemy,
Which hit his head, and in his brain-pan hung.
With that he falls, but, lifting up his eyes,
" Farewell, Conſtantia !" that word ſaid, he dies.

What ſhall ſhe do ? She to her brother runs,
His cold and lifeleſs body does embrace ;
She calls to him, that cannot hear her moans,
And with her kiſſes warms his clammy face.
" My dear Philocrates !" ſhe, weeping, cries,
" Speak to thy ſiſter !" but no voice replies.

Then running to her Love, with many a tear,
Thus her mind's fervent paſſion ſhe expreſt ;
" O ſtay, bleſs'd ſoul, ſtay but a little here,
" And take me with you to a laſting reſt.
" Then to Elyſium's manſions both ſhall fly,
" Be married there, and never more to die."

But, ſeeing them both dead, ſhe cry'd, " Ah me !
" Ah, my Philetus ! for thy ſake will I
" Make up a full and perfect tragedy :
" Since 'twas for me, dear Love, that thou didſt die,
" I'll follow thee, and not thy loſs deplore ;
" Theſe eyes, that ſaw thee kill'd, ſhall ſee no more.

"

"It ſhall not ſure be ſaid that thou didſt die,
"And thy Conſtantia live when thou waſt ſlain:
"No, no, dear ſoul! I will not ſtay from thee;
"That will reflect upon my valued fame."
Then piercing her ſad breaſt, "I come!" ſhe cries,
And death for ever clos'd her weeping eyes.

Her ſoul being fled to its eternal reſt,
Her father comes, and, ſeeing this, he falls
To th' earth, with grief too great to be expreſt;
Whoſe doleful words my tir'd Muſe me calls
T' o'erpaſs; which I moſt gladly do, for fear
That I ſhould toil too much the reader's ear.

THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL,
MY VERY LOVING MASTER
MR. LAMBERT OSBOLSTON,
Chief School-maſter of Weſtminſter School.

SIR,

MY childiſh Muſe is in her ſpring, and yet
Can only ſhew ſome budding of her wit.
One frown upon her work, learn'd Sir, from you,
Like ſome unkinder ſtorm ſhot from your brow,
Would turn her ſpring to withering autumn's time,
And make her bloſſoms periſh ere their prime.
But if you ſmile, if in your gracious eye
She an auſpicious alpha can deſcry,
How ſoon will they grow fruit! how freſh appear!
That had ſuch beams their infancy to chear!
Which being ſprung to ripeneſs, expect then
The earlieſt offering of her grateful pen.

Your moſt dutiful Scholar,
ABR. COWLEY.

PYRAMUS

PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

WHEN Babylon's high walls erected were
By mighty Ninus' wife, two houſes join'd,
One Thiſbe liv'd in, Pyramus the fair
In th' other: earth ne'er boaſted ſuch a pair!
The very ſenſeleſs walls themſelves combin'd,
And grew in one, juſt like their maſters' mind.

Thiſbe all other women did excel,
The Queen of Love leſs lovely was than ſhe:
And Pyramus more ſweet than tongue can tell;
Nature grew proud in framing them ſo well.
But Venus, envying they ſo fair ſhould be,
Bids her ſon Cupid ſhew his cruelty.

The all-ſubduing God his bow doth bend,
Whets and prepares his moſt remorſeleſs dart,
Which he unſeen unto their hearts did ſend,
And ſo was Love the cauſe of Beauty's end.
But could he ſee, he had not wrought their ſmart;
For pity ſure would have o'ercome his heart.

Like as a bird, which in a net is ta'en,
By ſtruggling more entangles in the gin;
So they, who in Love's labyrinth remain,
With ſtriving never can a freedom gain.
The way to enter 's broad; but, being in,
No art, no labour, can an exit win.

Theſe lovers, though their parents did reprove
Their fires, and watch'd their deeds with jealouſy;
Though in theſe ſtorms no comfort could remove
The various doubts and fears that cool hot love;
Though he nor her's, nor ſhe his face could ſee,
Yet this could not aboliſh Love's decree:

For age had crack'd the wall which did them part;
This the unanimate couple ſoon did ſpy,
And here their inward ſorrows did impart,
Unlading the ſad burthen of their heart.
Though Love be blind, this ſhews he can deſcry
A way to leſſen his own miſery.

Oft to the friendly cranny they reſort,
And feed themſelves with the celeſtial air
Of odoriferous breath; no other ſport
They could enjoy; yet think the time but ſhort,
And wiſh that it again renewed were,
To ſuck each other's breath for ever there.

Sometimes they did exclaim againſt their fate,
And ſometimes they accus'd imperial Jove;
Sometimes repent their flames: but all too late;
The arrow could not be recall'd: their ſtate
Was firſt ordain'd by Jupiter above,
And Cupid had appointed they ſhould love.

They curſt the wall that did their kiſſes part,
And to the ſtones their mournful words they ſent,
As if they ſaw the ſorrow of their heart,
And by their tears could underſtand their ſmart:
But it was hard, and knew not what they meant,
Nor with their ſighs, alas! would it relent.

This

This in effect they ſaid; " Curs'd wall! O why
" Wilt thou our bodies ſever, whoſe true love
" Breaks thorough all thy flinty cruelty!
" For both our ſouls ſo cloſely joined lie,
" That nought but angry death can them remove;
" And though he part them, yet they 'll meet above."

Abortive tears from their fair eyes out-flow'd,
And damm'd the lovely ſplendor of their ſight,
Which ſeem'd like Titan, whilſt ſome watery cloud
O'erſpreads his face, and his bright beams doth ſhroud;
Till Veſper chas'd away the conquer'd light,
And forceth them (though loth) to bid good-night.

But ere Aurora, uſher to the day,
Began with welcome luſtre to appear,
The lovers riſe, and at that cranny they
Thus to each other their thoughts open lay,
With many a ſigh and many a ſpeaking tear;
Whoſe grief the pitying morning bluſht to hear.

" Dear Love!" ſaid Pyramus, " how long ſhall we,
" Like faireſt flowers not gather'd in their prime,
" Waſte precious youth, and let advantage flee,
" Till we bewail (at laſt) our cruelty
" Upon ourſelves? for beauty, though it ſhine
" Like day, will quickly find an evening-time.

" Therefore, ſweet Thiſbe, let us meet this night
" At Ninus' tomb, without the city wall,
" Under the mulberry-tree, with berries white
" Abounding, there t' enjoy our wiſh'd delight.
" For mounting love, ſtopt in its courſe, doth fall,
" And long'd-for, yet untaſted, joy kills all.

" What

" What though our cruel parents angry be?
" What though our friends, alas! are too unkind?
" Time, that now offers, quickly may deny,
" And ſoon hold back fit opportunity.
" Who lets ſlip Fortune, her ſhall never find;
" Occaſion, once paſs'd by, is bald behind."

She ſoon agreed to that which he requir'd,
For little wooing needs, where both conſent;
What he ſo long had pleaded, ſhe deſir'd:
Which Venus ſeeing, with blind Chance conſpir'd,
And many a charming accent to her ſent,
That ſhe (at laſt) would fruſtrate their intent.

Thus Beauty is by Beauty's means undone,
Striving to cloſe thoſe eyes that make her bright;
Juſt like the moon, which ſeeks t' eclipſe the ſun,
Whence all her ſplendor, all her beams, do come:
So ſhe, who fetcheth luſtre from their ſight,
Doth purpoſe to deſtroy their glorious light.

Unto the Mulberry-tree fair Thiſbe came;
Where having reſted long, at laſt ſhe 'gan
Againſt her Pyramus for to exclaim,
Whilſt various thoughts turmoil her troubled brain:
And, imitating thus the ſilver ſwan,
A little while before her death, ſhe ſang:

THE

THE SONG.

I.

COME, Love! why ſtayeſt thou? the night
Will vaniſh ere we taſte delight:
The moon obſcures herſelf from ſight,
Thou abſent, whoſe eyes give her light.

II.

Come quickly, dear! be brief as time,
Or we by morn ſhall be o'erta'en;
Love's joy 's thine own as well as mine;
Spend not therefore the time in vain.

HERE doubtful thoughts broke off her pleaſant ſong,
And for her lover's ſtay ſent many a ſigh;
Her Pyramus, ſhe thought, did tarry long,
And that his abſence did her too much wrong.
Then, betwixt longing hope and jealouſy,
She fears, yet 's loth to tax, his loyalty.

Sometimes ſhe thinks that he hath her forſaken;
Sometimes, that danger hath befallen him:
She fears that he another Love hath taken;
Which, being but imagin'd, ſoon doth waken
Numberleſs thoughts, which on her heart did fling
Fears, that her future fate too truly ſing.

WHILE ſhe thus muſing ſate, ran from the wood
An angry lion to the cryſtal ſprings,
Near to that place; who coming from his food,
His chaps were all beſmear'd with crimſon blood:
Swifter than thought, ſweet Thiſbe ſtrait begins
To fly from him; fear gave her ſwallows' wings.

As ſhe avoids the lion, her deſire
Bids her to ſtay, leſt Pyramus ſhould come,
And be devour'd by the ſtern lion's ire,
So ſhe for ever burn in unquench'd fire:
But fear expels all reaſons; ſhe doth run
Into a darkſome cave, ne'er ſeen by ſun.

With haſte ſhe let her looſer mantle fall;
Which, when th' enraged lion did eſpy,
With bloody teeth he tore in pieces ſmall;
While Thiſbe ran, and look'd not back at all;
For, could the ſenſeleſs beaſt her face deſcry,
It had not done her ſuch an injury.

The night half waſted, Pyramus did come;
Who, ſeeing printed in the yielding ſand
The lion's paw, and by the fountain ſome
Of Thiſbe's garment, ſorrow ſtruck him dumb:
Juſt like a marble ſtatue did he ſtand,
Cut by ſome ſkilful graver's artful hand.

Recovering breath, at Fate he did exclaim,
Waſhing with tears the torn and bloody weed:
"I may," ſaid he, "myſelf for her death blame;
"Therefore my blood ſhall waſh away that ſhame:
"Since ſhe is dead, whoſe beauty doth exceed
"All that frail man can either hear or read."

This

This ſpoke, he drew his fatal ſword, and ſaid,
"Receive my crimſon blood, as a due debt
"Unto thy conſtant love, to which 'tis paid;
"I ſtrait will meet thee in the pleaſant ſhade
"Of cool Elyſium; where we, being met,
"Shall taſte thoſe joys that here we could not get."

Then through his breaſt thruſting his ſword, life hies
From him, and he makes haſte to ſeek his Fair:
And as upon the colour'd ground he lies;
His blood had dropt upon the mulberries;
With which th' unſpotted berries ſtained were,
And ever ſince with red they colour'd are.

At laſt fair Thiſbe left the den, for fear
Of diſappointing Pyramus, ſince ſhe
Was bound by promiſe for to meet him there:
But when ſhe ſaw the berries changed were
From white to black, ſhe knew not certainly
It was the place where they agreed to be.

With what delight from the dark cave ſhe came,
Thinking to tell how ſhe eſcap'd the beaſt!
But, when ſhe ſaw her Pyramus lie ſlain,
Ah! how perplex'd did her ſad ſoul remain!
She tears her golden hair, and beats her breaſt,
And every ſign of raging grief expreſt.

She blames all-powerful Jove; and ſtrives to take
His bleeding body from the moiſten'd ground.
She kiſſes his pale face, till ſhe doth make
It red with kiſſing, and then ſeeks to wake
His parting ſoul with mournful words; his wound
Waſhes with tears, that her ſweet ſpeech confound.

SYLVA:

OR,

DIVERS COPIES OF VERSES,

MADE UPON SUNDRY OCCASIONS.

AN ELEGY

On the Death of the Right Honourable
DUDLEY Lord CARLETON, Viſcount DORCHESTER,
Late Principal Secretary of State.

TH' infernal ſiſters did a council call
Of all the fiends, to the black Stygian hall;
The dire Tartarian monſters, hating light,
Begot by diſmal Erebus and Night,
Where'er diſpers'd abroad, hearing the fame
Of their accurſed meeting, thither came.
Revenge, whoſe greedy mind no blood can fill,
And Envy, never ſatisfy'd with ill:
Thither blind Boldneſs, and impatient Rage,
Reſorted, with Death's neighbour, envious Age.
Theſe, to oppreſs the earth, the Furies ſent*:
The council thus diſſolv'd, an angry Fever,
Whoſe quenchleſs thirſt by blood was ſated never,
Envying the riches, honour, greatneſs, love,
And virtue (load-ſtone, that all theſe did move)

* Something is here wanting, as appears from the want both of rhyme and connexion. N.

Of

EPITAPH.

I.

UNDERNEATH this marble ſtone,
Lie two beauties join'd in one.

II.

Two, whoſe loves death could not ſever;
For both liv'd, both dy'd together.

III.

Two, whoſe ſouls, being too divine
For earth, in their own ſphere now ſhine.

IV.

Who have left their loves to fame,
And their earth to earth again.

Nor Solon, ſo by Greece admir'd, could ſave
Himſelf, with all his wiſdom, from the grave.
Stern Fate brought Maro to his funeral flame,
And would have ended in that fire his fame;
Burning thoſe lofty lines, which now ſhall be
Time's conquerers, and out-laſt eternity.
Even ſo lov'd Clarke from death no 'ſcape could find,
Though arm'd with great Alcides' valiant mind.
He was adorn'd, in years though far more young,
With learned Cicero's, or a ſweeter tongue.
And, could dead Virgil hear his lofty ſtrain,
He would condemn his own to fire again.
His youth a Solon's wiſdom did preſage,
Had envious Time but giv'n him Solon's age.
Who would not therefore now, if Learning's friend,
Bewail his fatal and untimely end?
Who hath ſuch hard, ſuch unrelenting eyes,
As not to weep when ſo much virtue dies?
The God of poets doth in darkneſs ſhrowd
His glorious face, and weeps behind a cloud.
The doleful Muſes thinking now to write
Sad elegies, their tears confound their ſight:
But him t' Elyſium's laſting joys they bring,
Where winged angels his ſad requiems ſing.

A DREAM

A DREAM OF ELYSIUM.

PHOEBUS, expell'd by the approaching night,
Bluſh'd, and for ſhame cloſ'd in his baſhful light,
While I, with leaden Morpheus overcome,
The Muſe whom I adore enter'd the room:
Her hair with looſer curioſity
Did on her comely back diſhevel'd lie:
Her eyes with ſuch attractive beauty ſhone,
As might have wak'd ſleeping Endymion.
She bade me riſe, and promis'd I ſhould ſee
Thoſe fields, thoſe manſions of felicity,
We mortals ſo admire at: ſpeaking thus,
She lifts me up upon wing'd Pegaſus,
On whom I rid; knowing, wherever ſhe
Did go, that place muſt needs a Tempe be.
No ſooner was my flying courſer come
To the bleſt dwellings of Elyſium,
When ſtrait a thouſand unknown joys reſort,
And hemm'd me round; chaſte Love's innocuous ſport!
A thouſand ſweets, bought with no following gall,
Joys, not like ours, ſhort, but perpetual.
How many objects charm my wandering eye,
And bid my ſoul gaze there eternally!
Here in full ſtreams, Bacchus, thy liquor flows,
Nor knows to ebb; here Jove's broad tree beſtows
Diſtilling honey; here doth nectar paſs,
With copious current, through the verdant graſs:

Here Hyacinth, his fate writ in his looks,
And thou, Narciſſus, loving ſtill the brooks,
Once lovely boys! and Acis, now a flower,
Are nouriſh'd with that rarer herb, whoſe power
Created thee, War's potent God! here grows
The ſpotleſs lily and the bluſhing roſe;
And all thoſe divers ornaments abound,
That variouſly may paint the gaudy ground.
No willow, ſorrow's garland, there hath room,
Nor cypreſs, ſad attendant of a tomb.
None but Apollo's tree, and th' ivy twine
Embracing the ſtout oak, the fruitful vine,
And trees with golden apples loaded down,
On whoſe fair tops ſweet Philomel alone,
Unmindful of her former miſery,
Tunes with her voice a raviſhing harmony;
Whilſt all the murmuring brooks that glide along,
Make up a burthen to her pleaſing ſong.
No ſcreech-owl, ſad companion of the night;
No hideous raven with prodigious flight,
Preſaging future ill; nor, Progne, thee,
Yet ſpotted with young Itis' tragedy,
Thoſe ſacred bowers receive. There 's nothing there
That is not pure; all innocent and rare.
Turning my greedy ſight another way,
Under a row of ſtorm-contemning bay,
I ſaw the Thracian ſinger with his lyre
Teach the deaf ſtones to hear him and admire.
Him the whole Poets' chorus compaſs'd round,
All whom the oak, all whom the laurel crown'd.

There baniſh'd Ovid had a laſſing home,
Better than thou could'ſt give, ungrateful Rome!
And Lucan (ſpite of Nero) in each vein
Had every drop of his ſpilt blood again:
Homer, Sol's firſt-born, was not poor or blind,
But ſaw as well in body as in mind.
Tully, grave Cato, Solon, and the reſt
Of Greece's admir'd wiſe-men, here poſſeſt
A large reward for their paſt deeds, and gain
A life as everlaſting as their fame.
By theſe the valiant heroes take their place;
All who ſtern death and perils did embrace
For virtue's cauſe. Great Alexander there
Laughs at the earth's ſmall empire, and did wear
A nobler crown than the whole world could give:
There did Horatius, Cocles, Sceva, live,
And valiant Decius; who now freely ceaſe
From war, and purchaſe an eternal peace.
Next them, beneath a myrtle bower, where doves
And gall-leſs pigeons build their neſts, all Love's
True faithful ſervants, with an amorous kiſs
And ſoft embrace, enjoy their greedieſt wiſh.
Leander with his beauteous hero plays,
Nor are they parted with dividing ſeas:
Porcia enjoys her Brutus; death no more
Can now divorce their wedding, as before:
Thiſbe her Pyramus kiſs'd, his Thiſbe he
Embrac'd, each bleſs'd with t' other's company:
And every couple, always dancing, ſing
Eternal pleaſures to Elyſium's king.

But ſee how ſoon theſe pleaſures fade away!
How near to evening is delight's ſhort day!
The watching bird, true Nuncius of the light,
Strait crowd; and all theſe vaniſh'd from my ſight:
My very Muſe herſelf forſook me too.
Me grief and wonder wak'd: what ſhould I do?
Oh! let me follow thee (ſaid I) and go
From life, that I may dream for ever ſo.
With that my flying Muſe I thought to claſp
Within my arms, but did a ſhadow graſp.
Thus chiefeſt joys glide with the ſwifteſt ſtream,
And all our greateſt pleaſure 's but a dream.

ON HIS MAJESTY'S RETURN OUT OF SCOTLAND.

GReat Charles!—there ſtop, ye trumpeters of fame!
(For he who ſpeaks his titles, his great name,
Muſt have a breathing-time) our king:—ſtay there;
Speak by degrees; let the inquiſitive ear
Be held in doubt, and, ere you ſay "is come,"
Let every heart prepare a ſpacious room
For ample joys: then Io ſing, as loud
As thunder ſhot from the divided cloud!
Let Cygnus pluck from the Arabian waves
The ruby of the rock, the pearl that paves
Great Neptune's court: let every ſparrow bear
From the Three Siſters' weeping bark a tear:
Let ſpotted lynxes their ſharp talons fill
With cryſtal fetch'd from the Promethean hill;

Let

Let Cytherea's birds freſh wreaths compoſe,
Knitting the pale-fac'd lily with the roſe:
Let the ſelf-gotten phœnix rob his neſt,
Spoil his own funeral pile, and all his beſt
Of myrrh, of frankincenſe, of caſſia, bring,
To ſtrew the way for our returned king!
Let every poſt a panegyric wear,
Each wall, each pillar, gratulations bear:
And yet, let no man invocate a Muſe;
The very matter will itſelf infuſe
A ſacred fury: let the merry bells
(For unknown joys work unknown miracles)
Ring without help of ſexton, and preſage
A new-made holy-day for future age!
And, if the ancients us'd to dedicate
A golden temple to propitious Fate,
At the return of any noble men,
Of heroes, or of emperors, we muſt then
Raiſe up a double trophy; for their fame
Was but the ſhadow of our Charles's name.
Who is there where all virtues mingled flow,
Where no defects or imperfections grow?
Whoſe head is always crown'd with victory,
Snatch'd from Bellona's hand; him luxury
In peace debilitates: whoſe tongue can win
Tully's own garland, pride to him creeps in.
On whom (like Atlas' ſhoulders) the propt ſtate
(As he were *primum mobile* of Fate)
Solely relies; him blind ambition moves;
His tyranny the bridled ſubject proves.

But all thoſe virtues, which they all poſſeſt
Divided, are collected in thy breaſt,
Great Charles! Let Cæſar boaſt Pharſalia's fight,
Honorius praiſe the Parthian's unfeign'd flight;
Let Alexander call himſelf Jove's peer,
And place his image near the thunderer;
Yet while our Charles with equal balance reigns
'Twixt Mercy and Aſtrea, and maintains
A noble peace, 'tis he, 'tis only he,
Who is moſt near, moſt like, the Deity.

SONG, ON THE SAME.

HENCE, clouded looks; hence, briny tears,
Hence, eye that ſorrow's livery wears!
What though awhile Apollo pleaſe
To viſit the Antipodes?
Yet he returns, and with his light
Expels what he hath caus'd—the night.
What though the ſpring vaniſh away,
And with it the earth's form decay?
Yet his new-birth will ſoon reſtore
What its departure took before.
What though we miſs'd our abſent king
Awhile? Great Charles is come again;
And with his preſence makes us know
The gratitude to Heaven we owe.
So doth a cruel ſtorm impart
And teach us Palinurus' art:
So from ſalt floods, wept by our eyes,
A joyful Venus doth ariſe.

A VOTE.

A VOTE.

LEST the miſ-judging world ſhould chance to ſay,
I durſt not but in ſecret murmurs pray;
To whiſper in Jove's ear
How much I wiſh that funeral,
Or gape at ſuch a great-one's fall;
This let all ages hear,
And future times in my ſoul's picture ſee
What I abhor, what I deſire to be.

I would not be a Puritan, though he
Can preach two hours, and yet his ſermon be
But half a quarter long;
Though, from his old mechanic trade,
By viſion he 's a paſtor made,
His faith was grown ſo ſtrong;
Nay, though he think to gain ſalvation
By calling th' Pope the Whore of Babylon.

I would not be a School-maſter, though he
His rods no leſs than Faſces deems to be;
Though he in many a place
Turns Lilly oftener than his gowns,
Till at the laſt he make the nouns
Fight with the verbs apace;
Nay, though he can, in a poetic heat,
Figures, born ſince, out of poor Virgil beat.

I would

I would not be Juſtice of peace, though he
Can with equality divide the fee,
And ſtakes with his clerk draw;
Nay, though he ſits upon the place
Of judgment with a learned face
Intricate as the law;
And, whilſt he mulcts enormities demurely,
Breaks Priſcian's head with ſentences ſecurely.

I would not be a Courtier, though he
Makes his whole life the trueſt comedy;
Although he be a man
In whom the taylor's forming art,
And nimble barber, claim more part
Than Nature herſelf can;
Though, as he uſes men, 'tis his intent
To put off death too with a compliment.

From Lawyers' tongues, though they can ſpin with eaſe
The ſhorteſt cauſe into a paraphraſe;
From Uſurers' conſcience
(For ſwallowing up young heirs ſo faſt,
Without all doubt, they 'll choak'd at laſt)
Make me all innocence,
Good Heaven! and from thy eyes, O Juſtice! keep;
For though they be not blind, they 're oft aſleep.

From

From Singing-mens' religion, who are
Always at church, juſt like the crows, 'cauſe there
They build themſelves a neſt:
From too much Poetry, which ſhines
With gold in nothing but its lines,
Free, O you Powers! my breaſt.
And from Aſtronomy, which in the ſkies
Finds fiſh and bulls, yet doth but tantalize.

From your Court-madams' beauty, which doth carry
At morning May, at night a January:
From the grave city brow
(For though it want an R, it has
The letter of Pythagoras)
Keep me, O Fortune, now!
And chines of beef innumerable ſend me,
Or from the ſtomach of the guard defend me.

This only grant me, that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.
Some honour I would have,
Not from great deeds, but good alone;
Th' unknown are better than ill-known;
Rumour can ope the grave!
Acquaintance I would have; but when 't depends
Not from the number, but the choice, of friends.

Books ſhould, not buſineſs, entertain the light;
And ſleep, as undiſturb'd as death, the night.
My houſe a cottage more
Than palace; and ſhould fitting be
For all my uſe, no luxury.
My garden painted o'er
With Nature's hand, not Art's; that pleaſures yield!
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

Thus would I double my life's fading ſpace;
For he that runs it well, twice runs his race.
And in this true delight,
Theſe unbought ſports, and happy ſtate,
I would not fear, nor wiſh, my fate;
But boldly ſay, each night,
To-morrow let my ſun his beams diſplay,
Or in clouds hide them; I have liv'd to-day *.

A POETICAL REVENGE.

WEſtminſter-hall a friend and I agreed
To meet in; he (ſome buſineſs 'twas did breed
His abſence) came not there; I up did go
To the next court; for though I could not know
Much what they meant, yet I might ſee and hear
(As moſt ſpectators do at theatre)
Things

* The three concluding ſtanzas of this poem are introduced by Mr. Cowley in his "Eſſays in Verſe "and Proſe." N.

Things very ſtrange: Fortune did ſeem to grace
My coming there, and helpt me to a place.
But, being newly ſettled at the ſport,
A ſemi-gentleman of the Inns of Court,
In a ſatin ſuit, redeem'd but yeſterday;
One who is raviſh'd with a cock-pit play;
Who prays God to deliver him from no evil
Beſides a taylor's bill; and fears no devil
Beſides a ſerjeant, thruſt me from my ſeat:
At which I 'gan to quarrel, till a neat
Man in a ruff (whom therefore I did take
For barriſter) open'd his mouth and ſpake;
"Boy, get you gone, this is no ſchool." "Oh no;
"For, if it were, all you gown'd-men would go
"Up for falſe Latin." They grew ſtraight to be
Incens'd; I fear'd they would have brought on me
An action of treſpaſs: till the young man
Aforeſaid, in the ſatin ſuit, began,
To ſtrike me: doubtleſs there had been a fray,
Had not I providently ſkipp'd away
Without replying; for to ſcold is ill,
Where every tongue 's the clapper of a mill,
And can out-ſound Homer's Gradivus; ſo
Away got I: but ere I far did go,
I flung (the darts of wounding poetry)
Theſe two or three ſharp curſes back: May he
Be by his father in his ſtudy took
At Shakeſpeare's plays, inſtead of my lord Coke!
May he (though all his writings grow as ſoon
As Butter's out of eſtimation)

Get him a poet's name, and ſo ne'er come
Into a ſerjeant's or dead judge's room!
May he become ſome poor phyſician's prey,
Who keeps men with that conſcience in delay
As he his client doth, till his health be.
As far-fetcht as a Greek noun's pedigree!
Nay, for all that, may the diſeaſe be gone
Never but in the long vacation!
May neighbours uſe all quarrels to decide;
But if for law any to London ride,
Of all thoſe clients let not one be his,
Unleſs he come in *Forma Pauperis*!
Grant this, ye Gods that favour poetry!
That all theſe never-ceaſing tongues may be
Brought into reformation, and not dare
To quarrel with a thead-bare black: but ſpare
Them who bear ſcholars' names, leſt ſome one take
Spleen, and another Ignoramus make.

To the DUTCHESS of BUCKINGHAM.

IF I ſhould ſay, that in your face were ſeen
Nature's beſt picture of the Cyprian Queen;
If I ſhould ſwear, under Minerva's name,
Poets (who prophets are) foretold your fame;
The future age would think it flattery;
But to the preſent, which can witneſs be,
'Twould ſeem beneath your high deſerts, as far
As you above the reſt of women are.

Whoſe

When Manners' name with Villiers' join'd I ſee,
How do I reverence your nobility!
But when the virtues of your ſtock I view,
(Envy'd in your dead lord, admir'd in you)
I half adore them; for what woman can,
Beſides yourſelf (nay, I might ſay what man)
But ſex, and birth, and fate, and years excel
In mind, in fame, in worth, in living well?
Oh, how had this begot idolatry,
If you had liv'd in the world's infancy,
When man's too much religion made the beſt
Or deities, or ſemi-gods at leaſt!
But we, forbidden this by piety,
Or, if we were not, by your modeſty,
Will make our hearts an altar, and there pray
Not to, but for, you; nor that England may
Enjoy your equal, when you once are gone,
But, what's more poſſible, t' enjoy you long.

To his very much honoured GODFATHER, Mr. A. B.

I Love (for that upon the wings of fame
Shall perhaps mock Death or Time's darts) my Name.
I love it more, becauſe 'twas given by you;
I love it moſt, becauſe 'twas your name too;
For if I chance to ſlip, a conſcious ſhame
Plucks me, and bids me not defile your name.

I'm glad that city, t' whom I ow'd before
(But, ah me! Fate hath croſt that willing ſcore)
A father, gave me a godfather too;
And I 'm more glad, becauſe it gave me you;
Whom I may rightly think, and term, to be
Of the whole city an epitome.

I thank my careful Fate, which found out one
(When Nature had not licenſed my tongue
Farther than cries) who ſhould my office do;
I thank her more, becauſe ſhe found out you;
In whoſe each look I may a ſentence ſee;
In whoſe each deed, a teaching homily.

How ſhall I pay this debt to you? My fate
Denies me Indian pearl or Perſian plate;
Which though it did not, to requite you thus,
Were to ſend apples to Alcinous,
And ſell the cunning'ſt way.—No! when I can,
In every leaf, in every verſe, write Man;

When my quill reliſheth a ſchool no more;
When my pen-feather'd Muſe hath learnt to ſoar,
And gotten wings as well as feet; look then
For equal thanks from my unwearied pen:
Till future ages ſay, 'twas you did give
A name to me, and I made yours to live.

AN ELEGY

On the Death of JOHN LITTLETON, Eſquire, Son and Heir to Sir THOMAS LITTLETON, Who was drowned leaping into the Water to ſave his younger Brother.

AND muſt theſe waters ſmile again, and play
About the ſhore, as they did yeſterday?
Will the ſun court them ſtill? and ſhall they ſhow
No conſcious wrinkle furrow'd on their brow,
That to the thirſty traveller may ſay,
I am accurſt; go turn ſome other way?
It is unjuſt: black flood! thy guilt is more,
Sprung from his loſs, than all thy watery ſtore
Can give thee tears to mourn for: birds ſhall be,
And beaſts, henceforth afraid to drink of thee.
What have I ſaid? my pious rage hath been
Too hot, and acts, whilſt it accuſeth, ſin.
Thou 'rt innocent, I know, ſtill clear and bright,
Fit whence ſo pure a ſoul ſhould take its flight.
How is angry zeal confin'd! for he
Muſt quarrel with his love and piety,
That would revenge his death. Oh, I ſhall ſin,
And wiſh anon he had leſs virtuous been.
For when his brother (tears for him I 'd ſpill,
But they 're all challeng'd by the greater ill)
Struggled for life with the rude waves, he too
Leapt in, and when hope no faint beam could ſhow,

His charity ſhone moſt: "Thou ſhalt," ſaid he,
"Live with me, brother, or I'll die with thee;"
And ſo he did! Had he been thine, O Rome!
Thou would'ſt have call'd this death a martyrdom,
And ſainted him. My conſcience give me leave,
I 'll do ſo to: if Fate will us bereave
Of him we honour'd living, there muſt be
A kind of reverence to his memory,
After his death; and where more juſt than here,
Where life and end were both ſo ſingular?
He that had only talk'd with him, might find
A little academy in his mind;
Where Wiſdom maſter was, and fellows all
Which we can good, which we can virtuous, call:
Reaſon, and Holy Fear the proctors were,
To apprehend thoſe words, thoſe thoughts, that err.
His learning had out-run the reſt of heirs,
Stol'n beard from Time, and leapt to twenty years.
And, as the ſun, though in full glory bright,
Shines upon all men with impartial light,
And a good-morrow to the beggar brings
With as full rays as to the mightieſt kings:
So he, although his worth juſt ſtate might claim,
And give to pride an honourable name,
With courteſy to all, cloath'd virtue ſo,
That 'twas not higher than his thoughts were low.
In 's body too no critique eye could find
The ſmalleſt blemiſh, to belye his mind;
He was all pureneſs, and his outward part
But repreſents the picture of his heart.

When waters ſwallow'd mankind, and did cheat
The hungry worm of its expected meat;
When gems, pluckt from the ſhore by ruder hands,
Return'd again unto their native ſands;
'Mongſt all thoſe ſpoils, there was not any prey
Could equal what this brook hath ſtol'n away.
Weep then, ſad flood; and, though thou 'rt innocent,
Weep becauſe Fate made thee her inſtrument:
And, when long grief hath drunk up all thy ſtore,
Come to our eyes, and we will lend thee more.

A TRANSLATION of VERSES upon the BLESSED VIRGIN, Written in Latin by the Right Worſhipful Dr. A.

"AVE, MARIA.

ONCE thou rejoiced'ſt, and rejoice for ever,
Whoſe time of joy ſhall be expired never:
Who in her womb the hive of comfort bears,
Let her drink comfort's honey with her ears.
You brought the word of joy in, which was born
An hail to all! let us an hail return!
From you "God ſave" into the world there came;
Our echo hail is but an empty name.

GRATIA PLENA.

HOW loaded hives are with their honey fill'd,
From divers flowers by chemic bees diſtill'd!
How full the collet with his jewel is,
Which, that it cannot take by love, doth kiſs:

How full the moon is with her brother's ray,
When ſhe drinks-up with thirſty orb the day!
How full of grace the Graces' dances are!
So full doth Mary of God's light appear.
It is no wonder if with Graces ſhe
Be full, who was full with the Deity.

DOMINUS TECUM.

THE fall of mankind under death's extent
The quire of bleſſed angels did lament,
And wiſh'd a reparation to ſee
By him, who Manhood join'd with Deity.
How grateful ſhould man's ſafety then appear
T' himſelf, whoſe ſafety can the angels cheer!

BENEDICTA TU IN MULIERIBUS.

DEATH came, and troops of ſad diſeaſes led
To th' earth, by woman's hand ſolicited:
Life came ſo too, and troops of Graces led
To th' earth, by woman's faith ſolicited.
As our life's ſpring came from thy bleſſed womb,
So from our mouths ſprings of thy praiſe ſhall come:
Who did life's bleſſing give, 'tis fit that ſhe,
Above all women, ſhould thrice bleſſed be.

ET BENEDICTUS FRUCTUS VENTRIS TUI.

WITH mouth divine the Father doth proteſt,
He a good word ſent from his ſtored breaſt;
'Twas Chriſt: which Mary, without carnal thought,
From the unfathom'd depth of goodneſs brought:

The

The word-of-bleſſing a juſt cauſe affords
To be oft bleſſed with redoubled words!

SPIRITUS SANCTUS SUPERVENIET IN TE.

AS when ſoft weſt-winds ſtrook the garden-roſe,
A ſhower of ſweeter air ſalutes the noſe;
The breath gives ſparing kiſſes, nor with power
Unlocks the virgin-boſom of the flower:
So the Holy Spirit upon Mary blow'd,
And from her ſacred box whole rivers flow'd:
Yet loos'd not thine eternal chaſtity;
Thy roſe's folds do ſtill entangled lie.
Believe Chriſt born from an unbruiſed womb,
So from unbruiſed bark the odours come.

ET VIRTUS ALTISSIMI OBUMBRABIT TIBI.

GOD his great Son begot ere time begun;
Mary in time brought forth her little ſon,
Of double ſubſtance One; life he began,
God without Mother, without Father, Man.
Great is the birth; and 'tis a ſtranger deed
That She no man, than God no wife, ſhould need!
A Shade delighted the child-bearing maid,
And God himſelf became to her a Shade.
O ſtrange deſcent! who is Light's author, he
Will to his creature thus a Shadow be.
As unſeen Light did from the Father flow,
So did ſeen Light from Virgin Mary grow.

When Moſes ſought God in a ſhade to ſee,
The Father's ſhade was Chriſt the Deity.
Let 's ſeek for day, we darkneſs, whilſt our ſight
In light finds darkneſs, and in darkneſs light.

O D E I.

On the Praise of Poetry.

'TIS not a pyramid of marble ſtone,
Though high as our ambition;
'Tis not a tomb cut out in braſs, which can
Give life to th' aſhes of a man;
But verſes only: they ſhall freſh appear,
Whilſt there are men to read or hear.
When time ſhall make the laſting braſs decay,
And eat the pyramid away;
Turning that monument wherein men truſt
Their names, to what it keeps, poor duſt;
Then ſhall the Epitaph remain, and be
New-graven in eternity.
Poets by death are conquer'd; but the wit
Of poets triumphs over it.
What cannot verſe? When Thracian Orpheus took
His lyre, and gently on it ſtrook,
The learned ſtones came dancing all along,
And kept time to the charming ſong.
With artificial pace the warlike pine,
The elm, and his wife the ivy, twine;

With

With all the better trees, which erſt had ſtood
Unmov'd, forſook their native wood.
The laurel to the poet's hand did bow,
Craving the honour of his brow;
And every loving arm embrac'd, and made
With their officious leaves a ſhade.
The beaſts too ſtrove his auditors to be,
Forgetting their old tyranny.
The fearful hart next to the lion came,
And wolf was ſhepherd to the lamb.
Nightingales, harmleſs ſyrens of the air,
And Muſes of the place, were there;
Who, when their little windpipes they had found
Unequal to ſo ſtrange a ſound,
O'ercome by art and grief they did expire,
And fell upon the conquering lyre.
Happy, O happy they, whoſe tomb might be,
Mauſolus! envied by thee!

ODE II.

THAT A PLEASANT POVERTY IS TO BE PREFERRED BEFORE DISCONTENTED RICHES.

WHY, O! doth gaudy Tagus raviſh thee,
Though Neptune's treaſure-houſe it be?
Why doth Pactolus thee bewitch,
Infected yet with Midas' glorious itch?

Their dull and ſleepy ſtreams are not at all,
Like other floods, poetical;
They have no dance, no wanton ſport,
No gentle murmur, the lov'd ſhore to court.

No fiſh inhabit the adulterate flood,
Nor can it feed the neighbouring wood;
No flower or herb is near it found,
But a perpetual winter ſtarves the ground.

Give me a river which doth ſcorn to ſhow
An added beauty; whoſe clear brow
May be my looking-glaſs, to ſee
What my face is, and what my mind ſhould be!

Here waves call waves, and glide along in rank,
And prattle to the ſmiling bank;
Here ſad king-fiſhers tell their tales,
And fiſh enrich the brook with ſilver ſcales.

Daiſies, the firſt-born of the teeming ſpring,
On each ſide their embroidery bring;
Here lilies waſh, and grow more white,
And daffodils, to ſee themſelves, delight.

Here a freſh arbour gives her amorous ſhade,
Which Nature, the beſt gardener, made.
Here I would ſit and ſing rude lays,
Such as the nymphs and me myſelf ſhould pleaſe.

Thus I would waſte, thus end, my careleſs days;
And robin-red-breaſts, whom men praiſe
For pious birds, ſhould, when I die,
Make both my monument and elegy.

ODE

ODE III.

To his Mistress.

TYRIAN dye why do you wear,
You whoſe cheeks beſt ſcarlet are?
Why do you fondly pin
Pure linen o'er your ſkin,
(Your ſkin that 's whiter far)
Caſting a duſky cloud before a ſtar?

Why bears your neck a golden chain?
Did Nature make your hair in vain,
Of gold moſt pure and fine?
With gems why do you ſhine?
They, neighbours to your eyes,
Shew but like Phoſphor when the ſun doth riſe.

I would have all my miſtreſs' parts,
Owe more to nature than to arts;
I would not wooe the dreſs,
Or one whoſe nights give leſs
Contentment than the day.
She 's fair, whoſe beauty only makes her gay.

For 'tis not buildings make a court,
Or pomp, but 'tis the king's reſort:
If Jupiter down pour
Himſelf, and in a ſhower
Hide ſuch bright majeſty,
Leſs than a golden one it cannot be.

ODE

ODE IV.

ON THE UNCERTAINTY OF FORTUNE.
A TRANSLATION.

LEAVE off unfit complaints, and clear
From ſighs your breaſt, and from black clouds your brow,
When the ſun ſhines not with his wonted cheer,
And fortune throws an adverſe caſt for you!
That ſea which vext with Notus is,
The merry Eaſt-winds will to-morrow kiſs.

The ſun to-day rides drowſily,
To-morrow 'twill put on a look more fair:
Laughter and groaning do alternately
Return, and tears' ſports neareſt neighbours are.
'Tis by the gods appointed ſo,
That good fare ſhould with mingled dangers flow.

Who drave his oxen yeſterday,
Doth now over the nobleſt Romans reign,
And on the Gabii and the Cures lay
The yoke which from his oxen he had ta'en:
Whom Heſperus ſaw poor and low,
The morning's eye beholds him greateſt now.

If Fortune knit amongſt her play
But ſerioufneſs, he ſhall again go home
To his old country-farm of yeſterday,
To ſcoffing people no mean jeſt become;

And

And with the crowned axe, which he
Had rul'd the world, go back and prune ſome tree;
Nay, if he want the fuel cold requires,
With his own faſces he ſhall make him fires.

O D E V.

In Commendation of the Time we live under, the Reign of our Gracious King Charles.

CURST be that wretch (death's factor ſure) who brought
Dire ſwords into the peaceful world, and taught
Smiths (who before could only make
The ſpade, the plow-ſhare, and the rake)
Arts, in moſt cruel wiſe
Man's life t' epitomize!

Then men (fond men, alas!) ride poſt to th' grave,
And cut thoſe threads which yet the Fates would ſave;
Then Charon ſweated at his trade,
And had a larger ferry made;
Then, then the ſilver hair,
Frequent before, grew rare.

Then Revenge, married to Ambition,
Begat black War; then Avarice crept on;
Then limits to each field were ſtrain'd,
And Terminus a god-head gain'd.
To men, before, was found,
Beſides the ſea, no bound.

In

In what plain, or what river, hath not been
War's ſtory writ in blood (ſad ſtory!) ſeen?
This truth too well our England knows:
'Twas civil ſlaughter dy'd her roſe;
Nay, then her lily too
With blood's loſs paler grew.

Such griefs, nay worſe than theſe, we now ſhould feel,
Did not juſt Charles ſilence the rage of ſteel;
He to our land bleſt Peace doth bring,
All neighbour countries envying.
Happy who did remain
Unborn till Charles's reign!

Where, dreaming chemicks! is your pain and coſt?
How is your oil, how is your labour loſt!
Our Charles, bleſt alchemiſt! (though ſtrange,
Believe it, future times!) did change
The iron-age of old
Into an age of gold.

ODE VI.

UPON THE SHORTNESS OF MAN'S LIFE.

MARK that ſwift arrow! how it cuts the air,
How it out-runs thy following eye!
Uſe all perſuaſions now, and try
If thou canſt call it back, or ſtay it there.
That way it went; but thou ſhalt find
No tract is left behind.

Fool!

Fool! 'tis thy life, and the fond archer thou.
Of all the time thou 'ſt ſhot away,
I 'll bid thee fetch but yeſterday,
And it ſhall be too hard a taſk to do.
Beſides repentance, what canſt find
That it hath left behind?
Our life is carried with too ſtrong a tide;
A doubtful cloud our ſubſtance bears,
And is the horſe of all our years.
Each day doth on a winged whirlwind ride.
We and our glaſs run out, and muſt
Both render up our duſt.
But his paſt life who without grief can ſee;
Who never thinks his end too near,
But ſays to fame, Thou art mine heir;
That man extends life's natural brevity —
This is, this is the only way
To out-live Neſtor in a day.

An Answer to an Invitation to Cambridge.

NICHOLS, my better ſelf! forbear;
For, if thou tell'ſt what Cambridge pleaſures are,
The ſchool-boys' ſin will light on me,
I ſhall, in mind at leaſt, a truant be.
Tell me not how you feed your mind
With dainties of philoſophy;
In Ovid's nut I ſhall not find
The taſte once pleaſed me.

O tell

O tell me not of logick's diverſe cheer!
I ſhall begin to loathe our cramboe here.

Tell me not how the waves appear
Of Cam, or how it cuts the learned ſhire;
I ſhall contemn the troubled Thames
On her chief holiday; ev'n when her ſtreams
Are with rich folly gilded; when
The quondam dung-boat is made gay,
Juſt like the bravery of the men,
And graces with freſh paint that day;
When th' city ſhines with flags and pageants there,
And ſatin doublets, ſeen not twice a year.

Why do I ſtay then? I would meet
Thee there, but plummets hang upon my feet:
'Tis my chief wiſh to live with thee,
But not till I deſerve thy company:
Till then, we 'll ſcorn to let that toy,
Some forty miles, divide our hearts:
Write to me, and I ſhall enjoy,
Friendſhip and wit, thy better parts.
Though envious Fortune larger hindrance brings,
We 'll eaſily ſee each other; Love hath wings.

MISCELLANIES.

THE MOTTO.

" Tentanda via eſt, &c."

WHAT ſhall I do to be for ever known,
And make the age to come my own?
I ſhall, like beaſts or common people, die,
Unleſs you write my elegy;
Whilſt others great, by being born, are grown;
Their mothers' labour, not their own.
In this ſcale gold, in th' other fame does lie,
The weight of that mounts this ſo high.
Theſe men are Fortune's jewels, moulded bright;
Brought forth with their own fire and light:
If I, her vulgar ſtone, for either look,
Out of myſelf it muſt be ſtrook.
Yet I muſt on; What ſound is 't ſtrikes mine ear?
Sure I Fame's trumpet hear:
It ſounds like the laſt trumpet; for it can
Raiſe up the buried man.
Unpaſt Alps ſtop me; but I 'll cut through all,
And march, the Muſes' Hannibal.
Hence, all the flattering vanities that lay
Nets of roſes in the way!

Hence,

Hence, the desire of honours or estate,
And all that is not above Fate!
Hence, Love himself, that tyrant of my days!
Which intercepts my coming praise.
Come, my best friends, my books! and lead me on;
'Tis time that I were gone.
Welcome, great Stagyrite! and teach me now
All I was born to know:
Thy scholar's victories thou dost far out-do;
He conquer'd th' earth, the whole world you.
Welcome, learn'd Cicero! whose blest tongue and wit
Preserves Rome's greatness yet:
Thou art the first of Orators; only he
Who best can praise thee, next must be.
Welcome the Mantuan swan, Virgil the wise!
Whose verse walks highest, but not flies;
Who brought green Poesy to her perfect age,
And made that Art which was a Rage.
Tell me, ye mighty Three! what shall I do
To be like one of you?
But you have climb'd the mountain's top, there sit
On the calm flourishing head of it,
And, whilst with wearied steps we upward go,
See us, and clouds, below.

ODE.

ODE.

OF WIT.

TELL me, O tell, what kind of thing is Wit,
Thou who maſter art of it:
For the firſt matter loves variety leſs;
Leſs women love 't, either in love or dreſs.
A thouſand different ſhapes it bears,
Comely in thouſand ſhapes appears.
Yonder we ſaw it plain; and here 'tis now,
Like ſpirits, in a place we know not how.

London, that vents of falſe ware ſo much ſtore,
In no ware deceives us more;
For men, led by the colour and the ſhape,
Like Zeuxis' birds, fly to the painted grape.
Some things do through our judgment paſs
As through a multiplying-glaſs;
And ſometimes, if the object be too far,
We take a falling meteor for a ſtar.

Hence 'tis a Wit, that greateſt word of fame,
Grows ſuch a common name;
And Wits by our creation they become,
Juſt ſo as titular biſhops made at Rome.
'Tis not a tale, 'tis not a jeſt
Admir'd with laughter at a feaſt,
Nor florid talk, which can that title gain;
The proofs of Wit for ever muſt remain.

'Tis not to force ſome lifeleſs verſes meet
With their five gouty feet.
All, every where, like man's, muſt be the ſoul,
And Reaſon the inferior powers control.
Such were the numbers which could call
The ſtones into the Theban wall.
Such miracles are ceas'd; and now we ſee
No towns or houſes rais'd by poetry.

Yet 'tis not to adorn and gild each part;
That ſhows more coſt than art.
Jewels at noſe and lips but ill appear;
Rather than all things Wit, let none be there.
Several lights will not be ſeen,
If there be nothing elſe between.
Men doubt, becauſe they ſtand ſo thick i' th' ſky,
If thoſe be ſtars which paint the Galaxy.

'Tis not when two like words make up one noiſe
(Jeſts for Dutch men and Engliſh boys);
In which who finds out Wit, the ſame may ſee
In an'grams and acroſtick poetry:
Much leſs can that have any place
At which a virgin hides her face;
Such droſs the fire muſt purge away: 'tis juſt
The author bluſh there, where the reader muſt.

'Tis not ſuch lines as almoſt crack the ſtage
When Bajazet begins to rage;
Nor a tall metaphor in the bombaſt way;
Nor the dry chips of ſhort-lung'd Seneca;

Nor

Nor upon all things to obtrude
And force ſome odd ſimilitude.
What is it then, which, like the Power Divine,
We only can by negatives define?

In a true piece of Wit all things muſt be,
Yet all things there agree;
As in the ark, join'd without force or ſtrife,
All creatures dwelt; all creatures that had life:
Or, as the primitive forms of all
(If we compare great things with ſmall)
Which, without diſcord or confuſion, lie
In that ſtrange mirror of the Deity.

But Love, that moulds one man up out of two,
Makes me forget, and injure you:
I took you for myſelf, ſure, when I thought
That you in any thing were to be taught.
Correct my error with thy pen;
And, if any aſk me then
What thing right Wit and height of Genius is,
I'll only ſhew your lines, and ſay, 'Tis this.

TO THE LORD FALKLAND.

For his ſafe Return from the Northern Expedition againſt the SCOTS.

GREAT is thy charge, O North! be wiſe and juſt,
England commits her Falkland to thy truſt;

Return him ſafe; Learning would rather chooſe
Her Bodley or her Vatican to loſe:
All things that are but writ or printed there,
In his unbounded breaſt engraven are.
There all the ſciences together meet,
And every art does all her kindred greet,
Yet juſtle not, nor quarrel; but as well
Agree as in ſome common principle.
So, in an army govern'd right, we ſee
(Though out of ſeveral countries rais'd it be)
That all their order and their place maintain,
The Engliſh, Dutch, the Frenchmen, and the Dane:
So thouſand divers ſpecies fill the air,
Yet neither crowd nor mix confus'dly there;
Beaſts, houſes, trees, and men, together lie,
Yet enter undiſturb'd into the eye.
And this great prince of knowledge is by Fate
Thruſt into th' noiſe and buſineſs of a ſtate.
All virtues, and ſome cuſtoms of the court,
Other men's labour, are at leaſt his ſport;
Whilſt we, who can no action undertake,
Whom idleneſs itſelf might learned make;
Who hear of nothing, and as yet ſcarce know,
Whether the Scots in England be or no;
Pace dully on, oft tire, and often ſtay,
Yet ſee his nimble Pegaſus fly away.
'Tis Nature's fault, who did thus partial grow,
And her eſtate of wit on one beſtow;
Whilſt we, like younger brothers, get at beſt
But a ſmall ſtock, and muſt work out the reſt.

How

How could he anſwer 't, ſhould the ſtate think fit
To queſtion a monopoly of wit?
Such is the man whom we require the ſame
We lent the North; untouch'd, as is his fame.
He is too good for war, and ought to be
As far from danger, as from fear he 's free.
Thoſe men alone (and thoſe are uſeful too)
Whoſe valour is the only art they know,
Were for ſad war and bloody battles born;
Let them the ſtate defend, and he adorn.

ON THE DEATH OF

SIR HENRY WOOTTON.

WHAT ſhall we ſay, ſince ſilent now is he
Who when he ſpoke, all things would ſilent be?
Who had ſo many languages in ſtore,
That only fame ſhall ſpeak of him in more;
Whom England now no more return'd muſt ſee;
He 's gone to heaven on his fourth embaſſy.
On earth he travel'd often; not to ſay
H' had been abroad, or paſs looſe time away.
In whatſoever land he chanc'd to come,
He read the men and manners, bringing home
Their wiſdom, learning, and their piety,
As if he went to conquer, not to ſee.
So well he underſtood the moſt and beſt
Of tongues, that Babel ſent into the Weſt;

Spoke them ſo truly, that he had (you 'd ſwear)
Not only liv'd, but been born every where.
Juſtly each nation's ſpeech to him was known,
Who for the world was made, not us alone;
Nor ought the language of that man be leſs,
Who in his breaſt had all things to expreſs.
We ſay that learning 's endleſs, and blame Fate
For not allowing life a longer date:
He did the utmoſt bounds of knowledge find,
He found them not ſo large as was his mind;
But, like the brave Pellæan youth, did moan
Becauſe that art had no more worlds than one;
And, when he ſaw that he through all had paſt,
He dy'd, leſt he ſhould idle grow at laſt.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. JORDAN,

Second Maſter at Weſtminſter School.

HEnce, and make room for me, all you who come
Only to read the epitaph on this tomb!
Here lies the maſter of my tender years,
The guardian of my parents' hope and fears;
Whoſe government ne'er ſtood me in a tear;
All weeping was reſerv'd to ſpend it here.
Come hither, all who his rare virtues knew,
And mourn with me: he was your tutor too.
Let 's join our ſighs, till they fly far, and ſhew
His native Belgia what ſhe 's now to do.

The

The league of grief bids her with us lament;
By her he was brought forth, and hither ſent
In payment of all men we there had loſt,
And all the Engliſh blood thoſe wars have coſt.
Wiſely did Nature this learn'd man divide;
His birth was theirs, his death the mournful pride
Of England; and, t' avoid the envious ſtrife
Of other lands, all Europe had his life,
But we in chief; our country ſoon was grown
A debtor more to him, than he to 's own.
He pluckt from youth the follies and the crimes,
And built up men againſt the future times;
For deeds of age are in their cauſes then,
And though he taught but boys, he made the men.
Hence 'twas, a maſter, in thoſe ancient days
When men ſought knowledge firſt, and by it praiſe,
Was a thing full of reverence, profit, fame;
Father itſelf was but a ſecond name.
He ſcorn'd the profit; his inſtructions all
Were, like the ſcience, free and liberal.
He deſerv'd honours, but deſpis'd them too,
As much as thoſe who have them others do.
He knew not that which compliment they call;
Could flatter none, but himſelf leaſt of all.
So true, ſo faithful, and ſo juſt, as he
Was nought on earth but his own memory;
His memory, where all things written were,
As ſure and fixt as in Fate's books they are.
Thus he in arts ſo vaſt a treaſure gain'd,
Whilſt ſtill the uſe came in, and ſtock remain'd:

And, having purchas'd all that man can know,
He labour'd with 't to enrich others now;
Did thus a new and harder taſk ſuſtain,
Like thoſe that work in mines for others' gain:
He, though more nobly, had much more to do,
To ſearch the vein, dig, purge, and mint it too.
Though my excuſe would be, I muſt confeſs,
Much better had his diligence been leſs;
But, if a Muſe hereafter ſmile on me,
And ſay, "Be thou a poet!" men ſhall ſee
That none could a more grateful ſcholar have;
For what I ow'd his life I 'll pay his grave.

ON HIS MAJESTY'S RETURN OUT OF SCOTLAND.

WElcome, great Sir! with all the joy that 's due
To the return of peace and you;
Two greateſt bleſſings which this age can know!
For that to Thee, for thee to Heaven we owe.
Others by war their conqueſts gain,
You like a God your ends obtain;
Who, when rude Chaos for his help did call,
Spoke but the word, and ſweetly order'd all.

This happy concord in no blood is writ,
None can grudge Heaven full thanks for it:
No mothers here lament their children's fate,
And like the peace, but think it comes too late.

No

No widows hear the jocund bells,
And take them for their huſbands' knells:
No drop of blood is ſpilt, which might be ſaid
To mark our joyful holiday with red.

'Twas only Heaven could work this wondrous thing,
And only work 't by ſuch a king.
Again the northern hinds may ſing and plough,
And fear no harm but from the weather now;
Again may tradeſmen love their pain,
By knowing now for whom they gain;
The armour now may be hung up to ſight,
And only in their halls the children fright.

The gain of civil wars will not allow
Bay to the conqueror's brow:
At ſuch a game what fool would venture in,
Where one muſt loſe, yet neither ſide can win?
How juſtly would our neighbours ſmile
At theſe mad quarrels of our iſle;
Swell'd with proud hopes to ſnatch the whole away,
Whilſt we bett all, and yet for nothing play!

How was the ſilver Tine frighted before,
And durſt not kiſs the armed ſhore!
His waters ran more ſwiftly than they uſe,
And haſted to the ſea to tell the news:
The ſea itſelf, how rough ſoe'er,
Could ſcarce believe ſuch fury here.
How could the Scots and we be enemies grown?
That, and its maſter Charles, had made us one.

No

No blood ſo loud as that of civil war:
It calls for dangers from afar.
Let 's rather go and ſeek out them and fame;
Thus our fore-fathers got, thus left, a name:
All their rich blood was ſpent with gains,
But that which ſwells their children's veins.
Why ſit we ſtill, our ſpirits wrapt up in lead?
Not like them whilſt they liv'd, but now they're dead.

This noiſe at home was but Fate's policy,
To raiſe our ſpirits more high:
So a bold lion, ere he ſeeks his prey,
Laſhes his ſides and roars, and then away.
How would the German Eagle fear,
To ſee a new Guſtavus there!
How would it ſhake, though as 't was wont to do
For Jove of old, it now bore thunder too!

Sure there are actions of this height and praiſe
Deſtin'd to Charles's days!
What will the triumphs of his battles be,
Whoſe very peace itſelf is victory!
When Heaven beſtows the beſt of kings,
It bids us think of mighty things:
His valour, wiſdom, offspring, ſpeak no leſs;
And we, the prophets' ſons, write not by gueſs.

ON THE DEATH OF
SIR ANTHONY VANDYKE,
THE FAMOUS PAINTER.

VANDYKE is dead; but what bold Muſe ſhall dare
(Though poets in that word with painters ſhare)
T' expreſs her ſadneſs? Poeſy muſt become
An art like Painting here, an art that 's dumb.
Let 's all our ſolemn grief in ſilence keep,
Like ſome ſad picture which he made to weep,
Or thoſe who ſaw 't; for none his works could view
Unmov'd with the ſame paſſions which he drew.
His pieces ſo with their live objects ſtrive,
That both or pictures ſeem, or both alive.
Nature herſelf, amaz'd, does doubting ſtand,
Which is her own and which the painter's hand;
And does attempt the like with leſs ſucceſs,
When her own work in twins ſhe would expreſs.
His all-reſembling pencil did out-paſs
The mimic imagery of looking-glaſs.
Nor was his life leſs perfect than his art,
Nor was his hand leſs erring than his heart.
There was no falſe or fading colour there,
The figures ſweet and well-proportion'd were.
Moſt other men, ſet next to him in view,
Appear'd more ſhadows than the men he drew.
Thus ſtill he liv'd, till Heaven did for him call;
Where reverend Luke ſalutes him firſt of all;

Where

Where he beholds new ſights, divinely fair,
And could almoſt wiſh for his pencil there;
Did he not gladly ſee how all things ſhine,
Wondrouſly painted in the Mind Divine,
Whilſt he, for ever raviſh'd with the ſhow,
Scorns his own art, which we admire below.
Only his beauteous lady ſtill he loves
(The love of heavenly objects Heaven improves);
He ſees bright angels in pure beams appear,
And thinks on her he left ſo like them here.
And you, fair widow! who ſtay here alive,
Since he ſo much rejoices, ceaſe to grieve:
Your joys and griefs were wont the ſame to be;
Begin not now, bleſt pair! to diſagree.
No wonder death mov'd not his generous mind;
You, and a new-born You, he left behind:
Ev'n Fate expreſs'd his love to his dear wife,
And let him end your picture with his life.

PROMETHEUS ILL-PAINTED.

HOW wretched does Prometheus' ſtate appear,
Whilſt he his ſecond miſery ſuffers here!
Draw him no more; leſt, as he tortur'd ſtands,
He blame great Jove's leſs than the painter's hands.
It would the Vulture's cruelty outgo,
If once again his liver thus ſhould grow.
Pity him, Jove! and his bold theft allow;
The flames he once ſtole from thee grant him now!

ODE

ODE.

HERE 's to thee Dick; this whining love deſpiſe;
Pledge me, my friend; and drink till thou be'ſt wiſe.
It ſparkles brighter far than ſhe:
'Tis pure and right, without deceit;
And ſuch no woman ere will be:
No; they are all ſophiſticate.

With all thy ſervile pains what canſt thou win,
But an ill-favour'd and uncleanly ſin?
A thing ſo vile, and ſo ſhort-liv'd,
That Venus' joys, as well as ſhe,
With reaſon may be ſaid to be
From the neglected foam deriv'd.

Whom would that painted toy a beauty move;
Whom would it ere perſuade to court and love;
Could he a woman's heart have ſeen
(But, oh! no light does thither come),
And view'd her perfectly within,
When he lay ſhut up in her womb?

Follies they have ſo numberleſs in ſtore,
That only he who loves them can have more.
Neither their ſighs nor tears are true;
Thoſe idly blow, theſe idly fall,
Nothing like to ours at all:
But ſighs and tears have ſexes too.

Here

Here 's to thee again; thy ſenſeleſs ſorrows drown;
Let the glaſs walk, till all things too go round!
Again, till theſe two lights be four;
No error here can dangerous prove:
Thy paſſion, man, deceiv'd thee more;
None double ſee like men in love.

FRIENDSHIP IN ABSENCE.

WHEN chance or cruel buſineſs parts us two,
What do our ſouls, I wonder, do?
Whilſt ſleep does our dull bodies tie,
Methinks at home they ſhould not ſtay,
Content with dreams, but boldly fly
Abroad, and meet each other half the way.

Sure they do meet, enjoy each other there,
And mix, I know not how nor where!
Their friendly lights together twine,
Though we perceive 't not to be ſo!
Like loving ſtars, which oft combine,
Yet not themſelves their own conjunctions know.

'Twere an ill world, I 'll ſwear, for every friend,
If diſtance could their union end:
But Love itſelf does far advance
Above the power of time and ſpace;
It ſcorns ſuch outward circumſtance,
His time 's for ever, every where his place.

I an

I 'm there with thee, yet here with me thou art,
Lodg'd in each other's heart:
Miracles ceaſe not yet in love.
When he his mighty power will try,
Abſence itſelf does bounteous prove,
And ſtrangely ev'n our preſence multiply.

Pure is the flame of Friendſhip, and divine,
Like that which in Heaven's ſun does ſhine:
He in the upper air and ſky
Does no effects of heat beſtow;
But, as his beams the farther fly,
He begets warmth, life, beauty, here below.

Friendſhip is leſs apparent when too nigh,
Like objects if they touch the eye.
Leſs meritorious then is love;
For when we friends together ſee
So much, ſo much both one do prove,
That their love then ſeems but ſelf-love to be.

Each day think on me, and each day I ſhall
For thee make hours canonical.
By every wind that comes this way,
Send me, at leaſt, a ſigh or two;
Such and ſo many I 'll repay,
As ſhall themſelves make winds to get to you.

A thouſand pretty ways we 'll think upon,
To mock our ſeparation.
Alas! ten thouſand will not do:
My heart will thus no longer ſtay;
No longer 'twill be kept from you,
But knocks againſt the breaſt to get away.

And, when no art affords me help or eaſe,
I ſeek with verſe my griefs t' appeaſe;
Juſt as a bird, that flies about
And beats itſelf againſt the cage,
Finding at laſt no paſſage out,
It ſits and ſings, and ſo o'ercomes its rage.

TO THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN,

UPON HIS ENLARGEMENT OUT OF THE TOWER.

PARDON, my lord, that I am come ſo late
T' expreſs my joy for your return of fate!
So, when injurious Chance did you deprive
Of liberty, at firſt I could not grieve;
My thoughts awhile, like you, impriſon'd lay;
Great joys, as well as ſorrows, make a ſtay;
They hinder one another in the crowd,
And none are heard, whilſt all would ſpeak aloud.
Should every man's officious gladneſs haſte,
And be afraid to ſhew itſelf the laſt,
The throng of gratulations now would be
Another loſs to you of liberty.
When of your freedom men the news did hear,
Where it was wiſh'd-for, that is every where,
'Twas like the ſpeech which from your lips does fall;
As ſoon as it was heard, it raviſh'd all.
So eloquent Tully did from exile come;
Thus long'd-for he return'd, and cheriſh'd Rome;

Which

Which could no more his tongue and counſels miſs;
Rome, the world's head, was nothing without his.
Wrong to thoſe ſacred aſhes I ſhould do,
Should I compare any to him but you;
You, to whom Art and Nature did diſpenſe
The conſulſhip of wit and eloquence.
Nor did your fate differ from his at all,
Becauſe the doom of exile was his fall;
For the whole world, without a native home,
Is nothing but a priſon of larger room.
But like a melting woman ſuffer'd he,
He who before out-did humanity;
Nor could his ſpirit conſtant and ſtedfaſt prove,
Whoſe art 't had been, and greateſt end, to move.
You put ill-fortune in ſo good a dreſs,
That it out-ſhone other men's happineſs:
Had your proſperity always clearly gone,
As your high merits would have led it on,
You 'ad half been loſt, and an example then
But for the happy—the leaſt part of men.
Your very ſufferings did ſo graceful ſhew,
That ſome ſtrait envy'd your affliction too;
For a clear conſcience and heroic mind
In ills their buſineſs and their glory find.
So, though leſs worthy ſtones are drown'd in night,
The faithful diamond keeps his native light,
And is oblig'd to darkneſs for a ray,
That would be more oppreſs'd than help'd by day.
Your ſoul then moſt ſhew'd her unconquer'd power
Was ſtronger and more armed than the Tower.

Sure unkind Fate will tempt your ſpirit no more;
Sh' has try'd her weakneſs and your ſtrength before.
T' oppoſe him ſtill, who once has conquer'd ſo,
Were now to be your rebel, not your foe;
Fortune henceforth will more of providence have,
And rather be your friend than be your ſlave.

TO A LADY

WHO MADE POSIES FOR RINGS.

I Little thought the time would ever be,
That I ſhould wit in dwarfiſh poſies ſee.
As all words in few letters live,
Thou to few words all ſenſe doſt give.
'Twas Nature taught you this rare art,
In ſuch a little much to ſhew;
Who, all the good ſhe did impart
To womankind, epitomiz'd in you.

If, as the ancients did not doubt to ſing,
The turning years be well compar'd to' a ring,
We 'll write whate'er from you we hear;
For that 's the poſy of the year.
This difference only will remain—
That Time his former face does ſhew,
Winding into himſelf again;
But your unweary'd wit is always new.

'Tis ſaid that conjurers have an art found out
To carry ſpirits confin'd in rings about:
The wonder now will leſs appear,
When we behold your magic here.
You, by your rings, do priſoners take,
And chain them with your myſtic ſpells,
And, the ſtrong witchcraft full to make,
Love, the great devil, charm'd to thoſe circles, dwells.

They who above do various circles find,
Say, like a ring th' Equator heaven does bind.
When heaven ſhall be adorn'd by thee
(Which then more Heaven than 'tis will be),
'Tis thou muſt write the poſy there;
For it wanteth one as yet,
Though the ſun paſs through 't twice a year;
The ſun, who is eſteem'd the God of wit.

Happy the hands which wear thy ſacred rings,
They'll teach thoſe hands to write myſterious things.
Let other rings, with jewels bright,
Caſt around their coſtly light;
Let them want no noble ſtone,
By nature rich and art refin'd;
Yet ſhall thy rings give place to none,
But only that which muſt thy marriage bind.

PROLOGUE TO THE GUARDIAN,

BEFORE THE PRINCE.

WHO ſays the times do learning diſallow?
'Tis falſe; 'twas never honour'd ſo as now.
When you appear, great Prince! our night is done;
You are our morning-ſtar, and ſhall be' our ſun.
But our ſcene 's London now; and by the rout
We periſh, if the Round-heads be about:
For now no ornament the head muſt wear,
No bays, no mitre, not ſo much as hair.
How can a play paſs ſafely, when ye know
Cheapſide-croſs falls for making but a ſhow?
Our only hope is this, that it may be
A play may paſs too, made extempore.
Though other arts poor and neglected grow,
They 'll admit Poeſy which was always ſo.
But we contemn the fury of theſe days,
And ſcorn no leſs their cenſure than their praiſe;
Our Muſe, bleſt Prince! does only' on you rely;
Would gladly live, but not refuſe to die.
Accept our haſty zeal! a thing that 's play'd
Ere 'tis a play, and acted ere 'tis made.
Our ignorance, but our duty too, we ſhow;
I would all ignorant people would do ſo!
At other times expect our wit or art;
This comedy is acted by the heart.

THE

THE EPILOGUE.

THE play, great Sir! is done; yet needs muſt fear,
Though you brought all your father's mercies here,
It may offend your Highneſs; and we 'ave now
Three hours done treaſon here, for aught we know.
But power your grace can above Nature give,
It can give power to make abortives live;
In which, if our bold wiſhes ſhould be croſt,
'Tis but the life of one poor week 't has loſt:
Though it ſhould fall beneath your mortal ſcorn,
Scarce could it die more quickly than 'twas born.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. WILLIAM HERVEY.

"Immodicis brevis eſt ætas, & rara ſenectus." MART.

IT was a diſmal and a fearful night,
Scarce could the morn drive on th' unwilling light,
When ſleep, death's image, left my troubled breaſt,
By ſomething liker death poſſeſt.
My eyes with tears did uncommanded flow,
And on my ſoul hung the dull weight
Of ſome intolerable fate.
What bell was that? ah me! too much I know.

My ſweet companion, and my gentle peer,
Why haſt thou left me thus unkindly here,
Thy end for ever, and my life, to moan?
O, thou haſt left me all alone!
Thy ſoul and body, when Death's agony
Beſieg'd around thy noble heart,
Did not with more reluctance part,
Than I, my deareſt friend! do part from thee.

My deareſt friend, would I had dy'd for thee!
Life and this world henceforth will tedious be.
Nor ſhall I know hereafter what to do,
If once my griefs prove tedious too.
Silent and ſad I walk about all day,
As ſullen ghoſts ſtalk ſpeechleſs by
Where their hid treaſures lie;
Alas! my treaſure 's gone! why do I ſtay?

He was my friend, the trueſt friend on earth;
A ſtrong and mighty influence join'd our birth;
Nor did we envy the moſt founding name
By friendſhip given of old to fame.
None but his brethren he and ſiſters knew,
Whom the kind youth preferr'd to me;
And ev'n in that we did agree,
For much above myſelf I lov'd them too.

Say, for you ſaw us, ye immortal lights,
How oft unweary'd have we ſpent the nights,
Till the Ledæan ſtars, ſo fam'd for love,
Wonder'd at us from above!

We ſpent them not in toys, in luſts, or wine;
But ſearch of deep Philoſophy,
Wit, Eloquence, and Poetry,
Arts which I lov'd, for they, my friend, were thine.

Ye fields of Cambridge, our dear Cambridge, ſay
Have ye not ſeen us walking every day?
Was there a tree about which did not know
The love betwixt us two?
Henceforth, ye gentle trees, for ever fade;
Or your ſad branches thicker join,
And into darkſome ſhades combine,
Dark as the grave wherein my friend is laid!

Henceforth, no learned youths beneath you ſing,
Till all the tuneful birds to' your boughs they bring;
No tuneful birds play with their wonted chear,
And call the learned youths to hear;
No whiſtling winds through the glad branches fly:
But all, with ſad ſolemnity,
Mute and unmoved be,
Mute as the grave wherein my friend does lie.

To him my Muſe made haſte with every ſtrain,
Whilſt it was new and warm yet from the brain:
He lov'd my worthleſs rhymes, and, like a friend,
Would find out ſomething to commend.
Hence now, my Muſe! thou canſt not me delight;
Be this my lateſt verſe,
With which I now adorn his hearſe;
And this my grief, without thy help, ſhall write.

Had I a wreath of bays about my brow,
I ſhould contemn that flouriſhing honour now;
Condemn it to the fire, and joy to hear
It rage and crackle there.
Inſtead of bays, crown with ſad cypreſs me;
Cypreſs, which tombs does beautify:
Not Phœbus griev'd, ſo much as I,
For him who firſt was made that mournful tree.

Large was his ſoul; as large a ſoul as ere
Submitted to inform a body here;
High as the place 'twas ſhortly' in heaven to have,
But low and humble as his grave:
So high, that all the Virtues there did come,
As to their chiefeſt ſeat
Conſpicuous and great;
So low, that for me too it made a room.

He ſcorn'd this buſy world below, and all
That we, miſtaken mortals! pleaſure call;
Was fill'd with innocent gallantry and truth,
Triumphant o'er the ſins of youth.
He, like the ſtars, to which he now is gone,
That ſhine with beams like flame,
Yet burn not with the ſame,
Had all the light of youth, of the fire none.

Knowledge he only ſought, and ſo ſoon caught,
As if for him Knowledge had rather ſought:
Nor did more Learning ever crowded lie
In ſuch a ſhort mortality.

Whene'er the ſkilful youth diſcours'd or writ,
Still did the notions throng
About his eloquent tongue,
Nor could his ink flow faſter than his wit.

So ſtrong a wit did Nature to him frame,
As all things but his judgment overcame;
His judgment like the heavenly moon did ſhow,
Tempering that mighty ſea below.
Oh! had he liv'd in Learning's world, what bound
Would have been able to controul
His over-powering ſoul!
We 'ave loſt in him arts that not yet are found.

His mirth was the pure ſpirits of various wit,
Yet never did his God or friends forget;
And, when deep talk and wiſdom came in view,
Retir'd, and gave to them their due:
For the rich help of books he always took,
Though his own ſearching mind before
Was ſo with notions written o'er
As if wiſe Nature had made that her book.

So many virtues join'd in him, as we
Can ſcarce pick here and there in hiſtory;
More than old writers' practice ere could reach;
As much as they could ever teach.
Theſe did Religion, Queen of virtues! ſway;
And all their ſacred motions ſteer,
Juſt like the firſt and higheſt ſphere,
Which wheels about, and turns all heaven one way.

With

With as much zeal, devotion, piety,
He always liv'd, as other ſaints do die.
Still with his ſoul ſevere account he kept,
Weeping all debts out ere he ſlept:
Then down in peace and innocence he lay,
Like the ſun's laborious light,
Which ſtill in water ſets at night,
Unſullied with his journey of the day.

Wondrous young man! why wert thou made ſo good,
To be ſnatch'd hence ere better underſtood?
Snatch'd before half of thee enough was ſeen!
Thou ripe, and yet thy life but green!
Nor could thy friends take their laſt ſad farewell;
But danger and infectious death
Maliciouſly ſeiz'd on that breath
Where life, ſpirit, pleaſure, always us'd to dwell.

But happy thou, ta'en from this frantic age,
Where ignorance and hypocriſy does rage!
A fitter time for heaven no ſoul ere choſe,
The place now only free from thoſe.
There 'mong the bleſt thou doſt for ever ſhine,
And, whereſoe'er thou caſts thy view,
Upon that white and radiant crew,
See'ſt not a ſoul cloath'd with more light than thine.

And, if the glorious ſaints ceaſe not to know
Their wretched friends who fight with life below,
Thy flame to me does ſtill the ſame abide,
Only more pure and rarefy'd.

There,

There, whilſt immortal hymns thou doſt rehearſe,
Thou doſt with holy pity ſee
Our dull and earthly poeſy,
Where grief and miſery can be join'd with verſe.

O D E.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE'S ODE.

" Quis multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ
" Perfuſus," &c. Lib. I. Od. 5.

TO whom now, Pyrrha, art thou kind?
To what heart-raviſh'd lover
Doſt thou thy golden locks unbind,
Thy hidden ſweets diſcover,
And with large bounty open ſet
All the bright ſtores of thy rich cabinet?

Ah, ſimple youth! how oft will he
Of thy chang'd faith complain!
And his own fortunes find to be
So airy and ſo vain,
Of ſo cameleon-like an hue,
That ſtill their colour changes with it too!

How oft, alas! will he admire
The blackneſs of the ſkies!
Trembling to hear the winds ſound higher
And ſee the billows riſe!
Poor unexperienc'd he,
Who ne'er, alas! before had been at ſea!

He

He' enjoys thy calmy ſun-ſhine now,
And no breath ſtirring hears;
In the clear heaven of thy brow
No ſmalleſt cloud appears.
He ſees thee gentle, fair, and gay,
And truſts the faithleſs April of thy May.

Unhappy, thrice unhappy, he,
T' whom thou untry'd doſt ſhine!
But there 's no danger now for me,
Since o'er Loretto's ſhrine,
In witneſs of the ſhipwreck paſt,
My conſecrated veſſel hangs at laſt.

IN IMITATION OF

MARTIAL'S EPIGRAM.

"Si tecum mihi, chare Martialis," &c. L. 5. Ep. 21.

IF, deareſt friend, it my good fate might be
T' enjoy at once a quiet life and thee;
If we for happineſs could leiſure find,
And wandering time into a method bind;
We ſhould not ſure the great-men's favour need,
Nor on long hopes, the court's thin diet, feed;
We ſhould not patience find daily to hear
The calumnies and flatteries ſpoken there;
We ſhould not the lords' tables humbly uſe,
Or talk in ladies' chambers love and news;

But

But books, and wiſe diſcourſe, gardens and fields,
And all the joys that unmixt Nature yields;
Thick ſummer ſhades, where winter ſtill does lie,
Bright winter fires, that ſummer's part ſupply;
Sleep, not controul'd by cares, confin'd to night,
Or bound in any rule but appetite;
Free, but not ſavage or ungracious mirth,
Rich wines, to give it quick and eaſy birth;
A few companions, which ourſelves ſhould chuſe,
A gentle miſtreſs, and a gentler Muſe.
Such, deareſt friend! ſuch, without doubt, ſhould be
Our place, our buſineſs, and our company.
Now to himſelf, alas! does neither live,
But ſees good ſuns, of which we are to give
A ſtrict account, ſet and march thick away:
Knows a man how to live, and does he ſtay?

THE CHRONICLE.

A BALLAD.

MARGARITA firſt poſſeſt,
If I remember well, my breaſt,
Margarita firſt of all;
But when awhile the wanton maid
With my reſtleſs heart had play'd,
Martha took the flying ball.

Martha ſoon did it reſign
To the beauteous Catharine.

Beauteous

Beauteous Catharine gave place
(Though loth and angry ſhe to part
With the poſſeſſion of my heart)
To Eliza's conquering face.

Eliza till this hour might reign,
Had ſhe not evil counſels ta'en.
Fundamental laws ſhe broke,
And ſtill new favourites ſhe choſe,
Till up in arms my paſſions roſe,
And caſt away her yoke.

Mary then, and gentle Anne,
Both to reign at once began;
Alternately they ſway'd;
And ſometimes Mary was the fair,
And ſometimes Anne the crown did wear,
And ſometimes both I' obey'd.

Another Mary then aroſe,
And did rigorous laws impoſe;
A mighty tyrant ſhe!
Long, alas! ſhould I have been
Under that iron-ſcepter'd queen,
Had not Rebecca ſet me free.

When fair Rebecca ſet me free,
'Twas then a golden time with me:
But ſoon thoſe pleaſures fled;
For the gracious princeſs dy'd,
In her youth and beauty's pride,
And Judith reigned in her ſtead.

One

'One month, three days, and half an hour,
Judith held the ſovereign power:
Wondrous beautiful her face!
But ſo weak and ſmall her wit,
That ſhe to govern was unfit,
And ſo Suſanna took her place.

But when Iſabella came,
Arm'd with a reſiſtleſs flame,
And th' artillery of her eye;
Whilſt ſhe proudly march'd about,
Greater conqueſts to find out,
She beat out Suſan by the bye.

But in her place I then obey'd
Black-ey'd Beſs, her viceroy-maid;
To whom enſued a vacancy:
Thouſand worſe paſſions then poſſeſt
The interregnum of my breaſt;
Bleſs me from ſuch an anarchy!

Gentle Henrietta then,
And a third Mary, next began;
Then Joan, and Jane, and Audria;
And then a pretty Thomaſine,
And then another Katharine,
And then a long *et cætera*.

But ſhould I now to you relate,
The ſtrength and riches of their ſtate;
The powder, patches, and the pins,
The ribbons, jewels, and the rings,

The

The lace, the paint, and warlike things,
That make up all their magazines;

If I ſhould tell the politic arts
To take and keep men's hearts;
The letters, embaſſies, and ſpies,
The frowns, and ſmiles, and flatteries,
The quarrels, tears, and perjuries
(Numberleſs, nameleſs, myſteries!);

And all the little lime-twigs laid;
By Machiavel the waiting-maid;
I more voluminous ſhould grow
(Chiefly if I like them ſhould tell
All change of weathers that befell),
Than Holinſhed or Stow.

But I will briefer with them be,
Since few of them were long with me.
An higher and a nobler ſtrain
My preſent Empereſs does claim,
Heleonora, firſt o' th' name;
Whom God grant long to reign!

TO SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT,

Upon his two firſt Books of GONDIBERT,
Finiſhed before his Voyage to America.

METHINKS heroic poeſy till now,
Like ſome fantaſtic fairy-land did ſhow;
Gods, devils, nymphs, witches, and giants' race,
And all but man, in man's chief work had place.
Thou, like ſome worthy knight with ſacred arms,
Doſt drive the monſters thence, and end the charms:
Inſtead of thoſe doſt men and manners plant,
The things which that rich ſoil did chiefly want.
Yet ev'n thy Mortals do their Gods excel,
Taught by thy Muſe to fight and love ſo well.
By fatal hands whilſt preſent empires fall,
Thine from the grave paſt monarchies recall;
So much more thanks from human-kind does merit
The Poet's fury than the Zealot's ſpirit:
And from the grave thou mak'ſt this empire riſe,
Not like ſome dreadful ghoſt, t' affright our eyes,
But with more luſtre and triumphant ſtate,
Than when it crown'd at proud Verona ſate.
So will our God rebuild man's periſh'd frame,
And raiſe him up much better, yet the ſame:
So God-like poets do paſt things rehearſe,
Not change, but heighten, Nature by their verſe.
With ſhame, methinks, great Italy muſt ſee
Her conquerors rais'd to life again by thee:

Rais'd by ſuch powerful verſe, that ancient Rome
May bluſh no leſs to ſee her wit o'ercome.
Some men their fancies, like their faith, derive,
And think all ill but that which Rome does give;
The marks of Old and Catholick would find;
To the ſame chair would truth and fiction bind.
Thou in thoſe beaten paths diſdain'ſt to tread,
And ſcorn'ſt to live by robbing of the dead.
Since time does all things change, thou think'ſt not fit
This latter age ſhould ſee all new but wit;
Thy fancy, like a flame, its way does make,
And leave bright tracks for following pens to take.
Sure 'twas this noble boldneſs of the Muſe
Did thy deſire to ſeek new worlds infuſe;
And ne'er did Heaven ſo much a voyage bleſs,
If thou canſt plant but there with like ſucceſs.

AN ANSWER TO
A COPY OF VERSES
SENT ME TO JERSEY.

AS to a northern people (whom the ſun
Uſes juſt as the Romiſh church has done
Her prophane laity, and does aſſign,
Bread only both to ſerve for bread and wine)
A rich Canary fleet welcome arrives;
Such comfort to us here your letter gives,
Fraught with briſk racy verſes; in which we
The ſoil from whence they came taſte, ſmell, and ſee:

Such

Such is your preſent to us; for you muſt know,
Sir, that verſe does not in this iſland grow,
No more than ſack: one lately did not fear
(Without the Muſes' leave) to plant it here;
But it produc'd ſuch baſe, rough, crabbed, hedge-
rhymes, as ev'n ſet the hearers' ears on edge:
Written by ——— ——— Eſquire, the
Year of our Lord ſix hundred thirty-three.
Brave Jerſey Muſe! and he 's for this high ſtyle
Call'd to this day the Homer of the Iſle.
Alas! to men here no words leſs hard be
To rhyme with, than * Mount Orgueil is to me;
Mount Orgueil! which, in ſcorn o' th' Muſes' law,
With no yoke-fellow word will deign to draw.
Stubborn Mount Orgueil! 'tis a work to make it
Come into rhyme, more hard than 'twere to take it.
Alas! to bring your tropes and figures here,
Strange as to bring camels and elephants were;
And metaphor is ſo unknown a thing,
'Twould need the preface of "God ſave the King."
Yet this I'll ſay, for th' honour of the place,
That, by God's extraordinary grace
(Which ſhows the people have judgment, if not wit)
The land is undefil'd with Clinches yet;
Which, in my poor opinion, I confeſs,
Is a moſt ſingular bleſſing, and no leſs
Than Ireland's wanting ſpiders. And, ſo far
From th' actual ſin of bombaſt too they are,

* The name of one of the caſtles in Jerſey.

(That other crying ſin o' th' Engliſh Muſe)
That even Satan himſelf can accuſe
None here (no not ſo much as the divines)
For th' *motus primò primi* to ſtrong lines.
Well, ſince the ſoil then does not naturally bear
Verſe, who (a devil) ſhould import it here?
For that to me would ſeem as ſtrange a thing
As who did firſt wild beaſts into' iſlands bring;
Unleſs you think that it might taken be
As Green did Gondibert, in a prize at ſea;
But that 's a fortune falls not every day;
'Tis true Green was made by it; for they ſay
The parliament did a noble bounty do, [too.
And gave him the whole prize, their tenths and fifteens

THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.

THAT THERE IS NO KNOWLEDGE.

Againſt the Dogmatiſts.

THE ſacred tree 'midſt the fair orchard grew;
The Phœnix truth did on it reſt,
And built his perfum'd neſt;
That right Porphyrian tree which did true Logick ſhew.
Each leaf did learned notions give,
And th' apples were demonſtrative;
So clear their colour and divine,
The very ſhade they caſt did other lights out-ſhine.

" Taſt

" Taſte not," ſaid God; " 'tis mine and angels' meat;
" A certain death doth ſit,
" Like an ill worm, i' th' core of it.
" Ye cannot know and live, nor live or know and eat."
Thus ſpoke God, yet man did go
Ignorantly on to know;
Grew ſo more blind, and ſhe
Who tempted him to this, grew yet more blind than he.

The only ſcience man by this did get,
Was but to know he nothing knew:
He ſtrait his nakedneſs did view,
His ignorant poor eſtate, and was aſham'd of it.
Yet ſearches probabilities,
And rhetorick, and fallacies,
And ſeeks by uſeleſs pride,
With ſlight and withering leaves that nakedneſs to hide.

" Henceforth," ſaid God, " the wretched ſons of earth
" Shall ſweat for food in vain,
" That will not long ſuſtain;
" And bring with labour forth each fond abortive birth.
" That ſerpent too, their pride,
" Which aims at things deny'd;
" That learn'd and eloquent luſt;
" Inſtead of mounting high, ſhall creep upon the duſt."

REASON.

THE USE OF IT IN DIVINE MATTERS.

SOME blind themſelves, 'cauſe poſſibly they may
Be led by others a right way;
They build on ſands, which if unmov'd they find,
'Tis but becauſe there was no wind.
Leſs hard 'tis, not to err ourſelves, than know
If our forefathers err'd or no.
When we truſt men concerning God, we then
Truſt not God concerning men.

Viſions and inſpirations ſome expect
Their courſe here to direct;
Like ſenſeleſs chemiſts their own wealth deſtroy,
Imaginary gold t' enjoy:
So ſtars appear to drop to us from ſky,
And gild the paſſage as they fly;
But when they fall, and meet th' oppoſing ground,
What but a ſordid ſlime is found?

Sometimes their fancies they 'bove reaſon ſet,
And faſt, that they may dream of meat;
Sometimes ill ſpirits their ſickly ſouls delude,
And baſtard forms obtrude:
So Endor's wretched ſorcereſs, although
She Saul through his diſguiſe did know,
Yet, when the devil comes up diſguis'd, ſhe cries,
"Behold! the Gods ariſe."

In

In vain, alas! theſe outward hopes are try'd;
Reaſon within 's our only guide;
Reaſon, which (God be prais'd!) ſtill walks, for all
Its old original fall:
And, ſince itſelf the boundleſs Godhead join'd
With a reaſonable mind,
It plainly ſhows that myſteries divine
May with our reaſon join.

The holy book, like the eighth ſphere, does ſhine
With thouſand lights of truth divine:
So numberleſs the ſtars, that to the eye,
It makes but all one galaxy.
Yet Reaſon muſt aſſiſt too; for, in ſeas
So vaſt and dangerous as theſe,
Our courſe by ſtars above we cannot know,
Without the compaſs too below.

Though Reaſon cannot through Faith's myſteries ſee,
It ſees that there and ſuch they be;
Leads to heaven's door, and there does humbly keep,
And there through chinks and key-holes peep:
Though it, like Moſes, by a ſad command,
Muſt not come into th' Holy Land,
Yet thither it infallibly does guide,
And from afar 'tis all deſcry'd.

ON THE

DEATH OF MR. CRASHAW.

POET and Saint! to thee alone are given
The two moſt ſacred names of Earth and Heaven;
The hard and rareſt union which can be,
Next that of godhead with humanity.
Long did the Muſes' baniſh'd ſlaves abide,
And built vain pyramids to mortal pride;
Like Moſes thou (though ſpells and charms withſtand)
Haſt brought them nobly home back to their holy land.

Ah wretched we, poets of earth! but thou
Wert living the ſame poet which thou 'rt now;
Whilſt angels ſing to thee their airs divine,
And joy in an applauſe ſo great as thine.
Equal ſociety with them to hold,
Thou need'ſt not make new ſongs, but ſay the old;
And they (kind ſpirits!) ſhall all rejoice, to ſee
How little leſs than they exalted man may be.
Still the old Heathen Gods in Numbers dwell;
The heavenlieſt thing on earth ſtill keeps up hell!
Nor have we yet quite purg'd the Chriſtian land;
Still idols here, like calves at Bethel, ſtand.
And, though Pan's death long ſince all oracles broke,
Yet ſtill in rhyme the fiend Apollo ſpoke:
Nay, with the worſt of heathen dotage, we
(Vain men!) the monſter Woman deify;

Find

Find ſtars, and tie our fates there in a face,
And paradiſe in them, by whom we loſt it, place.
What different faults corrupt our Muſes thus?
Wanton as girls, as old wives fabulous!
Thy ſpotleſs Muſe, like Mary, did contain
The boundleſs Godhead; ſhe did well diſdain
That her eternal verſe employ'd ſhould be
On a leſs ſubject than eternity;
And for a ſacred miſtreſs ſcorn'd to take,
But her whom God himſelf ſcorn'd not his ſpouſe to make.
It (in a kind) her miracle did do;
A fruitful mother was, and virgin too.
* How well (bleſt ſwan!) did Fate contrive thy death,
And made thee render up thy tuneful breath
In thy great miſtreſs' arms, thou moſt divine
And richeſt offering of Loretto's ſhrine!
Where, like ſome holy ſacrifice t' expire,
A fever burns thee, and Love lights the fire.
Angels (they ſay) brought the fam'd chapel there,
And bore the ſacred load in triumph through the air:
'Tis ſurer much they brought thee there; and they,
And thou, their charge, went ſinging all the way.
Pardon, my mother-church! if I conſent
That angels led him when from thee he went;
For ev'n in error ſure no danger is,
When join'd with ſo much piety as his.

* Mr. Craſhaw died of a fever at Loretto, being newly choſen canon of that church.

Ah,

Ah, mighty God! with ſhame I ſpeak 't, and grief,
Ah, that our greateſt faults were in belief!
And our weak reaſon were ev'n weaker yet,
Rather than thus our wills too ſtrong for it!
His faith, perhaps, in ſome nice tenets might
Be wrong; his life, I 'm ſure, was in the right;
And I myſelf a Catholick will be,
So far at leaſt, great Saint! to pray to thee.
Hail, bard triumphant! and ſome care beſtow
On us, the poets militant below!
Oppos'd by our old enemy, adverſe Chance,
Attack'd by Envy and by Ignorance;
Enchain'd by Beauty, tortur'd by Deſires,
Expos'd by Tyrant-Love to ſavage beaſts and fires.
Thou from low earth in nobler flames didſt riſe,
And, like Elijah, mount alive the ſkies.
Eliſha-like (but with a wiſh much leſs,
More fit thy greatneſs and my littleneſs)
Lo! here I beg (I, whom thou once didſt prove
So humble to eſteem, ſo good to love)
Not that thy ſpirit might on me doubled be,
I aſk but half thy mighty ſpirit for me:
And, when my Muſe ſoars with ſo ſtrong a wing,
'Twill learn of things divine, and firſt of thee, to ſing.

ANACREONTIQUES:

OR,

SOME COPIES OF VERSES,

TRANSLATED PARAPHRASTICALLY OUT OF ANACREON.

I.

LOVE.

I'LL ſing of heroes and of kings,
In mighty numbers, mighty things.
Begin, my Muſe! but lo! the ſtrings
To my great ſong rebellious prove;
The ſtrings will ſound of nought but love.
I broke them all, and put on new;
'Tis this or nothing ſure will do.
Theſe ſure (ſaid I) will me obey;
Theſe, ſure, heroick notes will play.
Strait I began with thundering Jove,
And all th' immortal powers; but Love,
Love ſmil'd, and from my' enfeebled lyre
Came gentle airs, ſuch as inſpire
Melting love and ſoft deſire.
Farewell then, heroes! farewell, kings!
And mighty numbers, mighty things!
Love tunes my heart juſt to my ſtrings.

DRINK-

II.

DRINKING.

THE thirſty earth ſoaks up the rain,
And drinks, and gapes for drink again.
The plants ſuck-in the earth, and are
With conſtant drinking freſh and fair;
The ſea itſelf (which one would think
Should have but little need of drink)
Drinks ten thouſand rivers up,
So fill'd that they o'erflow the cup.
The buſy ſun (and one would gueſs
By 's drunken fiery face no leſs)
Drinks up the ſea, and, when he 'as done,
The moon and ſtars drink up the ſun:
They drink and dance by their own light;
They drink and revel all the night.
Nothing in nature 's ſober found,
But an eternal health goes round.
Fill up the bowl then, fill it high,
Fill all the glaſſes there; for why
Should every creature drink but I;
Why, man of morals, tell me why?

III.

BEAUTY.

LIBERAL Nature did diſpenſe
To all things arms for their defence;
And ſome ſhe arms with ſinewy force,
And ſome with ſwiftneſs in the courſe;
Some with hard hoofs or forked claws,
And ſome with horns or tuſked jaws:
And ſome with ſcales, and ſome with wings,
And ſome with teeth, and ſome with ſtings.
Wiſdom to man ſhe did afford,
Wiſdom for ſhield, and wit for ſword.
What to beauteous womankind,
What arms, what armour, has ſhe aſſign'd?
Beauty is both; for with the fair
What arms, what armour, can compare?
What ſteel, what gold, or diamond,
More impaſſible is found?
And yet what flame, what lightning, e'er
So great an active force did bear?
They are all weapon, and they dart
Like porcupines from every part.
Who can, alas! their ſtrength expreſs,
Arm'd, when they themſelves undreſs,
Cap-a-pe with nakedneſs?

IV.

THE DUEL.

YES, I will love then, I will love;
I will not now Love's rebel prove,
Though I was once his enemy;
Though ill-advis'd and ſtubborn I,
Did to the combat him defy.
An helmet, ſpear, and mighty ſhield,
Like ſome new Ajax, I did wield.
Love in one hand his bow did take,
In th' other hand a dart did ſhake;
But yet in vain the dart did throw,
In vain he often drew the bow;
So well my armour did reſiſt,
So oft by flight the blow I miſt:
But, when I thought all danger paſt,
His quiver empty'd quite at laſt,
Inſtead of arrow or of dart
He ſhot himſelf into my heart.
The living and the killing arrow
Ran through the ſkin, the fleſh, the blood,
And broke the bones, and ſcorch'd the marrow,
No trench or work of life withſtood.
In vain I now the walls maintain;
I ſet out guards and ſcouts in vain;
Since th' enemy does within remain.

In

In vain a breaſt-plate now I wear,
Since in my breaſt the foe I bear;
In vain my feet their ſwiftneſs try;
For from the body can they fly?

V.

A G E.

OFT am I by the women told,
Poor Anacreon! thou grow'ſt old;
Look how thy hairs are falling all;
Poor Anacreon, how they fall!
Whether I grow old or no,
By th' effects I do not know;
This I know, without being told,
'Tis time to live, if I grow old;
'Tis time ſhort pleaſures now to take,
Of little life the beſt to make,
And manage wiſely the laſt ſtake.

VI.

THE ACCOUNT.

WHEN all the ſtars are by thee told
(The endleſs ſums of heavenly gold);
Or when the hairs are reckon'd all,
From ſickly autumn's head that fall;
Or when the drops that make the ſea,
Whilſt all her ſands thy counters be;

Thou then, and thou alone, may'ſt prove
Th' arithmetician of my love.
An hundred loves at Athens ſcore,
At Corinth write an hundred more:
Fair Corinth does ſuch beauties bear,
So few, is an eſcaping there.
Write then at Chios ſeventy-three;
Write then at Leſbos (let me ſee)
Write me at Leſbos ninety down,
Full ninety loves, and half a one.
And, next to theſe, let me preſent
The fair Ionian regiment;
And next the Carian company;
Five hundred both effectively.
Three hundred more at Rhodes and Crete;
Three hundred 'tis, I 'm ſure, complete;
For arms at Crete each face does bear,
And every eye 's an archer there.
Go on: this ſtop why doſt thou make?
Thou think'ſt, perhaps, that I miſtake.
Seems this to thee too great a ſum?
Why many thouſands are to come;
The mighty Xerxes could not boaſt
Such different nations in his hoſt.
On; for my love, if thou be'ſt weary,
Muſt find ſome better ſecretary.
I have not yet my Perſian told,
Nor yet my Syrian loves enroll'd,
Nor Indian, nor Arabian;
Nor Cyprian loves, nor African;

Nor Scythian nor Italian flames;
There 's a whole map behind of names
Of gentle loves i' th' temperate zone,
And cold ones in the frigid one,
Cold frozen loves, with which I pine,
And parched loves beneath the Line.

VII.

GOLD.

A Mighty pain to love it is,
And 'tis a pain that pain to miſs;
But, of all pains, the greateſt pain
It is to love, but love in vain.
Virtue now, nor noble blood,
Nor wit, by Love is underſtood;
Gold alone does paſſion move,
Gold monopolizes love;
A curſe on her, and on the man
Who this traffick firſt began!
A curſe on him who found the ore!
A curſe on him who digg'd the ſtore!
A curſe on him who did refine it!
A curſe on him who firſt did coin it!
A curſe, all curſes elſe above,
On him who us'd it firſt in love!
Gold begets in brethren hate;
Gold in families debate;

X.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

HAPPY inſect! what can be
In happineſs compar'd to thee?
Fed with nouriſhment divine,
The dewy morning's gentle wine!
Nature waits upon thee ſtill,
And thy verdant cup does fill;
'Tis fill'd wherever thou doſt tread,
Nature's ſelf 's thy Ganymede.
Thou doſt drink, and dance, and ſing;
Happier than the happieſt king!
All the fields which thou doſt ſee,
All the plants, belong to thee;
All that ſummer-hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice.
Man for thee does ſow and plow;
Farmer he, and landlord thou!
Thou doſt innocently joy;
Nor does thy luxury deſtroy;
The ſhepherd gladly heareth thee,
More harmonious than he.
Thee country hinds with gladneſs hear,
Prophet of the ripen'd year!
Thee Phœbus loves, and does inſpire;
Phœbus is himſelf thy ſire.

To

To thee, of all things upon earth,
Life is no longer than thy mirth.
Happy inſect, happy thou!
Doſt neither age nor winter know;
But, when thou 'ſt drunk, and danc'd, and ſung;
Thy fill, the flowery leaves among
(Voluptuous, and wiſe withal,
Epicurean animal!)
Sated with thy ſummer feaſt,
Thou retir'ſt to endleſs reſt.

XI.

THE SWALLOW.

FOOLISH prater, what doſt thou
So early at my window do,
With thy tuneleſs ſerenade?
Well 't had been had Tereus made
Thee as dumb as Philomel;
There his knife had done but well.
In thy undiſcover'd neſt
Thou doſt all the winter reſt,
And dreameſt o'er thy ſummer joys,
Free from the ſtormy ſeaſons' noiſe:
Free from th' ill thou 'ſt done to me;
Who diſturbs or ſeeks out thee?
Hadſt thou all the charming notes
Of the wood's poetic throats,

All thy art could never pay
What thou 'ſt ta'en from me away.
Cruel bird! thou 'ſt ta'en away
A dream out of my arms to-day;
A dream, that ne'er muſt equal'd be
By all that waking eyes may ſee.
Thou, this damage to repair,
Nothing half ſo ſweet or fair,
Nothing half ſo good, canſt bring,
Though men ſay thou bring'ſt the ſpring.

ELEGY UPON ANACREON,

WHO WAS CHOAKED BY A GRAPE-STONE.

Spoken by the God of Love.

HOW ſhall I lament thine end,
My beſt ſervant, and my friend?
Nay, and, if from a Deity
So much deified as I,
It ſound not too profane and odd,
Oh, my maſter and my god!
For 'tis true, moſt mighty poet!
(Though I like not men ſhould know it)
I am in naked nature leſs,
Leſs by much, than in thy dreſs.
All thy verſe is ſofter far
Than the downy feathers are

Of my wings, or of my arrows,
Of my mother's doves or ſparrows.
Sweet as lovers' freſheſt kiſſes,
Or their riper following bliſſes,
Graceful, cleanly, ſmooth, and round,
All with Venus' girdle bound;
And thy life was all the while
Kind and gentle as thy ſtyle.
The ſmooth-pac'd hours of every day
Glided numerouſly away.
Like thy verſe each hour did paſs;
Sweet and ſhort, like that, it was.
Some do but their youth allow me,
Juſt what they by nature owe me,
The time that 's mine, and not their own,
The certain tribute of my crown:
When they grow old, they grow to be
Too buſy, or too wiſe, for me.
Thou wert wiſer, and didſt know
None too wiſe for Love can grow;
Love was with thy life entwin'd,
Cloſe as heat with fire is join'd;
A powerful brand preſcrib'd the date
Of thine, like Meleager's, fate.
Th' antiperiſtaſis of age
More enflam'd thy amorous rage;
Thy ſilver hairs yielded me more
Than even golden curls before.
Had I the power of creation,
As I have of generation,

Where I the matter muſt obey,
And cannot work plate out of clay,
My creatures ſhould be all like thee,
'Tis thou ſhouldſt their idea be:
They, like thee, ſhould throughly hate
Buſineſs, honour, title, ſtate;
Other wealth they ſhould not know,
But what my living mines beſtow;
The pomp of kings, they ſhould confeſs,
At their crownings, to be leſs
Than a lover's humbleſt guiſe,
When at his miſtreſs' feet he lies.
Rumour they no more ſhould mind
Than men ſafe-landed do the wind;
Wiſdom itſelf they ſhould not hear,
When it preſumes to be ſevere:
Beauty alone they ſhould admire:
Nor look at Fortune's vain attire,
Nor aſk what parents it can ſhew;
With dead or old 't has nought to do.
They ſhould not love yet all or any,
But very much and very many:
All their life ſhould gilded be
With mirth, and wit, and gaiety;
Well remembering and applying
The neceſſity of dying.
Their chearful heads ſhould always wear
All that crowns the flowery year:
They ſhould always laugh, and ſing,
And dance, and ſtrike th' harmonious ſtring;

Verſe

Verſe ſhould from their tongue ſo flow,
As if it in the mouth did grow,
As ſwiftly anſwering their command,
As tunes obey the artful hand.
And whilſt I do thus diſcover
Th' ingredients of a happy lover,
'Tis, my Anacreon! for thy ſake
I of the grape no mention make.
Till my Anacreon by thee fell,
Curſed plant! I lov'd thee well;
And 'twas oft my wanton uſe
To dip my arrows in thy juice.
Curſed plant! 'tis true, I ſee,
Th' old report that goes of thee—
That, with giants' blood the earth
Stain'd and poiſon'd, gave thee birth;
And now thou wreak'ſt thy ancient ſpite
On men in whom the gods delight.
Thy patron Bacchus, 'tis no wonder,
Was brought forth in flames and thunder;
In rage, in quarrels, and in fights,
Worſe than his tigers, he delights;
In all our heaven I think there be
No ſuch ill-natur'd God as he.
Thou pretendeſt, traiterous Wine!
To be the Muſes' friend and mine:
With love and wit thou doſt begin,
Falſe fires, alas! to draw us in;
Which, if our courſe we by them keep,
Miſguide to madneſs or to ſleep:

Sleep

Sleep were well; thou 'aſt learnt a way
To death itſelf now to betray.
It grieves me when I ſee what fate
Does on the beſt of mankind wait.
Poets or lovers let them be,
'Tis neither love nor poeſy
Can arm, againſt death's ſmalleſt dart,
The poet's head or lover's heart;
But when their life, in its decline,
Touches th' inevitable line,
All the world 's mortal to them then,
And wine is aconite to men;
Nay, in death's hand, the grape-ſtone proves
As ſtrong as thunder is in Jove's.

VERSES

WRITTEN ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS*.

CHRIST'S PASSION,

Taken out of a Greek Ode, written by Mr. Maſters of New-College in Oxford.

ENOUGH, my Muſe! of earthly things,
And inſpirations but of wind;
Take up thy lute, and to it bind
Loud and everlaſting ſtrings;
And on them play, and to them ſing,
The happy mournful ſtories,
The lamentable glories,
Of the great crucified King.
Mountainous heap of wonders! which doſt riſe
Till earth thou joineſt with the ſkies!
Too large at bottom, and at top too high,
To be half-ſeen by mortal eye!

How

* Theſe verſes were not included among thoſe which Mr. Cowley himſelf ſtyled "Miſcellanies;" but were claſſed by Biſhop Sprat under the title by which they are here diſtinguiſhed. N.

How ſhall I graſp this boundleſs thing?
What ſhall I play? what ſhall I ſing?
I 'll ſing the mighty riddle of myſterious love,
Which neither wretched men below, nor bleſſed ſpirits
With all their comments can explain; [above,
How all the whole world's life to die did not diſdain!

I 'll ſing the ſearchleſs depths of the compaſſion Divine,
The depths unfathom'd yet
By reaſon's plummet and the line of wit;
Too light the plummet, and too ſhort the line!
How the eternal Father did beſtow
His own eternal Son as ranſom for his foe,
I 'll ſing aloud, that all the world may hear
The triumph of the buried Conquerer.
How hell was by its priſoner captive led,
And the great ſlayer, Death, ſlain by the dead.

Methinks I hear of murdered men the voice,
Mixt with the murderers' confuſed noiſe,
Sound from the top of Calvary;
My greedy eyes fly up the hill, and ſee
Who 'tis hangs there the midmoſt of the three;
Oh, how unlike the others he! [the tree!
Look, how he bends his gentle head with bleſſings from
His gracious hands, ne'er ſtretch'd but to do good,
Are nail'd to the infamous wood!
And ſinful man does fondly bind
The arms, which he extends t' embrace all human-kind.

Unhappy

Unhappy man! canſt thou ſtand by and ſee
All this as patient as he?
Since he thy ſins does bear,
Make thou his ſufferings thine own,
And weep, and ſigh, and groan,
And beat thy breaſt, and tear
Thy garments and thy hair,
And let thy grief, and let thy love,
Through all thy bleeding bowels move.
Doſt thou not ſee thy prince in purple clad all o'er,
Not purple brought from the Sidonian ſhore,
But made at home with richer gore?
Doſt thou not ſee the roſes which adorn
The thorny garland by him worn?
Doſt thou not ſee the livid traces
Of the ſharp ſcourges' rude embraces?
If yet thou feeleſt not the ſmart
Of thorns and ſcourges in thy heart;
If that be yet not crucify'd;
Look on his hands, look on his feet, look on his ſide!

Open, oh! open wide the fountains of thine eyes,
And let them call
Their ſtock of moiſture forth, where'er it lies!
For this will aſk it all.
'Twould all, alas! too little be,
Though thy ſalt tears come from a ſea.
Canſt thou deny him this, when he
Has open'd all his vital ſprings for thee?
Take heed; for by his ſide's myſterious flood
May well be underſtood,
That he will ſtill require ſome waters to his blood.

ODE

ON ORINDA'S POEMS.

WE allow'd you beauty, and we did ſubmit
To all the tyrannies of it;
Ah! cruel ſex, will you depoſe us too in wit?
Orinda * does in that too reign;
Does man behind her in proud triumph draw,
And cancel great Apollo's Salic law.
We our old title plead in vain,
Man may be head, but woman 's now the brain.
Verſe was Love's fire-arms heretofore,
In Beauty's camp it was not known;
Too many arms beſides that conqueror bore:
'Twas the great cannon we brought down
T' aſſault a ſtubborn town;
Orinda firſt did a bold ſally make,
Our ſtrongeſt quarter take,
And ſo ſucceſsful prov'd, that ſhe
Turn'd upon Love himſelf his own artillery.

Women, as if the body were their whole,
Did that, and not the ſoul,
Tranſmit to their poſterity;
If in it ſometime they conceiv'd,
Th' abortive iſſue never liv'd.
'Twere ſhame and pity', Orinda, if in thee

* Mrs. Catharine Philips.

A ſpirit

A ſpirit ſo rich, ſo noble, and ſo high,
Should unmanur'd or barren lie.
But thou induſtriouſly haſt ſow'd and till'd
The fair and fruitful field;
And 'tis a ſtrange increaſe that it does yield.
As, when the happy Gods above
Meet all together at a feaſt,
A ſecret joy unſpeakable does move
In their great mother Cybele's contented breaſt;
With no leſs pleaſure thou, methinks, ſhould ſee,
This, thy no leſs immortal progeny.
And in their birth thou no one touch doſt find,
Of th' ancient curſe to woman-kind:
Thou bring'ſt not forth with pain;
It neither travail is nor labour of the brain:
So eaſily they from thee come,
And there is ſo much room
In th' unexhauſted and unfathom'd womb,
That, like the Holland Counteſs, thou may'ſt bear
A child for every day of all the fertile year.

Thou doſt my wonder, wouldſt my envy, raiſe,
If to be prais'd I lov'd more than to praiſe:
Where'er I ſee an excellence,
I muſt admire to ſee thy well-knit ſenſe,
Thy numbers gentle, and thy fancies high;
Thoſe as thy forehead ſmooth, theſe ſparkling as thine eye.
'Tis ſolid, and 'tis manly all,
Or rather 'tis angelical;

For,

For, as in angels, we
Do in thy verſes ſee
Both improv'd ſexes eminently meet;
They are than man more ſtrong, and more than woman ſweet.

They talk of Nine, I know not who,
Female chimera's, that o'er poets reign;
I ne'er could find that fancy true,
But have invok'd them oft, I 'm ſure, in vain:
They talk of Sappho; but, alas! the ſhame!
Ill-manners foil the luſtre of her fame;
Orinda's inward virtue is ſo bright,
That, like a lantern's fair incloſed light,
It through the paper ſhines where ſhe does write.
Honour and friendſhip, and the generous ſcorn
Of things for which we were not born
(Things that can only by a fond diſeaſe,
Like that of girls, our vicious ſtomachs pleaſe),
Are the inſtructive ſubjects of her pen;
And, as the Roman victory
Taught our rude land arts and civility,
At once ſhe overcomes, enſlaves, and betters, men.

But Rome with all her arts could ne'er inſpire,
A female breaſt with ſuch a fire:
The warlike Amazonian train,
Who in Elyſium now do peaceful reign,
And Wit's mild empire before arms prefer,
Hope 'twill be ſettled in their ſex by her.

Merlin

Merlin the ſeer (and ſure he would not lye,
In ſuch a ſacred company)
Does prophecies of learn'd Orinda ſhow,
Which he had darkly ſpoke ſo long ago;
Ev'n Boadicia's angry ghoſt
Forgets her own misfortune and diſgrace,
And to her injur'd daughters now does boaſt,
That Rome 's o'ercome at laſt, by a woman of her race.

O D E

UPON OCCASION OF A COPY OF VERSES OF MY LORD BROGHILL'S.

BE gone (ſaid I) ingrateful Muſe! and ſee.
What others thou canſt fool, as well as me.
Since I grew man, and wiſer ought to be,
My buſineſs and my hopes I left for thee:
For thee (which was more hardly given away)
I left, even when a boy, my play.
But ſay, ingrateful miſtreſs! ſay;
What for all this, what didſt thou ever pay?
Thou 'lt ſay, perhaps, that riches are
Not of the growth of lands where thou doſt trade;
And I as well my country might upbraid
Becauſe I have no vineyard there.
Well: but in love thou doſt pretend to reign;
There thine the power and lordſhip is;
Thou bad'ſt me write, and write, and write again;
'Twas ſuch a way as could not miſs.

I, like a fool, did thee obey:
I wrote, and wrote, but ſtill I wrote in vain;
For, after all my expence of wit and pain,
A rich, unwriting hand, carried the prize away.

Thus I complain'd, and ſtrait the Muſe reply'd,
That ſhe had given me fame.
Bounty immenſe! and that too muſt be try'd
When I myſelf am nothing but a name.
Who now, what reader does not ſtrive
T' invalidate the gift whilſt we 're alive?
For, when a poet now himſelf doth ſhow,
As if he were a common foe,
All draw upon him, all around,
And every part of him they wound,
Happy the man that gives the deepeſt blow:
And this is all, kind Muſe! to thee we owe.
Then in rage I took,
And out at window threw,
Ovid and Horace, all the chiming crew;
Homer himſelf went with them too;
Hardly eſcap'd the ſacred Mantuan book:
I my own offspring, like Agave, tore,
And I reſolv'd, nay, and I think I ſwore,
That I no more the ground would till and ſow,
Where only flowery weeds inſtead of corn did grow.

When (ſee the ſubtle ways which Fate does find,
Rebellious man to bind!
Juſt to the work for which he is aſſign'd)

The Muſe came in more chearful than before,
And bade me quarrel with her now no more:
" Lo! thy reward! look here, and ſee
" What I have made" (ſaid ſhe)
" My lover and belov'd, my Broghill, do for thee!
" Though thy own verſe no laſting fame can give,
" Thou ſhalt at leaſt in his for ever live.
" What criticks, the great Hectors now in wit,
" Who rant and challenge all men that have writ,
" Will dare t' oppoſe thee, when
" Broghill in thy defence has drawn his conquering pen?"
I roſe, and bow'd my head,
And pardon aſk'd for all that I had ſaid:
Well ſatisfy'd and proud,
I ſtrait reſolv'd, and ſolemnly I vow'd,
That from her ſervice now I ne'er would part;
So ſtrongly large rewards work on a grateful heart!

Nothing ſo ſoon the drooping ſpirits can raiſe
As praiſes from the men whom all men praiſe:
'Tis the beſt cordial, and which only thoſe
Who have at home th' ingredients can compoſe;
A cordial that reſtores our fainting breath,
And keeps up life ev'n after death!
The only danger is, leſt it ſhould be
Too ſtrong a remedy;
Leſt, in removing cold, it ſhould beget
Too violent a heat;
And into madneſs turn the lethargy.
Ah! gracious God! that I might ſee
A time when it were dangerous for me

To be o'er-heat with praiſe!
But I within me bear, alas! too great allays.

'Tis ſaid, Apelles, when he Venus drew,
Did naked women for his pattern view,
And with his powerful fancy did refine
Their human ſhapes into a form divine;
None who had ſat could her own picture ſee,
Or ſay, one part was drawn for me:
So, though this nobler painter, when he writ,
Was pleas'd to think it fit
That my book ſhould before him ſit,
Not as a cauſe, but an occaſion, to his wit;
Yet what have I to boaſt, or to apply
To my advantage out of it; ſince I,
Inſtead of my own likeneſs, only find
The bright idea there of the great writer's mind?

ODE.

Mr. COWLEY'S Book preſenting itſelf to the Univerſity Library of OXFORD.

HAIL, Learning's Pantheon! Hail, the ſacred ark
Where all the world of ſcience does imbark!
Which ever ſhall withſtand, and haſt ſo long withſtood,
Inſatiate Time's devouring flood.
Hail, tree of knowledge! thy leaves fruit! which well
Doſt in the midſt of paradiſe ariſe,
Oxford! the Muſe's paradiſe,
From which may never ſword the bleſs'd expel!

Hail

Hail, bank of all paſt ages! where they lie
T' enrich with intereſt poſterity!
Hail Wit's illuſtrious Galaxy!
Where thouſand lights into one brightneſs ſpread;
Hail, living Univerſity of the dead!

Unconfus'd Babel of all tongues! which e'er
The mighty linguiſt Fame, or Time, the mighty trave-
That could ſpeak, or this could hear. [ler,
Majeſtick monument and pyramid!
Where ſtill the ſhades of parted ſouls abide
Embalm'd in verſe; exalted ſouls which now
Enjoy thoſe arts they woo'd ſo well below;
Which now all wonders plainly ſee,
That have been, are, or are to be,
In the myſterious library,
The beatific Bodley of the Deity;

Will you into your ſacred throng admit
The meaneſt Britiſh Wit?
You, general-council of the prieſts of Fame,
Will you not murmur and diſdain,
That I a place among you claim,
The humbleſt deacon of her train?
Will you allow me th' honourable chain?
The chain of ornament, which here
Your noble priſoners proudly wear;
A chain which will more pleaſant ſeem to me
Than all my own Pindaric liberty!
Will ye to bind me with thoſe mighty names ſubmit,
Like an Apocrypha with holy Writ?

Whatever happy book is chained here,
No other place or people need to fear;
His chain 's a paſſport to go every where.

As when a ſeat in heaven
Is to an unmalicious ſinner given,
Who, caſting round his wondering eye,
Does none but patriarchs and apoſtles there eſpy;
Martyrs who did their lives beſtow,
And ſaints, who martyrs liv'd below;
With trembling and amazement he begins
To recollect his frailties paſt and ſins;
He doubts almoſt his ſtation there;
His ſoul ſays to itſelf, "How came I here?"
It fares no otherwiſe with me,
When I myſelf with conſcious wonder ſee
Amidſt this purify'd elected company.
With hardſhip they, and pain,
Did to this happineſs attain:
No labour I, nor merits, can pretend;
I think predeſtination only was my friend.

Ah, that my author had been ty'd like me
To ſuch a place and ſuch a company!
Inſtead of ſeveral countries, ſeveral men,
And buſineſs, which the Muſes hate,
He might have then improv'd that ſmall eſtate
Which Nature ſparingly did to him give;
He might perhaps have thriven then,
And ſettled upon me, his child, ſomewhat to live.

'T had

'T had happier been for him, as well as me;
For when all, alas! is done,
We books, I mean, You books, will prove to be
The beſt and nobleſt converſation:
For, though ſome errors will get in,
Like tinctures of original ſin;
Yet ſure we from our fathers' wit
Draw all the ſtrength and ſpirit of it,
Leaving the groſſer parts for converſation,
As the beſt blood of man 's employ'd in generation.

O D E.

Sitting and drinking in the Chair made out of the Relicks of Sir FRANCIS DRAKE's Ship.

CHEAR up, my mates, the wind does fairly blow,
Clap on more ſail, and never ſpare;
Farewell all lands, for now we are
In the wide ſea of drink, and merrily we go.
Bleſs me, 'tis hot! another bowl of wine,
And we ſhall cut the burning Line:
Hey, boys! ſhe ſcuds away, and by my head I know,
We round the world are ſailing now.
What dull men are thoſe that tarry at home,
When abroad they might wantonly roam,
And gain ſuch experience, and ſpy too
Such countries and wonders, as I do!
But pr'ythee, good pilot, take heed what you do,
And fail not to touch at Peru!

With gold there the veſſel we 'll ſtore,
And never, and never be poor,
No, never be poor any more.

What do I mean? What thoughts do me miſguide?
As well upon a ſtaff may witches ride
Their fancy'd journeys in the air,
As I ſail round the ocean in this chair!
'Tis true; but yet this chair which here you ſee,
For all its quiet now, and gravity,
Has wander'd and has travel'd more
Than ever beaſt, or fiſh, or bird, or ever tree, before:
In every air and every ſea 't has been,
'T has compaſs'd all the earth, and all the heavens 't has ſeen.
Let not the Pope's itſelf with this compare,
This is the only univerſal chair.

The pious wanderer's fleet, ſav'd from the flame
(Which ſtill the relicks did of Troy purſue,
And took them for its due),
A ſquadron of immortal nymphs became:
Still with their arms they row about the ſeas,
And ſtill make new and greater voyages:
Nor has the firſt poetic ſhip of Greece
(Though now a ſtar ſhe ſo triumphant ſhow,
And guide her ſailing ſucceſſors below,
Bright as her ancient freight the ſhining fleece)
Yet to this day a quiet harbour found;
The tide of heaven ſtill carries her around.
Only Drake's ſacred veſſel (which before
Had done and had ſeen more

Than

Than thoſe have done or ſeen,
Ev'n ſince they Goddeſſes and this a Star has been)
As a reward for all her labour paſt,
Is made the ſeat of reſt at laſt.
Let the caſe now quite alter'd be,
And, as thou went'ſt abroad the world to ſee,
Let the world now come to ſee thee!

The world will do 't; for curioſity
Does, no leſs than devotion, pilgrims make;
And I myſelf, who now love quiet too,
As much almoſt as any chair can do,
Would yet a journey take,
An old wheel of that chariot to ſee,
Which Phaeton ſo raſhly brake:
Yet what could that ſay more than theſe remains of Drake?
Great relick! thou too, in this port of eaſe,
Haſt ſtill one way of making voyages;
The breath of Fame, like an auſpicious gale
(The great trade-wind which ne'er does fail)
Shall drive thee round the world, and thou ſhalt run,
As long around it as the ſun.
The ſtreights of Time too narrow are for thee;
Launch forth into an undiſcover'd ſea,
And ſteer the endleſs courſe of vaſt Eternity!
Take for thy ſail this verſe, and for thy pilot me!

UPON

UPON THE DEATH OF

THE EARL OF BALCARRES.

'TIS folly all, that can be ſaid,
By living mortals, of th' immortal dead,
And I 'm afraid they laugh at the vain tears we ſhed.
'Tis as if we, who ſtay behind
In expectation of the wind,
Should pity thoſe who paſs'd this ſtreight before,
And touch the univerſal ſhore.
Ah, happy man! who art to ſail no more!
And, if it ſeem ridiculous to grieve
Becauſe our friends are newly come from ſea,
Though ne'er ſo fair and calm it be;
What would all ſober men believe,
If they ſhould hear us ſighing ſay,
"Balcarres, who but th' other day
"Did all our love and our reſpect command;
"At whoſe great parts we all amaz'd did ſtand;
"Is from a ſtorm, alas! caſt ſuddenly on land?"

If you will ſay—Few perſons upon earth
Did, more than he, deſerve to have
A life exempt from fortune and the grave;
Whether you look upon his birth
And anceſtors, whoſe fame 's ſo widely ſpread—
But anceſtors, alas! who long ago are dead—

Or

Or whether you conſider more
The vaſt increaſe, as ſure you ought,
Of honour by his labour bought,
And added to the former ſtore;
All I can anſwer, is, That I allow
The privilege you plead for; and avow
That, as he well deſerv'd, he doth enjoy it now.

Though God, for great and righteous ends,
Which his unerring Providence intends
Erroneous mankind ſhould not underſtand,
Would not permit Balcarres' hand
(That once with ſo much induſtry and art
Had clos'd the gaping wounds of every part)
To perfect his diſtracted nation's cure,
Or ſtop the fatal bondage 'twas t' endure;
Yet for his pains he ſoon did him remove,
From all th' oppreſſion and the woe
Of his frail body's native ſoil below,
To his ſoul's true and peaceful country above:
So Godlike kings, for ſecret cauſes, known
Sometimes, but to themſelves alone,
One of their ableſt miniſters elect,
And ſend abroad to treaties, which they' intend
Shall never take effect;
But, though the treaty wants a happy end,
The happy agent wants not the reward,
For which he labour'd faithfully and hard;
His juſt and righteous maſter calls him home,
And gives him, near himſelf, ſome honourable room.

Noble

Noble and great endeavours did he bring
To ſave his country, and reſtore his king;
And, whilſt the manly half of him (which thoſe
Who know not Love, to be the whole ſuppoſe)
Perform'd all parts of virtue's vigorous life;
The beauteous half, his lovely wife,
Did all his labours and his cares divide;
Nor was a lame nor paralytic ſide:
In all the turns of human ſtate,
And all th' unjuſt attacks of Fate,
She bore her ſhare and portion ſtill,
And would not ſuffer any to be ill.
Unfortunate for ever let me be,
If I believe that ſuch was he,
Whom, in the ſtorms of bad ſucceſs,
And all that Error calls unhappineſs,
His virtue and his virtuous wife did ſtill accompany!

With theſe companions 'twas not ſtrange
That nothing could his temper change.
His own and country's union had not weight
Enough to cruſh his mighty mind!
He ſaw around the hurricanes of ſtate,
Fixt as an iſland 'gainſt the waves and wind.
Thus far the greedy ſea may reach;
All outward things are but the beach;
A great man's ſoul it doth aſſault in vain!
Their God himſelf the ocean doth reſtrain
With an imperceptible chain,
And bid it to go back again.

His

His wiſdom, juſtice, and his piety,
His courage both to ſuffer and to die,
His virtues, and his lady too,
Were things celeſtial. And we ſee,
In ſpite of quarrelling philoſophy,
How in this caſe 'tis certain found,
That Heav'n ſtands ſtill, and only earth goes round.

O D E.

Upon Dr. Harvey.

COY Nature (which remain'd, though aged grown,
A beauteous virgin ſtill, enjoy'd by none,
Nor ſeen unveil'd by any one)
When Harvey's violent paſſion ſhe did ſee,
Began to tremble and to flee;
Took ſanctuary, like Daphne, in a tree:
There Daphne's lover ſtop'd, and thought it much
The very leaves of her to touch:
But Harvey, our Apollo, ſtop'd not ſo;
Into the bark and root he after her did go!
No ſmalleſt fibres of a plant,
For which the eye-beams' point doth ſharpneſs want;
His paſſage after her withſtood.
What ſhould ſhe do? through all the moving wood
Of lives endow'd with ſenſe ſhe took her flight;
Harvey purſues, and keeps her ſtill in ſight.

But,

But, as the deer, long-hunted, takes a flood,
She leap'd at laſt into the winding ſtreams of blood;
Of man's mæander all the purple reaches made,
Till at the heart ſhe ſtay'd;
Where turning head, and at a bay,
Thus by well-purged ears was ſhe o'erheard to ſay:

"Here ſure ſhall I be ſafe" (ſaid ſhe)
"None will be able ſure to ſee
"This my retreat, but only He
"Who made both it and me."
"The heart of man what art can e'er reveal?
"A wall impervious between
"Divides the very parts within,
"And doth the heart of man ev'n from itſelf conceal."
She ſpoke: but, ere ſhe was aware,
Harvey was with her there;
And held this ſlippery Proteus in a chain,
Till all her mighty myſteries he deſcry'd;
Which from his wit th' attempt before to hide
Was the firſt thing that Nature did in vain.

He the young practice of new life did ſee,
Whilſt, to conceal its toilſome poverty,
It for a living wrought, both hard and privately.
Before the liver underſtood
The noble ſcarlet dye of blood;
Before one drop was by it made,
Or brought into it, to ſet up the trade;
Before the untaught heart began to beat
The tuneful march to vital heat;

From

From all the ſouls that living buildings rear,
Whether imply'd for earth, or ſea, or air;
Whether it in the womb or egg be wrought;
A ſtrict account to him is hourly brought
How the great fabrick does proceed,
What time, and what materials, it does need:
He ſo exactly does the work ſurvey,
As if he hir'd the workers by the day.

Thus Harvey ſought for Truth in Truth's own book,
The creatures—which by God himſelf was writ;
And wiſely thought 'twas fit,
Not to read comments only upon it,
But on th' original itſelf to look.
Methinks in Art's great circle others ſtand
Lock'd-up together, hand in hand;
Every one leads as he is led;
The ſame bare path they tread,
And dance, like fairies, a fantaſtic round,
But neither change their motion nor their ground:
Had Harvey to this road confin'd his wit,
His noble circle of the blood had been untrodden yet.
Great Doctor! th' art of curing 's cur'd by thee;
We now thy patient, Phyſick, ſee
From all inveterate diſeaſes free,
Purg'd of old errors by thy care,
New dieted, put forth to clearer air;
It now will ſtrong and healthful prove;
Itſelf before lethargic lay, and could not move!

Theſe uſeful ſecrets to his pen we owe!
And thouſands more 'twas ready to beſtow;
Of which a barbarous war's unlearned rage
Has robb'd the ruin'd age:
O cruel loſs! as if the golden fleece,
With ſo much coſt and labour bought,
And from afar by a great hero brought,
Had ſunk ev'n in the ports of Greece.
O curſed war! who can forgive thee this?
Houſes and towns may riſe again;
And ten times eaſier 'tis
To rebuild Paul's, than any work of his:
That mighty taſk none but himſelf can do,
Nay, ſcarce himſelf too, now;
For, though his wit the force of age withſtand,
His body, alas! and time, it muſt command;
And Nature now, ſo long by him ſurpaſs'd,
Will ſure have her revenge on him at laſt.

ODE, FROM CATULLUS.

ACME AND SEPTIMIUS.

WHILST on Septimius' panting breaſt.
(Meaning nothing leſs than reſt)
Acme lean'd her loving head,
Thus the pleas'd Septimius ſaid:

My deareſt Acme, if I be
Once alive, and love not thee

With

With a paſſion far above
All that e'er was called love;
In a Libyan deſert may
I become ſome lion's prey;
Let him, Acme, let him tear
My breaſt, when Acme is not there.

The God of Love, who ſtood to hear him,
(The God of Love was always near him)
Pleas'd and tickled with the ſound,
Sneez'd aloud; and all around
The little Loves, that waited by,
Bow'd, and bleſt the augury.
Acme, enflam'd with what he ſaid,
Rear'd her gently-bending head;
And, her purple mouth with joy
Stretching to the delicious boy,
Twice (and twice could ſcarce ſuffice)
She kiſt his drunken rolling eyes.

My little life, my all! (ſaid ſhe)
So may we ever ſervants be
To this beſt God, and ne'er retain
Our hated liberty again!
So may thy paſſion laſt for me,
As I a paſſion have for thee,
Greater and fiercer much than can
Be conceiv'd by thee a man!
Into my marrow is it gone,
Fixt and ſettled in the bone;
It reigns not only in my heart,
But runs, like life, through every part.

She ſpoke; the God of Love aloud
Sneez'd again; and all the crowd
Of little Loves, that waited by,
Bow'd, and bleſt the auguſty.

This good omen thus from heaven
Like a happy ſignal given,
Their loves and lives (all four) embrace,
And hand in hand run all the race.
To poor Septimius (who did now
Nothing elſe but Acme grow)
Acme's boſom was alone
The whole world's imperial throne;
And to faithful Acme's mind
Septimius was all human-kind.

If the Gods would pleaſe to be
But adviſ'd for once by me,
I 'd adviſe them, when they ſpy
Any illuſtrious piety,
To reward her, if it be ſhe—
To reward him, if it be he—
With ſuch a huſband, ſuch a wife;
With Acme's and Septimius' life.

ODE

UPON HIS MAJESTY'S RESTORATION AND RETURN.

" —Quod optanti divûm promittere nemo
" Auderet, volvenda dies, en, attulit ultro." VIRG.

NOW bleſſings on you all, ye peaceful ſtars,
Which meet at laſt ſo kindly, and diſpenſe
Your univerſal gentle influence
To calm the ſtormy world and ſtill the rage of wars!
Nor, whilſt around the continent
Plenipotentiary beams ye ſent,
Did your pacific lights diſdain
In their large treaty to contain
The world apart, o'er which do reign
Your ſeven fair brethren of great Charles's-wain;
No ſtar amongſt ye all did, I believe,
Such vigorous aſſiſtance give,
As that which, thirty years ago,
At * Charles's birth, did, in deſpite
Of the proud ſun's meridian light,
His future glories and this year foreſhow.

* The ſtar that appeared at noon, the day of the king's birth, juſt as the king his father was riding to St. Paul's to give thanks to God for that bleſſing.

No leſs effects than theſe we may
Be aſſur'd of from that powerful ray,
Which could out-face the ſun, and overcome the day.

Auſpicious ſtar! again ariſe,
And take thy noon-tide ſtation in the ſkies,
Again all heaven prodigiouſly adorn;
For lo! thy Charles again is born.
He then was born with and to pain;
With and to joy he 's born again.
And, wiſely for this ſecond birth,
By which thou certain wert to bleſs
The land with full and flouriſhing happineſs,
Thou mad'ſt of that fair month thy choice,
In which heaven, air, and ſea, and earth,
And all that 's in them, all, does ſmile and does rejoice.
'Twas a right ſeaſon; and the very ground
Ought with a face of paradiſe to be found,
Then, when we were to entertain
Felicity and innocence again.

Shall we again (good Heaven!) that bleſſed pair behold,
Which the abuſed people fondly ſold
For the bright fruit of the forbidden tree,
By ſeeking all like Gods to be?
Will Peace her halcyon neſt venture to build
Upon a ſhore with ſhipwrecks fill'd,
And truſt that ſea, where ſhe can hardly ſay
She 'as known theſe twenty years one calmy day?
Ah! mild and galleſs dove,
Which doſt the pure and candid dwellings love,

Canſt

Canſt thou in Albion ſtill delight?
Still canſt thou think it white?
Will ever fair Religion appear
In theſe deformed ruins? will ſhe clear
Th' Augean ſtables of her churches here?
Will Juſtice hazard to be ſeen
Where a High Court of Juſtice e'er has been?
Will not the tragic ſcene,
And Bradſhaw's bloody ghoſt, affright her there,
Her, who ſhall never fear?
Then may Whitehall for Charles's ſeat be fit,
If Juſtice ſhall endure at Weſtminſter to ſit.

Of all, methinks, we leaſt ſhould ſee
The chearful looks again of Liberty.
That name of Cromwell, which does freſhly ſtill
The curſes of ſo many ſufferers fill,
Is ſtill enough to make her ſtay,
And jealous for a while remain,
Leſt, as a tempeſt carried him away,
Some hurricane ſhould bring him back again.
Or, ſhe might juſtlier be afraid
Leſt, that great ſerpent, which was all a tail
(And in his poiſonous folds whole nations priſoners made)
Should a third time perhaps prevail
To join again, and with worſe ſting ariſe,
As it had done when cut in pieces twice.
Return, return, ye ſacred Four!
And dread your periſh'd enemies no more.

Your

Your fears are cauſeleſs all, and vain,
Whilſt you return in Charles's train;
For God does him, that he might you, reſtore,
Nor ſhall the world him only call
Defender of the faith, but of you all.

Along with you plenty and riches go,
With a full tide to every port they flow,
With a warm fruitful wind o'er all the country blow.
Honour does as ye march her trumpet ſound,
The Arts encompaſs you around,
And, againſt all alarms of Fear,
Safety itſelf brings up the rear;
And, in the head of this angelic band,
Lo! how the goodly Prince at laſt does ſtand
(O righteous God!) on his own happy land:
'Tis happy now, which could with ſo much eaſe
Recover from ſo deſperate a diſeaſe;
A various complicated ill,
Whoſe every ſymptom was enough to kill;
In which one part of three frenzy poſſeſt,
And lethargy the reſt:
'Tis happy, which no bleeding does endure,
A ſurfeit of ſuch blood to cure:
'Tis happy, which beholds the flame
In which by hoſtile hands it ought to burn,
Or that which, if from Heaven it came,
It did but well deſerve, all into bonfire turn.

We

We fear'd (and almoſt touch'd the black degree
Of inſtant expectation)
That the three dreadful angels we,
Of famine, ſword, and plague, ſhould here eſtabliſh'd ſee
(God's great triumvirate of deſolation!)
To ſcourge and to deſtroy the ſinful nation.
Juſtly might Heaven Protectors ſuch as thoſe,
And ſuch Committees for their ſafety, impoſe
Upon a land which ſcarcely better choſe.
We fear'd that the Fanatic war,
Which men againſt God's houſes did declare,
Would from th' Almighty enemy bring down
A ſure deſtruction on our own.
We read th' inſtructive hiſtories which tell
Of all thoſe endleſs miſchiefs that befel
The ſacred town which God had lov'd ſo well,
After that fatal curſe had once been ſaid,
"His blood be upon ours and on our children's head."
We know, though there a greater blood was ſpilt,
'Twas ſcarcely done with greater guilt.
We know thoſe miſeries did befal
Whilſt they rebell'd againſt that Prince, whom all
The reſt of mankind did the love and joy of mankind call.

Already was the ſhaken nation
Into a wild and deform'd chaos brought,
And it was haſting on (we thought)
Even to the laſt of ills— annihilation:
When, in the midſt of this confuſed night,
Lo! the bleſt Spirit mov'd, and there was light;

For, in the glorious General's previous ray,
We ſaw a new-created day:
We by it ſaw, though yet in miſts it ſhone,
The beauteous work of Order moving on.
Where are the men who bragg'd that God did bleſs,
And with the marks of good ſucceſs
Sign his allowance of their wickedneſs?
Vain men! who thought the Divine Power to find
In the fierce thunder and the violent wind:
God came not till the ſtorm was paſt;
In the ſtill voice of Peace he came at laſt!
The cruel buſineſs of deſtruction
May by the claws of the great fiend be done;
Here, here we ſee th' Almighty's hand indeed
Both by the beauty of the work we ſee 't, and by the ſpeed.

He who had ſeen the noble Britiſh heir,
Even in that ill, diſadvantageous light
With which misfortune ſtrives t' abuſe our ſight—
He who had ſeen him in his cloud ſo bright—
He who had ſeen the double pair
Of brothers, heavenly good! and ſiſters, heavenly fair!—
Might have perceiv'd, methinks, with eaſe
(But wicked men ſee only what they pleaſe)
That God had no intent t' extinguiſh quite
The pious king's eclipſed right.
He who had ſeen how by the Power Divine
All the young branches of this royal line
Did in their fire, without conſuming, ſhine—

How

How through a rough Red-ſea they had been led,
By wonders guarded, and by wonders fed—
How many years of trouble and diſtreſs
They 'd wander'd in their fatal wilderneſs,
And yet did never murmur or repine;—
Might, methinks, plainly underſtand,
That, after all theſe conquer'd trials paſt,
Th' Almighty mercy would at laſt
Conduct them with a ſtrong unerring hand
To their own Promis'd Land:
For all the glories of the earth
Ought to be entail'd by right of birth;
And all Heaven's bleſſings to come down
Upon his race, to whom alone was given
The double royalty of earth and heaven;
Who crown'd the kingly with the martyrs' crown.

The martyrs' blood was ſaid of old to be
The ſeed from whence the Church did grow.
The royal blood which dying Charles did ſow
Becomes no leſs the ſeed of royalty:
'Twas in diſhonour ſown;
We find it now in glory grown,
The grave could but the droſs of it devour;
"'Twas ſown in weakneſs, and 'tis rais'd in power."
We now the queſtion well decided ſee,
Which eaſtern Wits did once conteſt,
At the great Monarch's feaſt,
"Of all on earth what things the ſtrongeſt be?"

And

And ſome for women, ſome for wine, did plead;
That is, for Folly and for Rage,
Two things which we have known indeed
Strong in this latter age;
But, as 'tis prov'd by Heaven, at length,
The King and Truth have greateſt ſtrength,
When they their ſacred force unite,
And twine into one right:
No frantic commonwealths or tyrannies;
No cheats, and perjuries, and lyes;
No nets of human policies;
No ſtores of arms or gold (though you could join
Thoſe of Peru to the great London mine);
No towns; no fleets by ſea, or troops by land;
No deeply-entrench'd iſlands, can withſtand,
Or any ſmall reſiſtance bring
Againſt the naked Truth and the unarmed King.

The fooliſh lights which travellers beguile
End the ſame night when they begin;
No art ſo far can upon nature win
As e'er to put-out ſtars, or long keep meteors in.
Where 's now that *Ignus fatuus*, which ere-while
Miſled our wandering iſle?
Where 's the impoſtor Cromwell gone?
Where 's now that Falling-ſtar, his ſon?
Where 's the large Comet now, whoſe raging flame
So fatal to our monarchy became;
Which o'er our heads in ſuch proud horror ſtood,
Inſatiate with our ruin and our blood?

The

The fiery tail did to vaſt length extend;
And twice for want of fuel did expire,
And twice renew'd the diſmal fire:
Though long the tail, we ſaw at laſt its end,
The flames of one triumphant day,
Which, like an anti-comet here,
Did fatally to that appear,
For ever frighted it away:
Then did th' allotted hour of dawning right
Firſt ſtrike our raviſh'd ſight;
Which malice or which art no more could ſtay;
Than witches' charms can a retardment bring
To the reſuſcitation of the day,
Or reſurrection of the ſpring.
We welcome both, and with improv'd delight
Bleſs the preceding winter, and the night!

Man ought his future happineſs to fear,
If he be always happy here—
He wants the bleeding marks of grace,
The circumciſion of the choſen race.
If no one part of him ſupplies
The duty of a ſacrifice,
He is, we doubt, reſerv'd intire
As a whole victim for the fire.
Beſides, ev'n in this world below,
To thoſe who never did ill-fortune know,
The good does nauſeous or inſipid grow.

Conſider

Conſider man's whole life, and you 'll confeſs
The ſharp ingredient of ſome bad ſucceſs
Is that which gives the taſte to all his happineſs.
But the true method of felicity
Is, when the worſt
Of human life is plac'd the firſt,
And when the child's correction proves to be
The cauſe of perfecting the man:
Let our weak days lead up the van;
Let the brave Second and Triarian band
Firm againſt all impreſſion ſtand:
The firſt we may defeated ſee;
The virtue and the force of theſe are ſure of victory.

Such are the years, great Charles! which now we ſee
Begin their glorious march with thee:
Long may their march to heaven, and ſtill triumphant, be!
Now thou art gotten once before,
Ill-fortune never ſhall o'er-take thee more.
To ſee 't again, and pleaſure in it find,
Caſt a diſdainful look behind;
Things which offend when preſent, and affright,
In memory well-painted move delight.
Enjoy then all thy' afflictions now—
Thy royal father's came at laſt;
Thy martyrdom 's already paſt:
And different crowns to both ye owe.
No gold did e'er the kingly temples bind,
Than thine more try'd and more refin'd.

As

As a choice medal for Heaven's treaſury
God did ſtamp firſt upon one ſide of thee
The image of his ſuffering humanity:
On th' other ſide, turn'd now to fight, does ſhine
The glorious image of his power divine!

So, when the wiſeſt poets ſeek
In all their livelieſt colours to ſet forth
A picture of heroic worth
(The pious Trojan or the prudent Greek);
They chuſe ſome comely prince of heavenly birth
(No proud gigantic ſon of earth,
Who ſtrives t' uſurp the Gods' forbidden ſeat);
They feed him not with nectar, and the meat
That cannot without joy be eat;
But, in the cold of want, and ſtorms of adverſe chance,
They harden his young virtue by degrees:
The beauteous drop firſt into ice does freeze
And into ſolid cryſtal next advance.
His murder'd friends and kindred he does ſee,
And from his flaming country flee:
Much is he toſt at ſea, and much at land;
Does long the force of angry gods withſtand:
He does long troubles and long wars ſuſtain,
Ere he his fatal birth-right gain.
With no leſs time or labour can
Deſtiny build up ſuch a man,
Who 's with ſufficient virtue fill'd
His ruin'd country to rebuild.

Nor without cauſe are arms from Heaven,
To ſuch a hero by the poets given:
No human metal is of force t' oppoſe
So many and ſo violent blows.
Such was the helmet, breaſt-plate, ſhield,
Which Charles in all attacks did wield:
And all the weapons malice e'er could try,
Of all the ſeveral makes of wicked policy,
Againſt this armour ſtruck, but at the ſtroke,
Like ſwords of ice, in thouſand pieces broke.
To angels and their brethren ſpirits above,
No ſhow on earth can ſure ſo pleaſant prove,
As when they great misfortunes ſee
With courage borne, and decency.
So were they borne when Worceſter's diſmal day
Did all the terrors of black Fate diſplay!
So were they borne when no diſguiſes' cloud
His inward royalty could ſhrowd;
And one of th' angels whom juſt God did ſend
To guard him in his noble flight
(A troop of angels did him then attend!)
Aſſur'd me in a viſion th' other night,
That he (and who could better judge than he?)
Did then more greatneſs in him ſee,
More luſtre and more majeſty,
Than all his coronation-pomp can ſhew to human eye.

Him and his royal brothers when I ſaw
New marks of honour and of glory
From their affronts and ſufferings draw,
And look like heavenly ſaints ev'n in their purgatory;

Methoughts I ſaw the three Judean Youths
(Three unhurt martyrs for the nobleſt truths!)
In the Chaldean furnace walk;
How chearfully and unconcern'd they talk!
No hair is ſing'd, no ſmalleſt beauty blaſted!
Like painted lamps they ſhine unwaſted!
The greedy fire itſelf dares not be fed
With the bleſt oil of an anointed head.
The honourable flame
(Which rather light we ought to name)
Does like a glory compaſs them around,
And their whole body 's crown'd.
What are thoſe two bright creatures which we ſee
Walk with the royal Three
In the ſame ordeal fire,
And mutual joys inſpire?
Sure they the beauteous ſiſters are,
Who, whilſt they ſeek to bear their ſhare,
Will ſuffer no affliction to be there!
Leſs favour to thoſe Three of old was ſhown,
To ſolace with their company
The fiery trials of adverſity!
Two Angels join with theſe, the others had but one.

Come forth, come forth, ye men of God belov'd!
And let the power now of that flame,
Which againſt you ſo impotent became,
On all your enemies be prov'd.
Come, mighty Charles! deſire of nations! come;
Come, you triumphant exile! home.

He

He 's come, he 's ſafe at ſhore; I hear the noiſe
Of a whole land which does at once rejoice,
I hear th' united people's ſacred voice.
The ſea, which circles us around,
Ne'er ſent to land ſo loud a ſound;
The mighty ſhout ſends to the ſea a gale,
And ſwells up every ſail:
The bells and guns are ſcarcely heard at all;
The artificial joy 's drown'd by the natural.
All England but one bonfire ſeems to be,
One Ætna ſhooting flames into the ſea:
The ſtarry worlds, which ſhine to us afar,
Take ours at this time for a ſtar.
With wine all rooms, with wine the conduits, flow;
And we, the prieſts of a poetic rage,
Wonder that in this golden age
The rivers too ſhould not do ſo.
There is no Stoick, ſure, who would not now
Ev'n ſome exceſs allow;
And grant that one wild fit of chearful folly
Should end our twenty years of diſmal melancholy.

Where 's now the royal mother, where,
To take her mighty ſhare
In this ſo raviſhing fight,
And, with the part ſhe takes, to add to the delight?
Ah! why art thou not here,
Thou always beſt, and now the happieſt Queen!
To ſee our joy, and with new joy be ſeen?

God

God has a bright example made of thee,
To ſhew that woman-kind may be
Above that ſex which her ſuperior ſeems,
In wiſely managing the wide extremes
Of great affliction, great felicity.
How well thoſe different virtues thee become,
Daughter of triumphs, wife of martyrdom!
Thy princely mind with ſo much courage bore
Affliction, that it dares return no more;
With ſo much goodneſs us'd felicity,
That it cannot refrain from coming back to thee;
'Tis come, and ſeen to-day in all its bravery!

Who 's that heroic perſon leads it on,
And gives it like a glorious bride
(Richly adorn'd with nuptial pride)
Into the hands now of thy ſon?
'Tis the good General, the man of praiſe,
Whom God at laſt, in gracious pity,
Did to th' enthralled nation raiſe,
Their great Zerubbabel to be;
To looſe the bonds of long captivity,
And to rebuild their temple and their city!
For ever bleſt may he and his remain,
Who, with a vaſt, though leſs-appearing, gain,
Preferr'd the ſolid Great above the Vain,
And to the world this princely truth has ſhown—
That more 'tis to reſtore, than to uſurp a crown!
Thou worthieſt perſon of the Britiſh ſtory!
(Though 'tis not ſmall the Britiſh glory)

Did I not know my humble verſe muſt be
But ill-proportion'd to the height of thee,
Thou and the world ſhould ſee
How much my Muſe, the foe of flattery,
Does make true praiſe her labour and deſign;
An Iliad or an Æneid ſhould be thine.

And ill ſhould we deſerve this happy day,
If no acknowledgements we pay
To you, great patriots of the two
Moſt truly Other Houſes now;
Who have redeem'd from hatred and from ſhame
A Parliament's once venerable name;
And now the title of a Houſe reſtore,
To that which was but Slaughter-houſe before.
If my advice, ye worthies! might be ta'en,
Within thoſe reverend places,
Which now your living preſence graces,
Your marble-ſtatues always ſhould remain,
To keep alive your uſeful memory,
And to your ſucceſſors th' example be
Of truth, religion, reaſon, loyalty:
For, though a firmly-ſettled peace
May ſhortly make your public labours ceaſe,
The grateful nation will with joy conſent
That in this ſenſe you ſhould be ſaid,
(Though yet the name ſounds with ſome dread)
To be the Long, the Endleſs, Parliament.

ON THE QUEEN'S REPAIRING SOMERSET-HOUSE.

WHEN God (the cauſe to me and men unknown)
Forſook the royal houſes, and his own,
And both abandon'd to the common foe;
How near to ruin did my glories go!
Nothing remain'd t' adorn this princely place
Which covetous hands could take, or rude deface.
In all my rooms and galleries I found
The richeſt figures torn, and all around
Diſmember'd ſtatues of great heroes lay;
Such Naſeby's field ſeem'd on the fatal day!
And me, when nought for robbery was left,
They ſtarv'd to death: the gaſping walls were cleft,
The pillars ſunk, the roofs above me wept;
No ſign of ſpring, or joy, my garden kept;
Nothing was ſeen which could content the eye,
Till dead the impious tyrant here did lie.
See how my face is chang'd! and what I am
Since my true miſtreſs, and now foundreſs, came!
It does not fill her bounty to reſtore
Me as I was (nor was I ſmall before):
She imitates the kindneſs to her ſhown;
She does, like Heaven (which the dejected throne
At once reſtores, fixes, and higher rears)
Strengthen, enlarge, exalt, what ſhe repairs.

And now I dare (though proud I muſt not be,
Whilſt my great miſtreſs I ſo humble ſee
In all her various glories) now I dare
Ev'n with the proudeſt palaces compare.
My beauty and convenience will, I 'm ſure,
So juſt a boaſt with modeſty endure;
And all muſt to me yield, when I ſhall tell
How I am plac'd, and who does in me dwell.
Before my gate a ſtreet's broad channel goes,
Which ſtill with waves of crowding people flows;
And every day there paſſes by my ſide,
Up to its weſtern reach, the London tide,
The ſpring-tides of the term: my front looks down
On all the pride and buſineſs of the town;
My other front (for, as in kings we ſee
The livelieſt image of the Deity,
We in their houſes ſhould heaven's likeneſs find,
Where nothing can be ſaid to be Behind)
My other fair and more majeſtic face
(Who can the fair to more advantage place?)
For ever gazes on itſelf below,
In the beſt mirror that the world can ſhow.
And here behold, in a long bending row,
How two joint-cities make one glorious bow!
The midſt, the nobleſt place, poſſeſs'd by me,
Beſt to be ſeen by all, and all o'er-ſee!
Which way ſoe'er I turn my joyful eye,
Here the great court, there the rich town, I ſpy;
On either ſide dwells ſafety and delight;
Wealth on the left, and power upon the right.

T' aſſure

T' aſſure yet my defence, on either hand,
Like mighty forts, in equal diſtance ſtand
Two of the beſt and ſtatelieſt piles which e'er
Man's liberal piety of old did rear;
Where the two princes of th' Apoſtles' band,
My neighbours and my guards, watch and command.
My warlike guard of ſhips, which farther lie,
Might be my object too, were not the eye
Stopt by the houſes of that wondrous ſtreet
Which rides o'er the broad river like a fleet.
The ſtream's eternal ſiege they fixt abide,
And the ſwoln ſtream's auxiliary tide,
Though both their ruin with joint power conſpire;
Both to out-brave, they nothing dread but fire.
And here my Thames, though it more gentle be
Than any flood ſo ſtrengthen'd by the ſea,
Finding by art his natural forces broke,
And bearing, captive-like, the arched yoke,
Does roar, and foam, and rage, at the diſgrace,
But recompoſes ſtrait, and calms his face;
Is into reverence and ſubmiſſion ſtrook,
As ſoon as from afar he does but look
Tow'rds the white palace, where that king does reign
Who lays his laws and bridges o'er the main.
Amidſt theſe louder honours of my ſeat,
And two vaſt cities, troubleſomely great,
In a large various plain the country too
Opens her gentler bleſſings to my view:
In me the active and the quiet mind,
By different ways, equal content may find.

If any prouder virtuoſo's ſenſe
At that part of my proſpect take offence,
By which the meaner cabbins are deſcry'd,
Of my imperial river's humbler ſide—
If they call that a blemiſh—let them know,
God, and my godlike miſtreſs, think not ſo;
For the diſtreſs'd and the afflicted lie
Moſt in their care, and always in their eye.

And thou, fair river! who ſtill pay'ſt to me
Juſt homage, in thy paſſage to the ſea,
Take here this one inſtruction as thou go'ſt—
When thy mixt waves ſhall viſit every coaſt;
When round the world their voyage they ſhall make,
And back to thee ſome ſecret channels take;
Aſk them what nobler ſight they e'er did meet,
Except thy mighty maſter's ſovereign fleet,
Which now triumphant o'er the main does ride,
The terror of all lands, the ocean's pride.

From hence his kingdoms, happy now at laſt,
(Happy, if wiſe by their misfortunes paſt!)
From hence may omens take of that ſucceſs
Which both their future wars and peace ſhall bleſs.
The peaceful mother on mild Thames does build;
With her ſon's fabricks the rough ſea is fill'd.

THE COMPLAINT.

IN a deep viſion's intellectual ſcene,
Beneath a bower for ſorrow made,
Th' uncomfortable ſhade
Of the black yew's unlucky green,
Mixt with the mourning willow's careful grey,
Where reverend Cham cuts out his famous way,
The melancholy Cowley lay:
And lo! a Muſe appear'd to 's cloſed ſight,
(The Muſes oft in lands of viſion play)
Body'd, array'd, and ſeen, by an internal light.
A golden harp with ſilver ſtrings ſhe bore;
A wondrous hieroglyphick robe ſhe wore,
In which all colours and all figures were,
That nature or that fancy can create,
That art can never imitate;
And with looſe pride it wanton'd in the air.
In ſuch a dreſs, in ſuch a well-cloath'd dream,
She us'd, of old, near fair Iſmenus' ſtream,
Pindar, her Theban favourite, to meet;
A crown was on her head, and wings were on her feet.

She touch'd him with her harp, and rais'd him from the ground;
The ſhaken ſtrings melodiouſly reſound.
"Art thou return'd at laſt," ſaid ſhe,
"To this forſaken place and me?
"Thou prodigal! who didſt ſo looſely waſte
"Of all thy youthful years the good eſtate;

" Art thou return'd here, to repent too late,
" And gather huſks of learning up at laſt,
" Now the rich harveſt-time of life is paſt,
" And winter marches on ſo faſt?
" But, when I meant t' adopt thee for my ſon,
" And did as learn'd a portion aſſign,
" As ever any of the mighty Nine
" Had to their deareſt children done;
" When I reſolv'd t' exalt thy' anointed name,
" Among the ſpiritual lords of peaceful fame;
" Thou changeling! thou, bewitch'd with noiſe and
ſhow,
" Would'ſt into courts and cities from me go;
" Would'ſt ſee the world abroad, and have a ſhare
" In all the follies and the tumults there:
" Thou would'ſt, forſooth, be ſomething in a ſtate,
" And buſineſs thou would'ſt find, and would'ſt create:
" Buſineſs! the frivolous pretence
" Of human luſts, to ſhake off innocence;
" Buſineſs! the grave impertinence;
" Buſineſs! the thing which I of all things hate;
" Buſineſs! the contradiction of thy fate.

" Go, renegado! caſt up thy account,
" And ſee to what amount
" Thy fooliſh gains by quitting me:
" The ſale of Knowledge, Fame, and Liberty,
" The fruits of thy unlearn'd apoſtacy.

" Thou

" Thou thought'ſt, if once the public ſtorm were paſt,
" All thy remaining life ſhould ſun-ſhine be:
" Behold! the public ſtorm is ſpent at laſt,
" The ſovereign 's toſt at ſea no more,
" And thou, with all the noble company,
" Art got at laſt to ſhore.
" But, whilſt thy fellow-voyagers I ſee
" All march'd up to poſſeſs the promis'd land,
" Thou ſtill alone, alas! doſt gaping ſtand
" Upon the naked beach, upon the barren ſand!

" As a fair morning of the bleſſed ſpring,
" After a tedious ſtormy night,
" Such was the glorious entry of our king;
" Enriching moiſture drop'd on every thing;
" Plenty he ſow'd below, and caſt about him light!
" But then, alas! to thee alone,
" One of old Gideon's miracles was ſhown;
" For every tree and every herb around
" With pearly dew was crown'd,
" And upon all the quicken'd ground
" The fruitful ſeed of heaven did brooding lie,
" And nothing but the Muſe's fleece was dry.
" It did all other threats ſurpaſs,
" When God to his own people ſaid
" (The men whom through long wanderings he had led)
" That he would give them ev'n a heaven of braſs:
" They look'd up to that heaven in vain,
" That bounteous heaven, which God did not reſtrain
" Upon the moſt unjuſt to ſhine and rain.

" The

" The Rachel, for which twice ſeven years and more
" Thou didſt with faith and labour ſerve,
" And didſt (if faith and labour can) deſerve,
" Though ſhe contracted was to thee,
" Given to another, who had ſtore
" Of fairer and of richer wives before,
" And not a Leah left, thy recompence to be!
" Go on; twice ſeven years more thy fortune try;
" Twice ſeven years more God in his bounty may
" Give thee, to fling away
" Into the court's deceitful lottery:
" But think how likely 'tis that thou,
" With the dull work of thy unwieldy plough,
" Should'ſt in a hard and barren ſeaſon thrive,
" Should even able be to live;
" Thou, to whoſe ſhare ſo little bread did fall,
" In the miraculous year when manna rain'd on all."

Thus ſpake the Muſe, and ſpake it with a ſmile,
That ſeem'd at once to pity and revile.
And to her thus, raiſing his thoughtful head,
The melancholy Cowley ſaid—
" Ah, wanton foe! doſt thou upbraid
" The ills which thou thyſelf haſt made?
" When in the cradle innocent I lay,
" Thou, wicked ſpirit! ſtoleſt me away,
" And my abuſed ſoul didſt bear
" Into thy new-found worlds, I know not where,
" Thy golden Indies in the air;

" And ever ſince I ſtrive in vain
" My raviſh'd freedom to regain;
" Still I rebel, ſtill thou doſt reign;
" Lo! ſtill in verſe againſt thee I complain.
" There is a ſort of ſtubborn weeds,
" Which, if the earth but once, it ever, breeds;
" No wholſome herb can near them thrive,
" No uſeful plant can keep alive:
" The fooliſh ſports I did on thee beſtow,
" Make all my art and labour fruitleſs now;
" Where once ſuch fairies dance, no graſs doth ever
" grow.

" When my new mind had no infuſion known,
" Thou gav'ſt ſo deep a tincture of thine own,
" That ever ſince I vainly try
" To waſh away th' inherent dye:
" Long work perhaps may ſpoil thy colours quite,
" But never will reduce the native white:
" To all the ports of honour and of gain,
" I often ſteer my courſe in vain;
" Thy gale comes croſs, and drives me back again.
" Thou ſlack'neſt all my nerves of induſtry,
" By making them ſo oft to be
" The tinkling ſtrings of thy looſe minſtrelſy.
" Whoever this world's happineſs would ſee,
" Muſt as entirely caſt-off thee,
" As they who only heaven deſire
" Do from the world retire.

" This

" This was my error, this my groſs miſtake,
" Myſelf a demy-votary to make.
" Thus, with Sapphira and her huſband's fate
" (A fault which I, like them, am taught too late),
" For all that I gave up I nothing gain,
" And periſh for the part which I retain.

" Teach me not then, O thou fallacious Muſe!
" The court, and better king, t' accuſe:
" The heaven under which I live is fair,
" The fertile ſoil will a full harveſt bear:
" Thine, thine is all the barrenneſs; if thou
" Mak'ſt me ſit ſtill and ſing, when I ſhould plough.
" When I but think how many a tedious year
" Our patient ſovereign did attend
" His long misfortunes' fatal end;
" How chearfully, and how exempt from fear,
" On the Great Sovereign's will he did depend;
" I ought to be accurſt, if I refuſe
" To wait on his, O thou fallacious Muſe!
" Kings have long hands, they ſay; and, though I be
" So diſtant, they may reach at length to me.
" However, of all princes, thou
" Should'ſt not reproach rewards for being ſmall or ſlow,
" Thou! who rewardeſt but with popular breath,
" And that too after death."

ON

ON COLONEL TUKE'S TRAGI-COMEDY, THE ADVENTURES OF FIVE HOURS.

AS when our kings (lords of the ſpacious main)
Take in juſt wars a rich plate-fleet of Spain,
The rude unſhapen ingots they reduce
Into a form of beauty and of uſe;
On which the conqueror's image now does ſhine,
Not his whom it belong'd to in the mine:
So, in the mild contentions of the Muſe
(The war which Peace itſelf loves and purſues)
So have you home to us in triumph brought
This Cargazon of Spain with treaſures fraught.
You have not baſely gotten it by ſtealth,
Nor by tranſlation borrow'd all its wealth;
But by a powerful ſpirit made it your own;
Metal before, money by you 'tis grown.
'Tis current now, by your adorning it
With the fair ſtamp of your victorious wit.
But, though we praiſe this voyage of your mind,
And though ourſelves enrich'd by it we find;
We 're not contented yet, becauſe we know
What greater ſtores at home within it grow.
We 've ſeen how well you foreign ores refine;
Produce the gold of your own nobler mine:
The world ſhall then our native plenty view,
And fetch materials for their wit from you;
They all ſhall watch the travails of your pen,
And Spain on you ſhall make repriſals then.

ON

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. KATHARINE PHILIPS.

CRUEL Diſeaſe! ah, could not it ſuffice
Thy old and conſtant ſpite to exerciſe
Againſt the gentleſt and the faireſt ſex,
Which ſtill thy depredations moſt do vex?
Where ſtill thy malice moſt of all
(Thy malice or thy luſt) does on the faireſt fall?
And in them moſt aſſault the faireſt place,
The throne of empreſs Beauty, ev'n the face?
There was enough of that here to aſſuage,
(One would have thought) either thy luſt or rage.
Was 't not enough, when thou, prophane Diſeaſe!
Didſt on this glorious temple ſeize?
Was 't not enough, like a wild zealot, there,
All the rich outward ornaments to tear,
Deface the innocent pride of beauteous images?
Was 't not enough thus rudely to defile,
But thou muſt quite deſtroy, the goodly pile?
And thy unbounded ſacrilege commit
On th' inward holieſt holy of her wit?
Cruel Diſeaſe! there thou miſtook'ſt thy power;
No mine of death can that devour;
On her embalmed name it will abide
An everlaſting pyramid,
As high as heaven the top, as earth the baſis wide.

All

All ages paſt record, all countries now
In various kinds ſuch equal beauties ſhow,
That ev'n judge Paris would not know
On whom the golden apple to beſtow;
Though Goddeſſes t' his ſentence did ſubmit,
Women and lovers would appeal from it;
Nor durſt he ſay, of all the female race,
This is the ſovereign face.
And ſome (though theſe be of a kind that 's rare,
That 's much, ah, much leſs frequent than the fair)
So equally renown'd for virtue are,
That it the mother of the Gods might poſe,
When the beſt woman for her guide ſhe choſe.
But if Apollo ſhould deſign
A woman Laureat to make,
Without diſpute he would Orinda take,
Though Sappho and the famous Nine
Stood by, and did repine.
To be a princeſs, or a queen,
Is great; but 'tis a greatneſs always ſeen:
The world did never but two women know,
Who, one by fraud, th' other by wit, did riſe
To the two tops of ſpiritual dignities;
One female pope of old, one female poet now.

Of female poets, who had names of old,
Nothing is ſhown, but only told,
And all we hear of them perhaps may be
Male-flattery only, and male-poetry.

Few minutes did their beauty's lightning waſte,
The thunder of their voice did longer laſt,
But that too ſoon was paſt.
The certain proofs of our Orinda's wit
In her own laſting characters are writ,
And they will long my praiſe of them ſurvive,
Though long perhaps, too, that may live.
The trade of glory, manag'd by the pen,
Though great it be, and every where is found,
Does bring in but ſmall profit to us men;
'Tis, by the number of the ſharers, drown'd.
Orinda, on the female coaſts of Fame,
Ingroſſes all the goods of a poetic name;
She does no partner with her ſee;
Does all the buſineſs there alone, which we
Are forc'd to carry on by a whole company.

But wit 's like a luxuriant vine;
Unleſs to virtue's prop it join,
Firm and erect towards heaven bound;
Though it with beauteous leaves and pleaſant fruit be crown'd,
It lies, deform'd and rotting, on the ground.
Now ſhame and bluſhes on us all,
Who our own ſex ſuperior call!
Orinda does our boaſting ſex out-do,
Not in wit only, but in virtue too:
She does above our beſt examples riſe,
In hate of vice and ſcorn of vanities.

Never

Never did ſpirit of the manly make,
And dip'd all o'er in Learning's ſacred lake,
A temper more invulnerable take.
No violent paſſion could an entrance find
Into the tender goodneſs of her mind:
Through walls of ſtone thoſe furious bullets may
Force their impetuous way;
When her ſoft breaſt they hit, powerleſs and dead they lay!

The fame of Friendſhip, which ſo long had told
Of three or four illuſtrious names of old,
Till hoarſe and weary with the tale ſhe grew,
Rejoices now t' have got a new,
A new and more ſurprizing ſtory,
Of fair Lucaſia's and Orinda's glory.
As when a prudent man does once perceive
That in ſome foreign country he muſt live,
The language and the manners he does ſtrive
To underſtand and practice here,
That he may come no ſtranger there:
So well Orinda did herſelf prepare,
In this much different clime, for her remove
To the glad world of Poetry and Love.

HYMN TO LIGHT.

FIRST-born of Chaos, who ſo fair didſt come
From the old négro's darkſome womb!
Which, when it ſaw the lovely child,
The melancholy maſs put on kind looks and ſmil'd;

Thou tide of glory, which no reſt doſt know,
But ever ebb and ever flow!
Thou golden ſhower of a true Jove! [love!
Who does in thee deſcend, and heaven to earth make

Hail, active Nature's watchful life and health!
Her joy, her ornament, and wealth!
Hail to thy huſband Heat, and thee! [he!
Thou the world's beauteous bride, the luſty bridegroom

Say from what golden quivers of the ſky
Do all thy winged arrows fly?
Swiftneſs and power by birth are thine:
From thy great ſire they came, thy ſire the Word Divine.

'Tis, I believe, this archery to ſhow,
That ſo much coſt in colours thou,
And ſkill in painting, doſt beſtow,
Upon thy ancient arms, the gaudy heavenly bow.

Swift as light thoughts their empty career run,
Thy race is finiſh'd when begun;
Let a poſt-angel ſtart with thee,
And thou the goal of earth ſhalt reach as ſoon as he.

Thou

Thou in the moon's bright chariot, proud and gay,
Doſt thy bright wood of ſtars ſurvey;
And all the year doſt with thee bring
Of thouſand flowery lights thine own nocturnal ſpring.

Thou, Scythian-like, doſt round thy lands above
The ſun's gilt tent for ever move,
And ſtill, as thou in pomp doſt go,
The ſhining pageants of the world attend thy ſhow.

Nor amidſt all theſe triumphs doſt thou ſcorn
The humble glow-worms to adorn,
And with thoſe living ſpangles gild
(O greatneſs without pride!) the buſhes of the field.

Night, and her ugly ſubjects, thou doſt fright,
And Sleep, the lazy owl of night;
Aſham'd, and fearful to appear,
They ſkreen their horrid ſhapes with the black hemiſphere.

With them there haſtes, and wildly takes th' alarm,
Of painted dreams a buſy ſwarm:
At the firſt opening of thine eye
The various cluſters break, the antic atoms fly.

The guilty ſerpents, and obſcener beaſts,
Creep, conſcious, to their ſecret reſts:
Nature to thee does reverence pay,
Ill omens and ill ſights removes out of thy way.

At thy appearance, Grief itſelf is ſaid
To ſhake his wings, and rouze his head;
And cloudy Care has often took
A gentle beamy ſmile, reflected from thy look.

At thy appearance, Fear itſelf grows bold;
Thy ſun-ſhine melts away his cold.
Encourag'd at the ſight of thee,
To the cheek colour comes, and firmneſs to the knee.

Ev'n Luſt, the maſter of a harden'd face,
Bluſhes, if thou be'ſt in the place,
To Darkneſs' curtains he retires;
In ſympathizing night he rolls his ſmoky fires.

When, Goddeſs! thou lift'ſt up thy waken'd head,
Out of the morning's purple bed,
Thy quire of birds about thee play,
And all the joyful world ſalutes the riſing day.

The ghoſts, and monſter-ſpirits, that did preſume
A body's privilege to aſſume,
Vaniſh again inviſibly,
And bodies gain again their viſibility.

All the world's bravery, that delights our eyes,
Is but thy ſeveral liveries;
Thou the rich dye on them beſtow'ſt,
Thy nimble pencil paints this landſcape as thou go'ſt.

A crimſon garment in the roſe thou wear'ſt;
A crown of ſtudded gold thou bear'ſt;
The virgin-lilies, in their white,
Are clad but with the lawn of almoſt naked light.

The violet, Spring's little infant, ſtands
Girt in thy purple ſwadling-bands:
On the fair tulip thou doſt doat;
Thou cloath'ſt it in a gay and party-colour'd coat.

With

With flame condens'd thou do'ſt thy jewels fix,
And ſolid colours in it mix:
Flora herſelf envies to ſee
Flowers fairer than her own, and durable as ſhe.

Ah, Goddeſs! would thou could'ſt thy hand withold,
And be leſs liberal to gold!
Didſt thou leſs value to it give,
Of how much care, alas! might'ſt thou poor man relieve!

To me the ſun is more delightful far,
And all fair days much fairer are.
But few, ah! wondrous few, there be,
Who do not gold prefer, O Goddeſs! ev'n to thee.

Through the ſoft ways of heaven, and air, and ſea,
Which open all their pores to thee,
Like a clear river thou doſt glide,
And with thy living ſtream through the cloſe channels ſlide.

But, where firm bodies thy free courſe oppoſe,
Gently thy ſource the land o'erflows;
Takes there poſſeſſion, and does make,
Of colours mingled light, a thick and ſtanding lake.

But the vaſt ocean of unbounded day
In th' empyræan heaven does ſtay.
Thy rivers, lakes, and ſprings, below,
From thence took firſt their riſe, thither at laſt muſt flow.

TO

THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

PHiloſophy, the great and only heir
Of all that human knowledge which has been
Unforfeited by man's rebellious ſin,
Though full of years he do appear
(Philoſophy, I ſay, and call it He;
For, whatſoe'er the painter's fancy be,
It a male-virtue ſeems to me)
Has ſtill been kept in nonage till of late,
Nor manag'd or enjoy'd his vaſt eſtate.
Three or four thouſand years, one would have thought,
To ripeneſs and perfection might have brought
A ſcience ſo well bred and nurſt,
And of ſuch hopeful parts too at the firſt:
But, oh! the guardians and the tutors, then,
(Some negligent and ſome ambitious men)
Would ne'er conſent to ſet him free,
Or his own natural powers to let him ſee,
Leſt that ſhould put an end to their authority.

That his own buſineſs he might quite forget,
They' amus'd him with the ſports of wanton wit;
With the deſſerts of poetry they fed him,
Inſtead of ſolid meats t' increaſe his force;
Inſtead of vigorous exerciſe, they led him
Into the pleaſant labyrinths of ever-freſh diſcourſe;

Inſtead

Inſtead of carrying him to ſee
The riches which do hoarded for him lie
In Nature's endleſs treaſury,
They choſe his eye to entertain
(His curious but not covetous eye)
With painted ſcenes and pageants of the brain.
Some few exalted ſpirits this latter age has ſhown,
That labour'd to aſſert the liberty
(From guardians who were now uſurpers grown),
Of this old minor ſtill, captiv'd Philoſophy;
But 'twas rebellion call'd, to fight
For ſuch a long-oppreſſed right.
Bacon at laſt, a mighty man, aroſe,
(Whom a wiſe king, and nature, choſe,
Lord chancellor of both their laws)
And boldly undertook the injur'd pupil's cauſe.

Authority—which did a body boaſt,
Though 'twas but air condens'd, and ſtalk'd about,
Like ſome old giant's more gigantic ghoſt,
To terrify the learned rout
With the plain magic of true Reaſon's light—
He chac'd out of our ſight;
Nor ſuffer'd living men to be miſled
By the vain ſhadows of the dead:
To graves, from whence it roſe, the conquer'd phantom fled.
He broke that monſtrous God which ſtood
In midſt of th' orchard, and the whole did claim;
Which with a uſeleſs ſcythe of wood,
And ſomething elſe not worth a name

(Both vaſt for ſhew, yet neither fit
Or to defend, or to beget;
Ridiculous and ſenſeleſs terrors!) made
Children and ſuperſtitious men afraid.
The orchard 's open now, and free,
Bacon has broke the ſcare-crow deity:
Come, enter, all that will,
Behold the ripen'd fruit, come gather now your fill!
Yet ſtill, methinks, we fain would be
Catching at the forbidden tree—
We would be like the Deity—
When truth and falſehood, good and evil, we,
Without the ſenſes' aid, within ourſelves would ſee;
For 'tis God only who can find
All Nature in his mind.

From words, which are but pictures of the thought
(Though we our thoughts from them perverſely drew)
To things, the mind's right object, he it brought:
Like fooliſh birds, to painted grapes we flew;
He ſought and gather'd for our uſe the true;
And, when on heaps the choſen bunches lay,
He preſt them wiſely the mechanic way,
Till all their juice did in one veſſel join,
Ferment into a nouriſhment divine,
The thirſty ſoul's refreſhing wine.
Who to the life an exact piece would make,
Muſt not from others' work a copy take;
No, not from Rubens or Vandyke;
Much leſs content himſelf to make it like

Th'

Th' ideas and the images which lie
In his own fancy or his memory.
No, he before his ſight muſt place
The natural and living face;
The real object muſt command
Each judgment of his eye and motion of his hand.

From theſe and all long errors of the way,
In which our wandering predeceſſors went,
And, like th' old Hebrews, many years did ſtray,
In deſerts but of ſmall extent,
Bacon, like Moſes, led us forth at laſt:
The barren wilderneſs he paſt;
Did on the very border ſtand
Of the bleſt promis'd land;
And, from the mountain's top of his exalted wit,
Saw it himſelf, and ſhew'd us it.
But life did never to one man allow
Time to diſcover worlds and conquer too;
Nor can ſo ſhort a line ſufficient be
To fathom the vaſt depths of Nature's ſea.
The work he did we ought t' admire;
And were unjuſt if we ſhould more require
From his few years, divided 'twixt th' exceſs
Of low affliction and high happineſs:
For who on things remote can fix his ſight,
That 's always in a triumph or a fight?

From you, great champions! we expect to get
Theſe ſpacious countries, but diſcover'd yet;

Countries,

Countries, where yet, inſtead of Nature, we
Her images and idols worſhip'd ſee:
Theſe large and wealthy regions to ſubdue,
Though Learning has whole armies at command,
Quarter'd about in every land,
A better troop ſhe ne'er together drew:
Methinks, like Gideon's little band,
God with deſign has pick'd out you,
To do thoſe noble wonders by a few:
When the whole hoſt he ſaw, "They are" (ſaid he)
"Too many to o'ercome for me;"
And now he chooſes out his men,
Much in the way that he did then;
Not thoſe many whom he found
Idly extended on the ground,
To drink with their dejected head
The ſtream, juſt ſo as by their mouths it fled:
No; but thoſe few who took the waters up,
And made of their laborious hands the cup.

Thus you prepar'd, and in the glorious fight
Their wondrous pattern too you take:
Their old and empty pitchers firſt they brake,
And with their hands then lifted up the light.
Io! ſound too the trumpets here!
Already your victorious lights appear;
New ſcenes of heaven already we eſpy,
And crowds of golden worlds on high,
Which from the ſpacious plains of earth and ſea
Could never yet diſcover'd be,
By ſailors' or Chaldeans' watchful eye.

Nature's

Nature's great works no diſtance can obſcure,
No ſmallneſs her near objects can ſecure;
Y' have taught the curious ſight to preſs
Into the privateſt receſs
Of her imperceptible littleneſs!
Y' have learn'd to read her ſmalleſt hand,
And well begun her deepeſt ſenſe to underſtand!

Miſchief and true diſhonour fall on thoſe
Who would to laughter or to ſcorn expoſe
So virtuous and ſo noble a deſign,
So human for its uſe, for knowledge ſo divine.
The things which theſe proud men deſpiſe, and call
Impertinent, and vain, and ſmall,
Thoſe ſmalleſt things of nature let me know,
Rather than all their greateſt actions do!
Whoever would depoſed Truth advance
Into the throne uſurp'd from it,
Muſt feel at firſt the blows of Ignorance,
And the ſharp points of envious Wit.
So, when, by various turns of the celeſtial dance,
In many thouſand years
A ſtar, ſo long unknown, appears,
Though heaven itſelf more beauteous by it grow,
It troubles and alarms the world below;
Does to the wiſe a ſtar, to fools a meteor, ſhow.

With courage and ſucceſs you the bold work begin;
Your cradle has not idle been:
None e'er, but Hercules and you, would be
At five years age worthy a hiſtory.

And

And ne'er did Fortune better yet
Th' hiſtorian to the ſtory fit:
As you from all old errors free
And purge the body of Philoſophy;
So from all modern follies he
Has vindicated Eloquence and Wit.
His candid ſtyle like a clean ſtream does ſlide,
And his bright fancy, all the way,
Does like the ſun-ſhine in it play;
It does, like Thames, the beſt of rivers! glide,
Where the God does not rudely overturn,
But gently pour, the cryſtal urn,
And with judicious hand does the whole current guide:
'T has all the beauties Nature can impart,
And all the comely dreſs, without the paint, of Art.

UPON THE

CHAIR made out of Sir FRANCIS DRAKE'S SHIP, Preſented to the Univerſity Library of Oxford, by John Davis of Deptford, Eſquire.

TO this great ſhip, which round the globe has run,
And match'd in race the chariot of the ſun,
This Pythagorean ſhip (for it may claim
Without preſumption ſo deſerv'd a name,
By knowledge once, and transformation now)
In her new ſhape, this ſacred port allow.

Drake and his ſhip could not have wiſh'd from Fate
A more bleſt ſtation, or more bleſt eſtate;
For lo! a ſeat of endleſs reſt is given
To her in Oxford, and to him in heaven.

PROLOGUE

To the CUTTER OF COLMAN STREET.

AS, when the midland ſea is no where clear
From dreadful fleets of Tunis and Argier—
Which coaſt about, to all they meet with foes,
And upon which nought can be got but blows—
The merchant-ſhips ſo much their paſſage doubt,
That, though full-freighted, none dares venture out,
And trade decays, and ſcarcity enſues:
Juſt ſo the timorous wits of late refuſe,
Though laded, to put forth upon the ſtage,
Affrighted by the criticks of this age.
It is a party numerous, watchful, bold;
They can from nought, which fails in fight, with-hold;
Nor do their cheap, though mortal, thunder ſpare;
They ſhoot, alas! with wind-guns charg'd with air.
But yet, gentlemen-criticks of Argier,
For your own intereſt I 'd adviſe ye here,
To let this little forlorn-hope go by
Safe and untouch'd. "That muſt not be" (you 'll cry.)
If ye be wiſe, it muſt; I 'll tell you why.
There are ſeven, eight, nine—ſtay—there are behind
Ten plays at leaſt, which wait but for a wind,

And

And the glad news that we the enemy miſs;
And thoſe are all your own, if you ſpare this.
Some are but new trimm'd up, others quite new;
Some by known ſhipwrights built, and others too
By that great author made, whoe'er he be,
That ſtyles himſelf "Perſon of Quality;"
All theſe, if we miſcarry here to-day,
Will rather till they rot in th' harbour ſtay;
Nay, they will back again, though they were come
Ev'n to their laſt ſafe road, the tyring-room.
Therefore again I ſay, if you be wiſe,
Let this for once paſs free; let it ſuffice
That we, your ſovereign power here to avow,
Thus humbly, ere we paſs, ſtrike ſail to you.

ADDED AT COURT.

STAY, gentlemen; what I have ſaid was all
But forc'd ſubmiſſion, which I now recall.
Ye 're all but pirates now again; for here
Does the true ſovereign of the ſeas appear,
The ſovereign of theſe narrow ſeas of wit;
'Tis his own Thames; he knows and governs it.
'Tis his dominion and domain; as he
Pleaſes, 'tis either ſhut to us, or free.
Not only, if his paſſport we obtain,
We fear no little rovers of the main;
But, if our Neptune his calm viſage ſhow,
No wave ſhall dare to riſe or wind to blow.

THE

THE MISTRESS,

OR

SEVERAL COPIES OF LOVE-VERSES.

" Hæret lateri lethalis arundo." VIRG.

THE REQUEST.

I 've often wiſh'd to love; what ſhall I do?
Me ſtill the cruel boy does ſpare;
And I a double taſk muſt bear,
Firſt to wooe him, and then a miſtreſs too.
Come at laſt and ſtrike, for ſhame,
If thou art any thing beſides a name;
I 'll think thee elſe no God to be,
But poets rather Gods, who firſt created thee.

I aſk not one in whom all beauties grow;
Let me but love, whate'er ſhe be,
She cannot ſeem deform'd to me;
And I would have her ſeem to others ſo.
Deſire takes wings and ſtrait does fly,
It ſtays not dully to enquire the Why.
That happy thing, a lover, grown,
I ſhall not ſee with others' eyes, ſcarce with mine own.

If ſhe be çoy, and ſcorn my noble fire;
If her chill heart I cannot move;
Why I 'll enjoy the very love,
And make a miſtreſs of my own deſire.
Flames their moſt vigorous heat do hold,
And pureſt light, if compaſs'd round with cold:
So, when ſharp winter means moſt harm,
The ſpringing plants are by the ſnow itſelf kept warm.

But do not touch my heart, and ſo be gone;
Strike deep thy burning arrows in!
Lukewarmneſs I account a ſin,
As great in love as in religion.
Come arm'd with flames; for I would prove
All the extremities of mighty Love.
Th' exceſs of heat is but a fable;
We know the torrid zone is now found habitable.

Among the woods and foreſts thou art found,
There boars and lions thou doſt tame;
Is not my heart a nobler game?
Let Venus, men; and beaſts, Diana, wound!
Thou doſt the birds thy ſubjects make;
Thy nimble feathers do their wings o'ertake:
Thou all the ſpring their ſongs doſt hear;
Make me love too, I'll ſing to' thee all the year!

What ſervice can mute fiſhes do to thee?
Yet againſt them thy dart prevails,
Piercing the armour of their ſcales;
And ſtill thy ſea-born mother lives i' th' ſea.

Doſt

Doſt thou deny only to me
The no-great privilege of captivity?
I beg or challenge here thy bow;
Either thy pity to me, or elſe thine anger, ſhow.

Come! or I 'll teach the world to ſcorn that bow:
I 'll teach them thouſand wholeſome arts
Both to reſiſt and cure thy darts,
More than thy ſkilful Ovid e'er did know.
Muſick of ſighs thou ſhalt not hear,
Nor drink one wretched lover's taſteful tear:
Nay, unleſs ſoon thou woundeſt me,
My verſes ſhall not only wound, but murder, thee.

THE THRALDOM.

I CAME, I ſaw, and was undone;
Lightning did through my bones and marrow run;
A pointed pain pierc'd deep my heart;
A ſwift cold trembling ſeiz'd on every part;
My head turn'd round, nor could it bear
The poiſon that was enter'd there.

So a deſtroying-angel's breath
Blows in the plague, and with it haſty death:
Such was the pain, did ſo begin,
To the poor wretch, when Legion enter'd in.
"Forgive me, God!" I cry'd; "for I
"Flatter'd myſelf I was to die."

But quickly to my coſt I found,
'Twas cruel Love, not Death, had made the wound:
Death a more generous rage does uſe;
Quarter to all he conquers does refuſe:
Whilſt Love with barbarous mercy ſaves
The vanquiſh'd lives, to make them ſlaves.

I am thy ſlave then; let me know,
Hard maſter! the great taſk I have to do:
Who pride and ſcorn do undergo,
In tempeſts and rough ſeas thy galleys row;
They pant, and groan, and ſigh; but find
Their ſighs increaſe the angry wind.

Like an Egyptian tyrant, ſome
Thou wearieſt out in building but a tomb;
Others, with ſad and tedious art,
Labour i' th' quarries of a ſtony heart:
Of all the works thou doſt aſſign,
To all the ſeveral ſlaves of thine,
Employ me, mighty Love! to dig the mine.

THE GIVEN LOVE.

I'LL on; for what ſhould hinder me
From loving and enjoying thee?
Thou canſt not thoſe exceptions make,
Which vulgar, ſordid mortals take—
That my fate 's too mean and low;
'Twere pity I ſhould love thee ſo,

If

If that dull cauſe could hinder me
In loving and enjoying thee.

It does not me a whit diſpleaſe,
That the rich all honours ſeize;
That you all titles make your own,
Are valiant, learned, wiſe, alone:
But, if you claim o'er women too
The power which over men ye do;
If you alone muſt lovers be;
For that, Sirs, you muſt pardon me.

Rather than loſe what does ſo near
Concern my life and being here,
I 'll ſome ſuch crooked ways invent,
As you, or your forefathers, went:
I 'll flatter or oppoſe the king,
Turn Puritan, or any thing;
I 'll force my mind to arts ſo new:
Grow rich, and love as well as you.

But rather thus let me remain,
As man in paradiſe did reign;
When perfect love did ſo agree
With innocence and poverty.
Adam did no jointure give;
Himſelf was jointure to his Eve:
Untouch'd with avarice yet, or pride,
The rib came freely back t' his ſide.

A curſe upon the man who taught
Women, that love was to be bought;

Rather doat only on your gold,
And that with greedy avarice hold;
For, if woman too ſubmit
To that, and ſell herſelf for it,
Fond lover! you a miſtreſs have
Of her that 's but your fellow-ſlave.

What ſhould thoſe poets mean of old,
That made their God to wooe in gold?
Of all men, ſure, they had no cauſe
To bind love to ſuch coſtly laws;
And yet I ſcarcely blame them now;
For who, alas! would not allow,
That women ſhould ſuch gifts receive,
Could they, as he, be what they give.

If thou, my dear, thyſelf ſhouldſt prize,
Alas! what value would ſuffice?
The Spaniard could not do 't, though he
Should to both Indies jointure thee.
Thy beauties therefore wrong will take,
If thou ſhouldſt any bargain make;
To give all, will befit thee well;
But not at under-rates to ſell.

Beſtow thy beauty then on me,
Freely, as nature gave 't to thee;
'Tis an exploded popiſh thought,
To think that heaven may be bought.
Prayers, hymns, and praiſes, are the way,
And thoſe my thankful Muſe ſhall pay:

Thy

Thy body, in my verſe enſhrin'd,
Shall grow immortal as thy mind.

I 'll fix thy title next in fame
To Sachariſſa's well-ſung name.
So faithfully will I declare
What all thy wondrous beauties are,
That when, at the laſt great aſſize,
All women ſhall together riſe,
Men ſtrait ſhall caſt their eyes on thee,
And know at firſt that thou art ſhe.

THE SPRING.

THOUGH you be abſent here, I needs muſt ſay
The trees as beauteous are, and flowers as gay,
As ever they were wont to be;
Nay, the birds' rural muſick too
Is as melodious and free,
As if they ſung to pleaſure you:
I ſaw a roſe-bud ope this morn—I 'll ſwear
The bluſhing morning open'd not more fair.

How could it be ſo fair, and you away?
How could the trees be beauteous, flowers ſo gay?
Could they remember but laſt year,
How you did them, they you, delight,
The ſprouting leaves which ſaw you here,
And call'd their fellows to the ſight,
Would, looking round for the ſame ſight in vain,
Creep back into their ſilent barks again.

Where'er you walk'd, trees were as reverend made,
As when of old Gods dwelt in every shade.
Is 't possible they should not know,
What loss of honour they sustain
That thus they smile and flourish now,
And still their former pride retain?
Dull creatures! 'tis not without cause that she,
Who fled the God of Wit, was made a tree.

In ancient times, sure, they much wiser were,
When they rejoic'd the Thracian verse to hear;
In vain did Nature bid them stay,
When Orpheus had his song begun—
They call'd their wondering roots away,
And bade them silent to him run.
How would those learned trees have follow'd you!
You would have drawn them and their poet too.

But who can blame them now? for, since you 're gone,
They 're here the only fair, and shine alone:
You did their natural rights invade;
Wherever you did walk or sit,
The thickest boughs could make no shade,
Although the sun had granted it:
The fairest flowers could please no more, near you,
Than painted flowers, set next to them, could do.

Whene'er then you come hither, that shall be
The time, which this to others is, to me.

The

The little joys which here are now,
The name of puniſhments do bear;
When by their ſight they let us know
How we depriv'd of greater are:
'Tis you the beſt of ſeaſons with you bring;
This is for beaſts, and that for men, the Spring.

WRITTEN IN

JUICE OF LEMON.

WHILST what I write I do not ſee,
I dare thus, ev'n to you, write poetry.
Ah, fooliſh Muſe! which doſt ſo high aſpire,
And know'ſt her judgment well,
How much it does thy power excel,
Yet dar'ſt be read by, thy juſt doom, the fire.

Alas! thou think'ſt thyſelf ſecure,
Becauſe thy form is innocent and pure:
Like hypocrites, which ſeem unſpotted here;
But, when they ſadly come to die,
And the laſt fire their truth muſt try,
Scrawl'd o'er like thee, and blotted, they appear.

Go then, but reverently go,
And, ſince thou needs muſt ſin, confeſs it too:
Confeſs 't, and with humility clothe thy ſhame;
For thou, who elſe muſt burned be
An heretick, if ſhe pardon thee,
May'ſt like a martyr then enjoy the flame.

But, if her wiſdom grow ſevere,
And ſuffer not her goodneſs to be there;
If her large mercies cruelly' it reſtrain;
Be not diſcourag'd, but require
A more gentle ordeal fire,
And bid her by Love's flames read it again.

Strange power of heat! thou yet doſt ſhow
Like winter-earth, naked or cloath'd with ſnow:
But as, the quickening ſun approaching near,
The plants ariſe up by degrees;
A ſudden paint adorns the trees,
And all kind Nature's characters appear.

So, nothing yet in thee is ſeen;
But, when a genial heat warms thee within,
A new-born wood of various lines there grows;
Here buds an A, and there a B,
Here ſprouts a V, and there a T,
And all the flouriſhing letters ſtand in rows.

Still, ſilly paper! thou wilt think
That all this might as well be writ with ink:
Oh, no; there 's ſenſe in this, and myſtery—
Thou now may'ſt change thy author's name,
And to her hand lay noble claim;
For, as ſhe reads, ſhe makes, the words in thee.

Yet—if thine own unworthineſs
Will ſtill that thou art mine, not her's, confeſs—
Conſume thyſelf with fire before her eyes,
And ſo her grace or pity move:
The gods, though beaſts they do not love,
Yet like them when they 're burnt in ſacrifice.

INCON-

INCONSTANCY.

FIVE years ago (ſays Story) I lov'd you,
For which you call me moſt inconſtant now;
Pardon me, Madam! you miſtake the man,
For I am not the ſame that I was then;
No fleſh is now the ſame 'twas then in me;
And that my mind is chang'd, yourſelf may ſee.
The ſame thoughts to retain ſtill, and intents,
Were more inconſtant far; for accidents
Muſt of all things moſt ſtrangely' inconſtant prove,
If from one ſubject they t' another move;
My members then the father-members were
From whence theſe take their birth which now are here.
If then this body love what th' other did,
'Twere inceſt; which by Nature is forbid.
You might as well this day inconſtant name,
Becauſe the weather is not ſtill the ſame
That it was yeſterday—or blame the year,
'Cauſe the ſpring flowers, and autumn fruit, does bear.
The world 's a ſcene of changes; and to be
Conſtant, in Nature were inconſtancy;
For 'twere to break the laws herſelf has made:
Our ſubſtances themſelves do fleet and fade;
The moſt fix'd being ſtill does move and fly,
Swift as the wings of time 'tis meaſur'd by.
T' imagine then that Love ſhould never ceaſe
(Love, which is but the ornament of theſe)
Were quite as ſenſeleſs, as to wonder why
Beauty and colour ſtays not when we die.

NOT

NOT FAIR.

'TIS very true, I thought you once as fair
As women in th' idea are;
Whatever here ſeems beauteous, ſeem'd to be
But a faint metaphor of thee:
But then, methoughts, there ſomething ſhin'd within,
Which caſt this luſtre o'er thy ſkin;
Nor could I chuſe but count it the ſun's light,
Which made this cloud appear ſo bright.
But, ſince I knew thy falſehood and thy pride,
And all thy thouſand faults beſide,
A very Moor, methinks, plac'd near to thee,
White as his teeth would ſeem to be.
So men (they ſay) by hell's deluſions led,
Have ta'en a ſuccubus to their bed;
Believe it fair, and themſelves happy call,
Till the cleft foot diſcovers all:
Then they ſtart from 't, half ghoſts themſelves with fear;
And devil, as 'tis, it does appear.
So, ſince againſt my will I found thee foul,
Deform'd and crooked in thy ſoul,
My reaſon ſtrait did to my ſenſes ſhew,
That they might be miſtaken too:
Nay, when the world but knows how falſe you are,
There 's not a man will think you fair;
Thy ſhape will monſtrous in their fancies be,
They 'll call their eyes as falſe as thee.
Be what thou wilt, hate will preſent thee ſo
As Puritans do the Pope, and Papiſts Luther do.

PLA-

PLATONICK LOVE.

INDEED I muſt confeſs,
When ſouls mix 'tis an happineſs;
But not compleat till bodies too combine,
And cloſely as our minds together join:
But half of heaven the ſouls in glory taſte,
Till by love in heaven, at laſt,
Their bodies too are plac'd.

In thy immortal part
Man, as well as I, thou art;
But ſomething 'tis that differs thee and me;
And we muſt one even in that difference be.
I thee, both as a man and woman, prize;
For a perfect love implies
Love in all capacities.

Can that for true love paſs,
When a fair woman courts her glaſs?
Something unlike muſt in love's likeneſs be;
His wonder is, one, and variety:
For he, whoſe ſoul nought but a ſoul can move,
Does a new Narciſſus prove,
And his own image love.

That ſouls do beauty know,
'Tis to the bodies' help they owe;
If, when they know 't, they ſtrait abuſe that truſt,
And ſhut the body from 't, 'tis as unjuſt
As if I brought my deareſt friend to ſee
My miſtreſs, and at th' inſtant he
Should ſteal her quite from me.

THE

THE CHANGE.

LOVE in her ſunny eyes does baſking play;
Love walks the pleaſant mazes of her hair;
Love does on both her lips for ever ſtray,
And ſows and reaps a thouſand kiſſes there:
In all her outward parts Love 's always ſeen;
But oh! he never went within.

Within, Love's foes, his greateſt foes, abide,
Malice, Inconſtancy, and Pride:
So, the earth's face trees, herbs, and flowers, do dreſs,
With other beauties numberleſs;
But at the centre darkneſs is, and hell;
There wicked ſpirits, and there the damned, dwell.

With me, alas! quite contrary it fares;
Darkneſs and death lie in my weeping eyes,
Deſpair and paleneſs in my face appears,
And grief, and fear, Love's greateſt enemies;
But, like the Perſian tyrant, Love within
Keeps his proud court, and ne'er is ſeen.

Oh! take my heart, and by that means you 'll prove
Within too ſtor'd enough of love:
Give me but your's, I 'll by that change ſo thrive,
That love in all my parts ſhall live.
So powerful is this change, it render can
My outſide Woman, and your inſide Man.

CLAD

CLAD ALL IN WHITE.

FAIREST thing that ſhines below,
Why in this robe doſt thou appear?
Would'ſt thou a white moſt perfect ſhow,
Thou muſt at all no garment wear:
Thou wilt ſeem much whiter ſo,
Than winter when 'tis clad with ſnow.

'Tis not the linen ſhews ſo fair;
Her ſkin ſhines through, and makes it bright:
So clouds themſelves like ſuns appear,
When the ſun pierces them with light:
So, lilies in a glaſs incloſe,
The glaſs will ſeem as white as thoſe.

Thou now one heap of beauty art;
Nought outwards, or within, is foul:
Condenſed beams make every part;
Thy body's cloathed like thy ſoul;
Thy ſoul, which does itſelf diſplay,
Like a ſtar plac'd i' th' milky-way.

Such robes the ſaints departed wear,
Woven all with light divine;
Such their exalted bodies are,
And with ſuch full glory ſhine:
But they regard not mortals' pain;
Men pray, I fear, to both in vain.

Yet,

Yet, ſeeing thee ſo gently pure,
My hopes will needs continue ſtill;
Thou would'ſt not take this garment, ſure,
When thou hadſt an intent to kill!
Of peace and yielding who would doubt,
When the white flag he ſees hung out?

LEAVING ME, AND THEN LOVING MANY.

SO men, who once have caſt the truth away,
Forſook by God, do ſtrange wild luſts obey;
So the vain Gentiles, when they left t' adore
One Deity, could not ſtop at thouſands more:
Their zeal was ſenſeleſs ſtrait, and boundleſs, grown,
They worſhip'd many a beaſt and many a ſtone.
Ah, fair apoſtate! couldſt thou think to flee
From Truth and Goodneſs, yet keep unity?
I reign'd alone; and my bleſt ſelf could call
The univerſal monarch of her all.
Mine, mine, her fair Eaſt-Indies were above,
Where thoſe ſuns riſe that chear the world of Love;
Where beauties ſhine like gems of richeſt price;
Where coral growes, and every breath is ſpice;
Mine too her rich Weſt-Indies were below,
Where mines of gold and endleſs treaſures grow.
But, as when the Pellæan conqueror dy'd,
Many ſmall princes did his crown divide;
So, ſince my love his vanquiſh'd world forſook,
Murder'd by poiſons from her falſehood took,
An hundred petty kings claim each their part,
And rend that glorious empire of her heart.

MY

MY HEART DISCOVERED.

HER body is ſo gently bright,
Clear and tranſparent to the ſight
(Clear as fair cryſtal to the view,
Yet ſoft as that, ere ſtone it grew)
That through her fleſh, methinks, is ſeen
The brighter ſoul that dwells within:
Our eyes the ſubtile covering paſs,
And ſee that lily through its glaſs.
I through her breaſt her heart eſpy,
As ſouls in hearts do ſouls deſcry:
I ſee 't with gentle motions beat;
I ſee light in 't, but find no heat.
Within, like angels in the ſky,
A thouſand gilded thoughts do fly;
Thoughts of bright and nobleſt kind,
Fair and chaſte as mother-mind.
But oh! what other heart is there,
Which ſighs and crouds to her's ſo near?
'Tis all on flame, and does, like fire,
To that, as to its heaven, aſpire!
The wounds are many in 't and deep;
Still does it bleed, and ſtill does weep 't
Whoſe-ever wretched heart it be,
I cannot chooſe but grieve to ſee:
What pity in my breaſt does reign!
Methinks I feel too all its pain.

So torn, and ſo defac'd, it lies,
That it could ne'er be known by th' eyes;
But oh! at laſt I heard it groan,
And knew by th' voice that 'twas mine own.
So poor Alcione, when ſhe ſaw
A ſhipwreck'd body tow'rds her draw,
Beat by the waves, let fall a tear,
Which only then did pity wear:
But, when the corpſe on ſhore were caſt,
Which ſhe her huſband found at laſt,
What ſhould the wretched widow do?
Grief chang'd her ſtrait; away ſhe flew,
Turn'd to a bird: and ſo at laſt ſhall I
Both from my murder'd heart and murderer fly.

ANSWER TO THE PLATONICKS.

SO angels love; ſo let them love for me;
When I 'm all ſoul, ſuch ſhall my love too be:
Who nothing here but like a ſpirit would do,
In a ſhort time, believe 't, will be one too.
But, ſhall our love do what in beaſts we ſee?
Ev'n beaſts eat too, but not ſo well as we:
And you as juſtly might in thirſt refuſe
The uſe of wine, becauſe beaſts water uſe:
They taſte thoſe pleaſures as they do their food;
Undreſs'd they take 't, devour it raw and crude:
But to us men, Love cooks it at his fire,
And adds the poignant ſauce of ſharp deſire.

Beaſts,

Beaſts do the ſame: 'tis true; but ancient Fame
Says, Gods themſelves turn'd beaſts to do the ſame.
The Thunderer, who, without the female bed,
Could Goddeſſes bring-forth from out his head,
Choſe rather mortals this way to create;
So much he' eſteem'd his pleaſure 'bove his ſtate.
Ye talk of fires which ſhine, but never burn;
In this cold world they 'll hardly ſerve our turn;
As uſeleſs to deſpairing lovers grown,
As lambent flames to men i' th' frigid zone.
The ſun does his pure fires on earth beſtow
With nuptial warmth, to bring-forth things below;
Such is Love's nobleſt and divineſt heat,
That warms like his, and does, like his, beget.
Luſt you call this; a name to your's more juſt,
If an inordinate deſire be luſt:
Pygmalion, loving what none can enjoy,
More luſtful was, than the hot youth of Troy.

THE VAIN LOVE.

Loving one firſt becauſe ſhe could love Nobody, afterwards loving her with Deſire.

WHAT new-found witchcraft was in thee,
With thine own cold to kindle me?
Strange art! like him that ſhould deviſe
To make a burning-glaſs of ice:
When winter ſo, the plants would harm,
Her ſnow itſelf does keep them warm.

Fool that I was! who, having found
A rich and sunny diamond,
Admir'd the hardness of the stone,
But not the light with which it shone:
Your brave and haughty scorn of all
Was stately and monarchical.
All gentleness, with that esteem'd,
A dull and slavish virtue seem'd;
Should'st thou have yielded then to me,
Thou 'dst lost what I most lov'd in thee;
For who would serve one, whom he sees
That he can conquer if he please?
It far'd with me, as if a slave
In triumph led, that does perceive
With what a gay majestic pride
His conqueror through the streets does ride,
Should be contented with his woe,
Which makes up such a comely show.
I sought not from thee a return,
But without hopes or fears did burn;
My covetous passion did approve
The hoarding-up, not use, of love.
My love a kind of dream was grown,
A foolish, but a pleasant one:
From which I 'm waken'd now; but, oh!
Prisoners to die are waken'd so;
For now th' effects of loving are
Nothing but longings, with despair:
Despair, whose torments no men, sure,
But lovers and the damn'd, endure.

Her ſcorn I doated once upon,
Ill object for affection;
But ſince, alas! too much 'tis prov'd,
That yet 'twas ſomething that I lov'd;
Now my deſires are worſe, and fly
At an impoſſibility:
Deſires, which, whilſt ſo high they ſoar,
Are proud as that I lov'd before.
What lover can like me complain,
Who firſt lov'd vainly, next in vain!

THE SOUL.

IF mine eyes do e'er declare
They 've ſeen a ſecond thing that 's fair;
Or ears, that they have muſick found,
Beſides thy voice, in any ſound;
If my taſte do ever meet,
After thy kiſs, with aught that 's ſweet;
If my abuſed touch allow
Aught to be ſmooth, or ſoft, but you;
If what ſeaſonable ſprings,
Or the Eaſtern ſummer, brings,
Do my ſmell perſuade at all
Aught perfume, but thy breath, to call;
If all my ſenſes' objects be
Not contracted into thee,
And ſo through thee more powerful paſs,
As beams do through a burning-glaſs;
If all things that in nature are
Either ſoft, or ſweet, or fair,

Be not in thee ſo' epitomis'd,
That nought material 's not compris'd;
May I as worthleſs ſeem to thee
As all, but thou, appears to me!

If I ever anger know,
Till ſome wrong be done to you;
If Gods or Kings my envy move,
Without their crowns crown'd by thy love;
If ever I an hope admit,
Without thy image ſtamp'd on it;
Or any fear, till I begin
To find that you 're concern'd therein;
If a joy e'er come to me,
That taſtes of any thing but thee;
If any ſorrow touch my mind,
Whilſt you are well, and not unkind;
If I a minute's ſpace debate,
Whether I ſhall curſe and hate
The things beneath thy hatred fall,
Though all the world, myſelf and all;
And for love—if ever I
Approach to it again ſo nigh,
As to allow a toleration
To the leaſt glimmering inclination:
If thou alone doſt not control
All thoſe tyrants of my ſoul,
And to thy beauties ty'ſt them ſo,
That conſtant they as habits grow;
If any paſſion of my heart,
By any force, or any art,

Be

Be brought to move one ſtep from thee,
May'ſt thou no paſſion have for me!

If my buſy' Imagination,
Do not thee in all things faſhion;
So that all fair ſpecies be
Hieroglyphic marks of thee;
If when ſhe her ſports does keep
(The lower ſoul being all aſleep)
She play one dream, with all her art,
Where thou haſt not the longeſt part;
If aught get place in my remembrance,
Without ſome badge of thy reſemblance—
So that thy parts become to me
A kind of art of memory;—
If my Underſtanding do
Seek any knowledge but of you;
If ſhe do near thy body prize
Her bodies of philoſophies;
If ſhe to the Will do ſhew
Aught deſirable but you;
Or, if that would not rebel,
Should ſhe another doctrine tell;
If my Will do not reſign
All her liberty to thine;
If ſhe would not follow thee,
Though Fate and thou ſhould'ſt diſagree;
And if (for I a curſe will give,
Such as ſhall force thee to believe)
My ſoul be not entirely thine;
May thy dear body ne'er be mine!

THE PASSIONS.

FROM Hate, Fear, Hope, Anger, and Envy, free,
And all the paſſions elſe that be,
In vain I boaſt of liberty,
In vain this ſtate a freedom call;
Since I have Love, and Love is all:
Sot that I am, who think it fit to brag
That I have no diſeaſe beſides the plague!

So in a zeal the ſons of Iſrael
Sometimes upon their idols fell,
And they depos'd the powers of hell;
Baal and Aſtarte down they threw,
And Acharon and Moloch too:
All this imperfect piety did no good,
Whilſt yet, alas! the calf of Bethel ſtood.

Fondly I boaſt, that I have dreſt my vine
With painful art, and that the wine
Is of a taſte rich and divine;
Since Love, by mixing poiſon there,
Has made it worſe than vinegar.
Love ev'n the taſte of Nectar changes ſo,
That Gods chuſe rather water here below.

Fear, Anger, Hope, all paſſions elſe that be,
Drive this one tyrant out of me,
And practiſe all your tyranny!
The change of ills ſome good will do:
Th' oppreſſed wretched Indians ſo,
Being ſlaves by the great Spaniſh monarch made,
Call in the States of Holland to their aid.

WISDOM.

WISDOM.

'TIS mighty wiſe that you would now be thought,
With your grave rules from muſty morals brought;
Through which ſome ſtreaks too of divinity ran,
Partly of Monk and partly Puritan;
With tedious repetitions too you 'ave ta'en
Often the name of vanity in vain.
Things, which, I take it, friend, you 'd ne'er recite,
Should ſhe I love but ſay t' you, "Come at night."
The wiſeſt king refus'd all pleaſures quite,
Till Wiſdom from above did him enlight;
But, when that gift his ignorance did remove,
Pleaſures he choſe, and plac'd them all in love.
And, if by' event the counſels may be ſeen,
This Wiſdom 'twas that brought the ſouthern queen:
She came not, like a good old wife, to know
The wholeſome nature of all plants that grow;
Nor did ſo far from her own country roam,
To cure ſcald-heads and broken-ſhins at home:
She came for that, which more befits all wives,
The art of giving, not of ſaving, lives.

THE DESPAIR.

BENEATH this gloomy ſhade,
By Nature only for my ſorrows made,
I 'll ſpend this voice in cries;
In tears I 'll waſte theſe eyes,
By Love ſo vainly fed:
So Luſt, of old, the Deluge puniſhed.
"Ah, wretched youth!" ſaid I;
"Ah, wretched youth!" twice did I ſadly cry;
"Ah, wretched youth!" the fields and floods reply.

When thoughts of Love I entertain,
I meet no words but "Never," and "In vain."
"Never," alas! that dreadful name
Which fuels the internal flame:
"Never" my time to come muſt waſte;
"In vain" torments the preſent and the paſt.
"In vain, in vain," ſaid I;
"In vain, in vain!" twice did I ſadly cry;
"In vain, in vain!" the fields and floods reply.

No more ſhall fields or floods do ſo;
For I to ſhades more dark and ſilent go:
All this world's noiſe appears to me
A dull, ill-acted comedy:
No comfort to my wounded ſight,
In the ſun's buſy and impertinent light.
Then down I laid my head,
Down on cold earth; and for a while was dead,
And my freed ſoul to a ſtrange ſomewhere fled.

"Ah,

" Ah, ſottiſh Soul!" ſaid I,
When back to' its cage again I ſaw it fly;
" Fool, to reſume her broken chain,
" And row her galley here again!
" Fool, to that body to return
" Where it condemn'd and deſtin'd is to burn!
" Once dead, how can it be,
" Death ſhould a thing ſo pleaſant ſeem to thee,
" That thou ſhould'ſt come to live it o'er again in me?"

THE WISH.

WELL then; I now do plainly ſee
This buſy world and I ſhall ne'er agree;
The very honey of all earthly joy
Does of all meats the ſooneſt cloy;
And they, methinks, deſerve my pity,
Who for it can endure the ſtings,
The crowd, and buz, and murmurings,
Of this great hive, the city.

Ah, yet, ere I deſcend to th' grave,
May I a ſmall houſe and large garden have!
And a few friends, and many books, both true,
Both wiſe, and both delightful too!
And, ſince love ne'er will from me flee,
A miſtreſs moderately fair,
And good as guardian-angels are,
Only belov'd, and loving me!

Oh,

Oh, fountains! when in you ſhall I
Myſelf, eas'd of unpeaceful thoughts, eſpy?
Oh fields! oh woods! when, when ſhall I be made
The happy tenant of your ſhade?
Here 's the ſpring-head of pleaſure's flood;
Where all the riches lie, that ſhe
Has coin'd and ſtamp'd for good.

Pride and ambition here,
Only in far-fetch'd metaphors appear;
Here nought but winds can hurtful murmurs ſcatter,
And nought but echo flatter.
The Gods, when they deſcended, hither
From heaven did always chuſe their way;
And therefore we may boldly ſay,
That 'tis the way too thither.

How happy here ſhould I,
And one dear She, live, and embracing die!
She, who is all the world, and can exclude
In deſarts ſolitude.
I ſhould have then this only fear—
Left men, when they my pleaſures ſee,
Should hither throng to live like me,
And ſo make a city here.

MY DIET.

NOW, by my Love, the greateſt oath that is,
None loves you half ſo well as I;
I do not aſk your love for this;
But for Heaven's ſake believe me, or I die.
No ſervant e'er but did deſerve
His maſter ſhould believe that he does ſerve;
And I 'll aſk no more wages, though I ſtarve.

'Tis no luxurious diet this, and ſure
I ſhall not by 't too luſty prove;
Yet ſhall it willingly endure,
If 't can but keep together life and love.
Being your priſoner and your ſlave,
I do not feaſts and banquets look to have;
A little bread and water 's all I crave.

On a ſigh of pity I a year can live;
One tear will keep me twenty, at leaſt;
Fifty, a gentle look will give;
An hundred years on one kind word I 'll feaſt:
A thouſand more will added be,
If you an inclination have for me;
And all beyond is vaſt eternity!

THE

THE THIEF.

THOU robb'ſt my days of buſineſs and delights,
Of ſleep thou robb'ſt my nights;
Ah, lovely thief! what wilt thou do?
What? rob me of heaven too?
Thou ev'n my prayers doſt ſteal from me;
And I, with wild idolatry,
Begin to God, and end them all to thee.

Is it a ſin to love, that it ſhould thus,
Like an ill conſcience torture us?
Whate'er I do, where'er I go,
(None guiltleſs e'er was haunted ſo!)
Still, ſtill, methinks, thy face I view,
And ſtill thy ſhape does me purſue,
As if, not you me, but I had murder'd you.

From books I ſtrive ſome remedy to take,
But thy name all the letters make;
Whate'er 'tis writ, I find That there,
Like points and comma's every where:
Me bleſt for this let no man hold;
For I, as Midas did of old,
Periſh by turning every thing to gold.

What do I ſeek, alas! or why do I
Attempt in vain from thee to fly?
For making thee my deity,
I gave thee then ubiquity.
My pains reſemble hell in this;
The divine preſence there too is,
But to torment men, not to give them bliſs.

ALL.

ALL-OVER LOVE.

'TIS well, 'tis well with them, ſay I,
Whoſe ſhort-liv'd paſſions with themſelves can die:
For none can be unhappy, who,
'Midſt all his ills, a time does know
(Though ne'er ſo long) when he ſhall not be ſo.

Whatever parts of me remain,
Thoſe parts will ſtill the love of thee retain;
For 'twas not only in my heart,
But, like a God, by powerful art
'Twas all in all, and all in every part.

My' affection no more periſh can
Than the firſt matter that compounds a man.
Hereafter, if one duſt of me
Mix'd with another's ſubſtance be,
'Twill leaven that whole lump with love of thee.

Let Nature, if ſhe pleaſe, diſperſe
My atoms over all the univerſe;
At the laſt they eaſily ſhall
Themſelves know, and together call;
For thy love, like a mark, is ſtamp'd on all.

LOVE AND LIFE.

NOW, ſure, within this twelvemonth paſt,
I 'ave lov'd at leaſt ſome twenty years or more:
Th' account of Love runs much more faſt
Than that with which our life does ſcore;
So, though my life be ſhort, yet I may prove
The great Methuſalem of Love.

Not that Love's hours or minutes are
Shorter than thoſe our being 's meaſur'd by;
But they 're more cloſe compacted far,
And ſo in leſſer room do lie:
Thin airy things extend themſelves in ſpace,
Things ſolid take up little place.

Yet Love, alas! and Life, in me,
Are not two ſeveral things, but purely one;
At once how can there in it be
A double, different motion?
O yes, there may; for ſo the ſelf-ſame ſun
At once does flow and ſwiftly run:

Swiftly his daily journey he goes,
But treads his annual with a ſtatelier pace;
And does three hundred rounds encloſe
Within one yearly circle's ſpace;
At once, with double courſe in the ſame ſphere,
He runs the day, and walks the year.

When

When Soul does to myſelf refer,
'Tis then my life, and does but ſlowly move;
But when it does relate to her,
It ſwiftly flies, and then is Love.
Love 's my diurnal courſe, divided right
'Twixt hope and fear—my day and night.

THE BARGAIN.

TAKE heed, take heed, thou lovely maid,
Nor be by glittering ills betray'd;
Thyſelf for money! oh, let no man know
The price of beauty fall'n ſo low!
What dangers ought'ſt thou not to dread,
When Love, that 's blind, is by blind Fortune led?

The foolish Indian, that ſells
His precious gold for beads and bells,
Does a more wiſe and gainful traffick hold,
Than thou, who ſell'ſt thyſelf for gold.
What gains in ſuch a bargain are?
He 'll in thy mines dig better treaſures far.

Can gold, alas! with thee compare?
The ſun, that makes it, 's not ſo fair;
The ſun, which can nor make nor ever ſee
A thing ſo beautiful as thee,
In all the journeys he does paſs,
Though the ſea ſerv'd him for a looking-glaſs.

Bold

Bold was the wretch that cheapen'd thee;
Since Magus, none ſo bold as he:
Thou 'rt ſo divine a thing, that thee to buy
Is to be counted ſimony;
Too dear he 'll find his ſordid price
Has forfeited that and the Benefice.

If it be lawful thee to buy,
There 's none can pay that rate but I;
Nothing on earth a fitting price can be,
But what on earth 's moſt like to thee;
And that my heart does only bear;
For there thyſelf, thy very ſelf is there.

So much thyſelf does in me live,
That, when it for thyſelf I give,
'Tis but to change that piece of gold for this,
Whoſe ſtamp and value equal is;
And, that full weight too may be had,
My ſoul and body, two grains more, I 'll add.

THE LONG LIFE.

LOVE from Time's wings hath ſtol'n the feathers, ſure
He has, and put them to his own;
For hours of late as long as days endure,
And very minutes hours are grown.
The various motions of the turning year
Belong not now at all to me:
Each ſummer's night does Lucy's now appear,
Each winter's day St. Barnaby.

How

How long a ſpace ſince firſt I lov'd it is!
To look into a glaſs I fear;
And am ſurpriz'd with wonder when I miſs
Grey-hairs and wrinkles there.

Th' old Patriarchs' age, and not their happineſs too,
Why does hard Fate to us reſtore?
Why does Love's fire thus to mankind renew,
What the Flood waſh'd away before?

Sure thoſe are happy people that complain
O' th' ſhortneſs of the days of man:
Contract mine, Heaven! and bring them back again
To th' ordinary ſpan.

If when your gift, long life, I diſapprove,
I too ingrateful ſeem to be;
Puniſh me juſtly, Heaven! make her to love,
And then 'twill be too ſhort for me.

COUNSEL.

GENTLY, ah gently, madam, touch
The wound which you yourſelf have made;
That pain muſt needs be very much,
Which makes me of your hand afraid.
Cordials of pity give me now,
For I too weak for purgings grow.

Do but awhile with patience ſtay
(For counſel yet will do no good)
'Till time, and reſt, and Heaven, allay
The violent burnings of my blood;

For what effect from this can flow,
To chide men drunk, for being ſo?

Perhaps the phyſick 's good you give,
But ne'er to me can uſeful prove;
Medicines may cure, but not revive;
And I 'm not ſick, but dead in love.
In Love's hell, not his world, am I;
At once I live, am dead, and die.

What new-found rhetorick is thine!
Ev'n thy diſſuaſions me perſuade,
And thy great power does cleareſt ſhine,
When thy commands are diſobey'd.
In vain thou bid'ſt me to forbear;
Obedience were rebellion here.

Thy tongue comes in, as if it meant
Againſt thine eyes t' aſſiſt my heart;
But different far was his intent,
For ſtrait the traitor took their part:
And by this new foe I 'm bereft
Of all that little which was left.

The act, I muſt confeſs, was wiſe,
As a diſhoneſt act could be:
Well knew the tongue, alas! your eyes
Would be too ſtrong for that and me;
And part o' th' triumph choſe to get,
Rather than be a part of it.

RESOLVED TO BE BELOVED

'TIS true, I 'ave lov'd already three or four,
And ſhall three or four hundred more;
I 'll love each fair-one that I ſee,
Till I find one at laſt that ſhall love me.

That ſhall my Canaan be, the fatal ſoil
That ends my wanderings and my toil;
I 'll ſettle there, and happy grow;
The country does with milk and honey flow.

The needle trembles ſo, and turns about,
Till it the northern point find out;
But conſtant then and fix'd does prove,
Fix'd, that his deareſt pole as ſoon may move.

Then may my veſſel torn and ſhipwreck'd be,
If it put forth again to ſea!
It never more abroad ſhall roam,
Though 't could next voyage bring the Indies home.

But I muſt ſweat in love, and labour yet,
Till I a competency get;
They 're ſlothful fools who leave a trade,
Till they a moderate fortune by 't have made.

Variety I aſk not; give me one
To live perpetually upon;
The perſon Love does to us fit,
Like manna, has the taſte of all in it.

THE SAME.

FOR Heaven's ſake, what d' you mean to do?
Keep me, or let me go, one of the two;
Youth and warm hours let me not idly loſe,
The little time that Love does chuſe:
If always here I muſt not ſtay,
Let me be gone whilſt yet 'tis day;
Left I, faint and benighted, loſe my way.

'Tis diſmal, one ſo long to love
In vain; till to love more as vain muſt prove;
To hunt ſo long on nimble prey, till we
Too weary to take others be:
Alas! 'tis folly to remain,
And waſte our army thus in vain,
Before a city which will ne'er be ta'en.

At ſeveral hopes wiſely to fly,
Ought not to be eſteem'd inconſtancy;
'Tis more inconſtant always to purſue
A thing that always flies from you;
For that at laſt may meet a bound,
But no end can to this be found,
'Tis nought but a perpetual fruitleſs round.

When it does hardneſs meet, and pride,
My love does then rebound t' another ſide;
But, if it aught that 's ſoft and yielding hit,
It lodges there, and ſtays in it.
Whatever 'tis ſhall firſt love me,
That it my heaven may truly be;
I ſhall be ſure to give 't eternity.

THE

THE DISCOVERY.

BY Heaven, I 'll tell her boldly that 'tis ſhe;
Why ſhould ſhe aſham'd or angry be,
To be belov'd by me?
The Gods may give their altars o'er;
They 'll ſmoak but ſeldom any more,
If none but happy men muſt them adore.

The lightning, which tall oaks oppoſe in vain,
To ſtrike ſometimes does not diſdain
The humble furzes of the plain.
She being ſo high, and I ſo low,
Her power by this does greater ſhow,
Who at ſuch diſtance gives ſo ſure a blow.

Compar'd with her, all things ſo worthleſs prove,
That nought on earth can tow'rds her move,
Till 't be exalted by her love.
Equal to her, alas! there 's none;
She like a Deity is grown;
That muſt create, or elſe muſt be alone.

If there be man who thinks himſelf ſo high,
As to pretend equality,
He deſerves her leſs than I;
For he would cheat for his relief;
And one would give, with leſſer grief,
T' an undeſerving beggar than a thief.

AGAINST FRUITION.

NO; thou 'rt a fool, I 'll ſwear, if e'er thou grant
Much of my veneration thou muſt want,
When once thy kindneſs puts my ignorance out;
For a learn'd age is always leaſt devout.
Keep ſtill thy diſtance; for at once to me
Goddeſs and woman too thou canſt not be:
Thou 'rt queen of all that ſees thee, and as ſuch
Muſt neither tyrannize nor yield too much;
Such freedoms give as may admit command,
But keep the forts and magazines in hand.
Thou 'rt yet a whole world to me, and doſt fill
My large ambition; but 'tis dangerous ſtill,
Leſt I like the Pellæan prince ſhould be,
And weep for other worlds, having conquer'd thee:
When Love has taken all thou haſt away,
His ſtrength by too much riches will decay.
Thou in my fancy doſt much higher ſtand,
Than women can be plac'd by Nature's hand;
And I muſt needs, I 'm ſure, a loſer be,
To change thee, as thou 'rt there, for very thee.
Thy ſweetneſs is ſo much within me plac'd,
That, ſhould'ſt thou nectar give, 'twould ſpoil the taſte.
Beauty at firſt moves wonder and delight;
'Tis Nature's juggling trick to cheat the ſight.
We' admire it whilſt unknown; but after, more
Admire ourſelves for liking it before.

Love,

Love, like a greedy hawk, if we give way,
Does over-gorge himſelf with his own prey;
Of very hopes a ſurfeit he 'll ſuſtain,
Unleſs by fears he caſt them up again:
His ſpirit and ſweetneſs dangers keep alone;
If once he loſe his ſting, he grows a drone.

LOVE UNDISCOVERED.

SOME others may with ſafety tell
The moderate flames which in them dwell;
And either find ſome medicine there,
Or cure themſelves ev'n by deſpair;
My love 's ſo great, that it might prove
Dangerous to tell her that I love.
So tender is my wound, it muſt not bear
Any ſalute, though of the kindeſt air.

I would not have her know the pain,
The torments, for her I ſuſtain;
Leſt too much goodneſs make her throw
Her love upon a fate too low.
Forbid it, Heaven! my life ſhould be
Weigh'd with her leaſt conveniency:
No, let me periſh rather with my grief,
Than, to her diſadvantage, find relief!

Yet when I die, my laſt breath ſhall
Grow bold, and plainly tell her all:
Like covetous men, who ne'er deſcry
Their dear hid-treaſures till they die.

Ah, faireſt maid! how will it cheer
My ghoſt, to get from thee a tear!
But take heed; for if me thou pitieſt then,
Twenty to one but I ſhall live again.

THE GIVEN HEART.

I Wonder what thoſe lovers mean, who ſay
They 'ave given their hearts away:
Some good kind lover, tell me how;
For mine is but a torment to me now.

If ſo it be one place both hearts contain,
For what do they complain?
What courteſy can Love do more,
Than to join hearts that parted were before?

Woe to her ſtubborn heart, if once mine come
Into the ſelf-ſame room;
'Twill tear and blow up all within,
Like a granado ſhot into' a magazine.

Then ſhall Love keep the aſhes and torn parts
Of both our broken-hearts;
Shall out of both one new one make,
From her's th' allay, from mine the metal, take.

For of her heart he from the flames will find
But little left behind:
Mine only will remain entire;
No droſs was there, to periſh in the fire.

THE

THE PROPHET.

TEACH me to love! go teach thyſelf more wit;
I chief profeſſor am of it.
Teach craft to Scots, and thrift to Jews,
Teach boldneſs to the ſtews;
In tyrants' courts teach ſupple flattery;
Teach Jeſuits, that have travel'd far, to lye;
Teach fire to burn, and winds to blow,
Teach reſtleſs fountains how to flow,
Teach the dull earth fixt to abide,
Teach woman-kind inconſtancy and pride:
See if your diligence here will uſeful prove;
But, pr'ythee, teach not me to love.

The God of Love, if ſuch a thing there be,
May learn to love from me;
He who does boaſt that he has been
In every heart ſince Adam's ſin;
I 'll lay my life, nay miſtreſs, on 't, that 's more,
I 'll teach him things he never knew before;
I 'll teach him a receipt, to make
Words that weep, and tears that ſpeak;
I 'll teach him ſighs, like thoſe in death,
At which the ſouls go out too with the breath:
Still the ſoul ſtays, yet ſtill does from me run,
As light and heat does with the ſun.

'Tis I who Love's Columbus am; 'tis I
Who muſt new worlds in it deſcry;

Rich

Rich worlds, that yield of treaſure more
Than all that has been known before.
And yet like his, I fear, my fate muſt be,
To find them out for others, not for me.
Me times to come, I know it, ſhall
Love's laſt and greateſt prophet call;
But, ah! what 's that, if ſhe refuſe,
To hear the wholeſome doctrines of my Muſe;
If to my ſhare the prophet's fate muſt come—
Hereafter fame, here martyrdom?

THE RESOLUTION.

THE devil take thoſe fooliſh men
Who gave you firſt ſuch powers;
We ſtood on even grounds till then;
If any odds, creation made it ours.

For ſhame, let theſe weak chains be broke;
Let 's our ſlight bonds, like Samſon, tear;
And nobly caſt away that yoke,
Which we nor our forefathers e'er could bear.

French laws forbid the female reign;
Yet Love does them to ſlavery draw:
Alas! if we 'll our rights maintain,
'Tis all mankind muſt make a Salique law.

CALLED

CALLED INCONSTANT.

HA! ha! you think you 've kill'd my fame,
By this not underſtood, yet common, name:
A name that 's full and proper, when aſſign'd
To woman-kind;
But, when you call us ſo,
It can at beſt but for a metaphor go.

Can you the ſhore inconſtant call,
Which ſtill, as waves paſs by, embraces all;
That had as lief the ſame waves always love,
Did they not from him move?
Or can you fault with pilots find
For changing courſe, yet never blame the wind?

Since, drunk with vanity, you fell,
The things turn round to you that ſtedfaſt dwell;
And you yourſelf, who from us take your flight,
Wonder to find us out of ſight.
So the ſame error ſeizes you,
As men in motion think the trees move too.

THE WELCOME.

GO, let the fatted calf be kill'd;
My prodigal 's come home at laſt;
With noble reſolutions fill'd,
And fill'd with ſorrow for the paſt:

No

No more will burn with love or wine;
But quite has left his women and his ſwine.

Welcome, ah! welcome, my poor heart!
Welcome! I little thought, I 'll ſwear
('Tis now ſo long ſince we did part)
Ever again to ſee thee here:
Dear wanderer! ſince from me you fled,
How often have I heard that thou wert dead!

Haſt thou not found each woman's breaſt
(The lands where thou haſt travelled)
Either by ſavages poſſeſt,
Or wild and uninhabited?
What joy could'ſt take, or what repoſe,
In countries ſo uncivilis'd as thoſe?

Luſt, the ſcorching dog-ſtar, here
Rages with immoderate heat;
Whilſt pride, the rugged Northern bear,
In others makes the cold too great:
And, where theſe are temperate known,
The ſoil 's all barren ſand or rocky ſtone.

When once or twice you chanc'd to view
A rich, well-govern'd heart,
Like China, it admitted you
But to the frontier-part.
From Paradiſe ſhut for evermore,
What good is 't that an angel kept the door?

Well

Well fare the pride, and the diſdain,
And vanities, with beauty join'd;
I ne'er had ſeen this heart again,
If any fair-one had been kind:
My dove, but once let looſe, I doubt
Would ne'er return, had not the flood been out.

THE HEART FLED AGAIN.

FALSE, fooliſh heart! didſt thou not ſay,
That thou would'ſt never leave me more?
Behold! again 'tis fled away;
Fled as far from me as before.
I ſtrove to bring it back again;
I cry'd and hollow'd after it in vain.

Ev'n ſo the gentle Tyrian dame,
When neither grief nor love prevail,
Saw the dear object of her flame,
Th' ingrateful Trojan, hoiſt his ſail:
Aloud ſhe call'd to him to ſtay;
The wind bore him and her loſt words away.

The doleful Ariadne ſo,
On the wide ſhore forſaken ſtood:
"Falſe Theſeus, whither doſt thou go?"
Afar falſe Theſeus cut the flood.
But Bacchus came to her relief;
Bacchus himſelf 's too weak to eaſe my grief.

Ah!

Ah! ſenſeleſs heart, to take no reſt,
But travel thus eternally!
Thus to be froz'n in every breaſt!
And to be ſcorch'd in every eye!
Wandering about like wretched Cain,
Thruſt-out, ill-us'd, by all, but by none ſlain!

Well, ſince thou wilt not here remain,
I 'll ſee to live without thee try;
My head ſhall take the greater pain,
And all thy duties ſhall ſupply:
I can more eaſily live, I know,
Without thee, than without a miſtreſs thou.

WOMEN'S SUPERSTITION.

OR I 'm a very dunce, or woman-kind
Is a moſt unintelligible thing:
I can no ſenſe nor no contexture find,
Nor their looſe parts to method bring:
I know not what the learn'd may ſee,
But they 're ſtrange Hebrew things to me.

By cuſtoms and traditions they live,
And fooliſh ceremonies of antique date;
We lovers, new and better doctrines give,
Yet they continue obſtinate:
Preach we, Love's prophets, what we will,
Like Jews, they keep their old law ſtill.

Before their mothers' Gods they fondly fall,
Vain idol-gods, that have no ſenſe nor mind:
Honour 's their Aſhtaroth, and pride their Baal,
The thundering Baal of woman-kind;
With twenty other devils more,
Which they, as we do them, adore.

But then, like men both covetous and devout,
Their coſtly ſuperſtition loth t' omit—
And yet more loth to iſſue monies out,
At their own charge to furniſh it—
To theſe expenſive Deities
The hearts of men they ſacrifice.

THE SOUL.

SOME dull philoſopher—when he hears me ſay
My ſoul is from me fled away,
Nor has of late inform'd my body here,
But in another's breaſt does lie,
That neither is, nor will be, I,
As a form ſervient and aſſiſting there—

Will cry, "Abſurd!" and aſk me how I live;
And ſyllogiſms againſt it give.
A curſe on all your vain philoſophies,
Which on weak Nature's law depend,
And know not how to comprehend
Love and Religion, thoſe great myſteries!

Her

Her body is my ſoul; laugh not at this,
For by my life I ſwear it is.
'Tis that preſerves my being and my breath;
From that proceeds all that I do,
Nay all my thoughts and ſpeeches too;
And ſeparation from it is my death.

ECHO.

TIR'D with the rough denials of my prayer,
From that hard ſhe whom I obey;
I come, and find a nymph much gentler here,
That gives conſent to all I ſay.
Ah, gentle nymph! who lik'ſt ſo well
In hollow, ſolitary caves to dwell;
Her heart being ſuch, into it go,
And do but once from thence anſwer me ſo!

Complaiſant nymph! who doſt thus kindly ſhare
In griefs whoſe cauſe thou doſt not know;
Hadſt thou but eyes, as well as tongue and ear,
How much compaſſion wouldſt thou ſhow!
Thy flame, whilſt living, or a flower,
Was of leſs beauty, and leſs raviſhing power.
Alas! I might as eaſily
Paint thee to her, as deſcribe her to thee.

By repercuſſion beams engender fire;
Shapes by reflection ſhapes beget;
The voice itſelf, when ſtopt, does back retire,
And a new voice is made by it.

Thus

Thus things by oppoſition
The gainers grow; my barren love alone
Does from her ſtony breaſt rebound,
Producing neither image, fire, nor ſound.

THE RICH RIVAL.

THEY ſay you 're angry, and rant mightily,
Becauſe I love the ſame as you:
Alas! you 're very rich, 'tis true;
But, pr'ythee, fool! what 's that to Love and me?
You 've land and money, let that ſerve;
And know you 've more by that than you deſerve.

When next I ſee my fair-one, ſhe ſhall know
How worthleſs thou art of her bed;
And, wretch! I 'll ſtrike thee dumb and dead,
With noble verſe not underſtood by you;
Whilſt thy ſole rhetorick ſhall be
"Jointure" and "jewels," and "our friends agree."

Pox o' your friends, that doat and domineer;
Lovers are better friends than they:
Let 's thoſe in other things obey;
The Fates, and Stars, and Gods, muſt govern here.
Vain names of blood! in love let none
Adviſe with any blood, but with their own.

'Tis that which bids me this bright maid adore;
No other thought has had acceſs!
Did ſhe now beg, I 'd love no leſs,
And, were ſhe an empreſs, I ſhould love no more;

Were ſhe as juſt and true to me,
Ah, ſimple ſoul! what would become of thee?

AGAINST HOPE.

HOPE! whoſe weak being ruin'd is,
Alike, if it ſucceed, and if it miſs;
Whom good or ill does equally confound,
And both the horns of Fate's dilemma wound:
Vain ſhadow! which doſt vaniſh quite,
Both at full noon and perfect night!
The ſtars have not a poſſibility
Of bleſſing thee;
If things then from their end we happy call,
'Tis Hope is the moſt hopeleſs thing of all.

Hope! thou bold taſter of delight,
Who, whilſt thou ſhould'ſt but taſte, devour'ſt it quite!
Thou bring'ſt us an eſtate, yet leav'ſt us poor,
By clogging it with legacies before!
The joys which we entire ſhould wed,
Come deflower'd virgins to our bed;
Good fortunes without gain imported be,
Such mighty cuſtom's paid to thee.
For joy, like wine, kept cloſe does better taſte;
If it take air before, its ſpirits waſte.

Hope! Fortune's cheating lottery!
Where for one prize an hundred blanks there be;
Fond archer, Hope! who tak'ſt thy aim ſo far,
That ſtill or ſhort or wide thine arrows are!

Thin,

Thin, empty cloud, which th' eye deceives
With ſhapes that our own fancy gives!
A cloud, which gilt and painted now appears,
But muſt drop preſently in tears!
When thy falſe beams o'er Reaſon's light prevail,
By Ignes Fatui for North-ſtars we fail.

Brother of Fear, more gayly clad!
The merrier fool o' th' two, yet quite as mad:
Sire of Repentance! child of fond Deſire!
That blow'ſt the chemics', and the lovers', fire,
Leading them ſtill inſenſibly' on
By the ſtrange witchcraft of "anon!"
By thee the one does changing Nature, through
Her endleſs labyrinths, purſue;
And th' other chaces Woman, whilſt ſhe goes
More ways and turns than hunted Nature knows.

FOR HOPE.

HOPE! of all ills that men endure,
The only cheap and univerſal cure!
Thou captive's freedom, and thou ſick man's health!
Thou loſer's victory, and thou beggar's wealth!
Thou manna, which from heaven we eat,
To every taſte a ſeveral meat!
Thou ſtrong retreat! thou ſure-entail'd eſtate,
Which nought has power to alienate!
Thou pleaſant, honeſt flatterer! for none
Flatter unhappy men, but thou alone!

Hope! thou firſt-fruits of happineſs!
Thou gentle dawning of a bright ſucceſs!
Thou good preparative, without which our joy
Does work too ſtrong, and, whilſt it cures, deſtroy!
Who out of Fortune's reach doſt ſtand,
And art a bleſſing ſtill in hand!
Whilſt thee, her earneſt-money, we retain,
We certain are to gain,
Whether ſhe 'her bargain break, or elſe fulfil;
Thou only good, not worſe for ending ill!

Brother of Faith! 'twixt whom and thee
The joys of heaven and earth divided be!
Though Faith be heir, and have the fixt eſtate,
Thy portion yet in moveables is great.
Happineſs itſelf 's all one
In thee, or in poſſeſſion!
Only the future 's thine, the preſent his!
Thine 's the more hard and noble bliſs;
Beſt apprehender of our joys! which haſt
So long a reach, and yet canſt hold ſo faſt!

Hope! thou ſad lovers' only friend!
Thou Way, that may'ſt diſpute it with the End!
For Love, I fear, 's a fruit that does delight
The taſte itſelf leſs than the ſmell and ſight.
Fruition more deceitful is
Than thou canſt be, when thou doſt miſs;
Men leave thee by obtaining, and ſtrait flee
Some other way again to thee;

And

And that 's a pleaſant country, without doubt,
To which all ſoon return that travel out.

LOVE'S INGRATITUDE.

I Little thought, thou fond ingrateful ſin!
When firſt I let thee in,
And gave thee but a part
In my unwary heart,
That thou would'ſt e'er have grown
So falſe or ſtrong to make it all thine own.

At mine own breaſt with care I fed thee ſtill,
Letting thee ſuck thy fill;
And daintily I nouriſh'd thee
With idle thoughts and poetry!
What ill returns doſt thou allow!—
I fed thee then, and thou doſt ſtarve me now.

There was a time when thou waſt cold and chill,
Nor hadſt the power of doing ill;
Into my boſom did I take
This frozen and benumbed ſnake,
Not fearing from it any harm;
But now it ſtings that breaſt which made it warm.

What curſed weed 's this Love! but one grain ſow,
And the whole field 'twill overgrow;
Strait will it choak up and devour
Each wholeſome herb and beauteous flower!

Nay, unleſs ſomething ſoon I do,
'Twill kill, I fear, my very laurel too.

But now all 's gone—I now, alas! complain,
Declare, proteſt, and threat, in vain;
Since, by my own unforc'd conſent,
The traitor has my government,
And is ſo ſettled in the throne,
That 'twere rebellion now to claim mine own.

THE FRAILTY.

I Know 'tis ſordid, and 'tis low
(All this as well as you I know)
Which I ſo hotly now purſue
(I know all this as well as you);
But, whilſt this curſed fleſh I bear,
And all the weakneſs and the baſeneſs there,
Alas! alas! it will be always ſo.

In vain, exceedingly in vain,
I rage ſometimes, and bite my chain;
Yet to what purpoſe do I bite
With teeth which ne'er will break it quite?
For, if the chiefeſt Chriſtian Head
Was by this ſturdy tyrant buffeted,
What wonder is it if weak I be ſlain?

COLD-

COLDNESS.

AS water fluid is, till it do grow
Solid and fixt by cold;
So in warm ſeaſons Love does looſely flow;
Froſt only can it hold:
A woman's rigour and diſdain
Does his ſwift courſe reſtrain.

Though conſtant and conſiſtent now it be,
Yet, when kind beams appear,
It melts, and glides apace into the ſea,
And loſes itſelf there.
So the ſun's amorous play
Kiſſes the ice away.

You may in vulgar loves find always this;
But my ſubſtantial love
Of a more firm and perfect nature is;
No weathers can it move:
Though heat diſſolve the ice again,
The cryſtal ſolid does remain.

ENJOYMENT.

THEN like ſome wealthy iſland thou ſhalt lie,
And like the ſea about it, I;
Thou, like fair Albion to the ſailors' ſight,
Spreading her beauteous boſom all in white;
Like the kind Ocean I will be,
With loving arms for ever claſping thee.

But I 'll embrace thee gentlier far than ſo;
As their freſh banks ſoft rivers do:
Nor ſhall the proudeſt planet boaſt a power
Of making my full love to ebb one hour;
It never dry or low can prove,
Whilſt thy unwaſted fountain feeds my love.

Such heat and vigour ſhall our kiſſes bear,
As if like doves we 'engender'd there:
No bound nor rule my pleaſures ſhall endure,
In love there 's none too much an Epicure:
Nought ſhall my hands or lips controul;
I 'll kiſs thee through, I 'll kiſs thy very ſoul.

Yet nothing but the night our ſports ſhall know;
Night, that 's both blind and ſilent too!
Alpheus found not a more ſecret trace,
His lov'd Sicanian fountain to embrace,
Creeping ſo far beneath the ſea,
Than I will do t' enjoy and feaſt on thee.

Men, out of wiſdom; women, out of pride,
The pleaſant thefts of love do hide:
That may ſecure thee; but thou 'aſt yet from me
A more infallible ſecurity;
For there 's no danger I ſhould tell
The joys which are to me unſpeakable.

SLEEP.

SLEEP.

IN vain, thou drowſy God! I thee invoke;
For thou, who doſt from fumes ariſe—
Thou, who man's ſoul doſt overſhade
With a thick cloud by vapours made—
Canſt have no power to ſhut his eyes,
Or paſſage of his ſpirits to choke,
Whoſe flame 's ſo pure that it ſends up no ſmoke.

Yet how do tears but from ſome vapours riſe?
Tears, that bewinter all my year?
The fate of Egypt I ſuſtain,
And never feel the dew of rain,
From clouds which in the head appear;
But all my too much moiſture owe
To overflowings of the heart below.

Thou, who doſt men (as nights to colours do)
Bring all to an equality!
Come, thou juſt God! and equal me
Awhile to my diſdainful She:
In that condition let me lie,
Till Love does me the favour ſhew:
Love equals all a better way than you.

Then never more ſhalt thou b' invok'd by me;
Watchful as ſpirits and Gods I 'll prove:
Let her but grant, and then will I
Thee and thy kinſman Death defy;
For, betwixt thee and them that love,
Never will an agreement be;
Thou ſcorn'ſt th' unhappy, and the happy, thee!

BEAUTY.

BEAUTY.

BEAUTY! thou wild fantaſtic ape,
Who doſt in every country change thy ſhape!
Here black, there brown, here tawny, and there white;
Thou flatterer! which comply'ſt with every ſight!
Thou Babel, which confound'ſt the eye
With unintelligible variety!
Who haſt no certain What, nor Where;
But vary'ſt ſtill, and doſt thyſelf declare
Inconſtant, as thy ſhe-profeſſors are.

Beauty! Love's ſcene and maſquerade,
So gay by well-plac'd lights and diſtance made;
Falſe coin, with which th' impoſtor cheats us ſtill;
The ſtamp and colour good, but metal ill!
Which light or baſe we find, when we
Weigh by enjoyment, and examine thee!
For, though thy being be but ſhow,
'Tis chiefly night which men to thee allow:
And chuſe t' enjoy thee, when thou leaſt art Thou.

Beauty! thou active, paſſive ill!
Which dy'ſt thyſelf as faſt as thou doſt kill!
Thou tulip, who thy ſtock in paint doſt waſte,
Neither for phyſic good, nor ſmell, nor taſte.
Beauty! whoſe flames but meteors are,
Short-liv'd and low, though thou would'ſt ſeem a ſtar;
Who dar'ſt not thine own home deſcry,
Pretending to dwell richly in the eye,
When thou, alas! doſt in the fancy lie.

Beauty!

Beauty! whoſe conqueſts ſtill are made
O'er hearts by cowards kept, or elſe betray'd;
Weak victor! who thyſelf deſtroy'd muſt be
When Sickneſs ſtorms, or Time beſieges thee!
Thou 'unwholeſome thaw to frozen age!
Thou ſtrong wine, which youth's fever doſt enrage!
Thou tyrant, which leav'ſt no man free!
Thou ſubtle thief, from whom nought ſafe can be!
Thou murderer, which haſt kill'd, and devil, which
would'ſt damn me!

THE PARTING.

AS men in Greenland left beheld the ſun
From their horizon run,
And thought upon the ſad half-year
Of cold and darkneſs they muſt ſuffer there:

So on my parting miſtreſs did I look;
With ſuch ſwoln eyes my farewell took;
Ah, my fair ſtar! ſaid I;
Ah, thoſe bleſt lands to which bright Thou doſt fly!

In vain the men of learning comfort me,
And ſay I 'm in a warm degree;
Say what they pleaſe, I ſay and ſwear
'Tis beyond eighty' at leaſt, if you 're not here.

It is, it is; I tremble with the froſt,
And know that I the day have loſt;
And thoſe wild things which men they call,
I find to be but bears or foxes all.

Return,

Return, return, gay planet of mine Eaſt,
Of all that ſhines thou much the beſt!
And, as thou now deſcend'ſt to ſea,
More fair and freſh riſe up from thence to me!

Thou, who in many a propriety,
So truly art the ſun to me,
Add one more likeneſs (which I 'm ſure you can)
And let me and my ſun beget a man!

MY PICTURE.

HERE, take my likeneſs with you, whilſt 'tis ſo;
For, when from hence you go,
The next ſun's riſing will behold
Me pale, and lean, and old:
The man who did this picture draw,
Will ſwear next day my face he never ſaw.

I really believe, within a while,
If you upon this ſhadow ſmile,
Your preſence will ſuch vigour give
(Your preſence, which makes all things live!)
And abſence ſo much alter me,
This will the ſubſtance, I the ſhadow, be.

When from your well-wrought cabinet you take it,
And your bright looks awake it,
Ah! be not frighted if you ſee
The new-ſoul'd picture gaze on thee,
And hear it breathe a ſigh or two;
For thoſe are the firſt things that it will do.

My

My rival-image will be then thought bleſt,
And laugh at me as diſpoſſeſt;
But thou, who (if I know thee right)
I' th' ſubſtance doſt not much delight,
Wilt rather ſend again for me,
Who then ſhall but my picture's picture be.

THE CONCEALMENT.

NO; to what purpoſe ſhould I ſpeak?
No, wretched heart! ſwell till you break.
She cannot love me if ſhe would;
And, to ſay truth, 'twere pity that ſhe ſhould.
No; to the grave thy ſorrows bear;
As ſilent as they will be there:
Since that lov'd hand this mortal wound does give,
So handſomely the thing contrive,
That ſhe may guiltleſs of it live;
So periſh, that her killing thee
May a chance-medley, and no murder, be.

'Tis nobler much for me, that I
By her beauty, not her anger, die:
This will look juſtly, and become
An execution; that, a martyrdom.
The cenſuring world will ne'er refrain
From judging men by thunder ſlain.
She muſt be angry, ſure, if I ſhould be
So bold to aſk her to make me,
By being her's, happier than ſhe?
I will not; 'tis a milder fate
To fall by her not loving, than her hate.

And

And yet this death of mine, I fear,
Will ominous to her appear;
When, found in every other part,
Her ſacrifice is found without an heart;
For the laſt tempeſt of my death
Shall ſigh out that too with my breath.
Then ſhall the world my noble ruin ſee,
Some pity and ſome envy me;
Then ſhe herſelf, the mighty ſhe,
Shall grace my funerals with this truth;
"'Twas only Love deſtroy'd the gentle youth!"

THE MONOPOLY.

WHAT mines of ſulphur in my breaſt do lie,
That feed th' eternal burnings of my heart!
Not Ætna flames more fierce or conſtantly,
The ſounding ſhop of Vulcan's ſmoky art:
Vulcan his ſhop has placed there,
And Cupid's forge is ſet-up here.

Here all thoſe arrows' mortal heads are made,
That fly ſo thick unſeen through yielding air;
The Cyclops here, which labour at the trade,
Are Jealouſy, Fear, Sadneſs, and Deſpair.
Ah, cruel God! and why to me
Gave you this curſt monopoly?

I have the trouble, not the gains, of it:—
Give me but the diſpoſal of one dart,
And then (I 'll aſk no other benefit)
Heat as you please your furnace in my heart:

So ſweet 's revenge to me, that I
Upon my foe would gladly die.

Deep into' her boſom would I ſtrike the dart,
Deeper than woman e'er was ſtruck by thee;
Thou giv'ſt them ſmall wounds, and ſo far from th' heart,
They flutter ſtill about, inconſtantly:
Curſe on thy goodneſs, whom we find
Civil to none but woman-kind!

Vain God! who women doſt thyſelf adore!
Their wounded hearts do ſtill retain the powers
To travel and to wander, as before:
Thy broken arrows 'twixt that ſex and ours
So 'unjuſtly are diſtributed,
They take the feathers, we the head.

THE DISTANCE.

I'VE followed thee a year, at leaſt,
And never ſtopp'd myſelf to reſt;
But yet can thee o'ertake no more
Than this day can the day that went before.

In this our fortunes equal prove
To ſtars, which govern them above;
Our ſtars, that move for ever round,
With the ſame diſtance ſtill betwixt them found.

In vain, alas! in vain I ſtrive
The wheel of Fate faſter to drive;
Since, if around it ſwifter fly,
She in it mends her pace as much as I.

Hearts

Hearts by Love ſtrangely ſhuffled are,
That there can never meet a pair!
Tamelier than worms are lovers ſlain;
The wounded heart ne'er turns, to wound again.

THE INCREASE.

I Thought, I 'll ſwear, I could have lov'd no more
Than I had done before;
But you as eaſily might account
Till to the top of numbers you amount,
As caſt up my love's ſcore.
Ten thouſand millions was the ſum;
Millions of endleſs millions are to come.

I 'm ſure her beauties cannot greater grow;
Why ſhould my love do ſo?
A real cauſe at firſt did move;
But mine own fancy now drives on my love,
With ſhadows from itſelf that flow.
My love, as we in numbers ſee,
By cypher is increas'd eternally.

So the new-made and untry'd ſpheres above
Took their firſt turn from th' hand of Jove;
But are, ſince that beginning, found
By their own forms to move for ever round.
All violent motions ſhort do prove;
But, by the length, 'tis plain to ſee
That Love 's a motion natural to me.

LOVE'S VISIBILITY.

WITH much of pain, and all the art I knew,
Have I endeavour'd hitherto
To hide my love, and yet all will not do.

The world perceives it, and, it may be, ſhe;
Though ſo diſcreet and good ſhe be,
By hiding it, to teach that ſkill to me.

Men without love have oft ſo cunning grown,
That ſomething like it they have ſhown;
But none who had it ever ſeem'd t' have none.

Love 's of a ſtrangely open, ſimple kind,
Can no arts or diſguiſes find,
But thinks none ſees it 'cauſe itſelf is blind.

The very eye betrays our inward ſmart;
Love of himſelf left there a part,
When thorough it he paſt into the heart:

Or if by chance the face betray not it,
But keep the ſecret wiſely, yet,
Like drunkenneſs, into the tongue 'twill get.

LOOKING ON, AND DISCOURSING WITH, HIS MISTRESS.

THESE full two hours now have I gazing been,
What comfort by it can I gain?
To look on heaven with mighty gulfs between
Was the great miſer's greateſt pain;

MY FATE.

GO bid the needle his dear North forſake,
To which with trembling reverence it does bend;
Go bid the ſtones a journey upwards make;
Go bid th' ambitious flame no more aſcend:
And, when theſe falſe to their old motions prove,
Then ſhall I ceaſe thee, thee alone, to love.

The faſt-link'd chain of everlaſting Fate
Does nothing tie more ſtrong than me to you;
My fixt love hangs not on your love or hate,
But will be ſtill the ſame, whate'er you do:
You cannot kill my love with your diſdain;
Wound it you may, and make it live in pain.

Me, mine example, let the Stoicks uſe,
Their ſad and cruel doctrine to maintain;
Let all predeſtinators me produce,
Who ſtruggle with eternal bonds in vain:
This fire I 'm born to—but 'tis ſhe muſt tell,
Whether 't be beams of heaven or flames of hell.

You who men's fortunes in their faces read,
To find out mine, look not, alas! on me;
But mark her face, and all the features heed;
For only there is writ my deſtiny:
Or, if ſtars ſhew it, gaze not on the ſkies;
But ſtudy the aſtrology of her eyes.

If

If thou find there kind and propitious rays,
What Mars or Saturn threaten I 'll not fear;
I well believe the fate of mortal days
Is writ in heaven; but oh, my heaven is there.
What can men learn from ſtars they ſcarce can ſee?
Two great lights rule the world, and her two me.

THE HEART-BREAKING.

IT gave a piteous groan, and ſo it broke;
In vain it ſomething would have ſpoke:
The love within too ſtrong for 't was,
Like poiſon put into a Venice-glaſs.

I thought that this ſome remedy might prove;
But oh, the mighty ſerpent Love,
Cut by this chance in pieces ſmall,
In all ſtill liv'd, and ſtill it ſtung in all.

And now, alas! each little broken part
Feels the whole pain of all my heart;
And every ſmalleſt corner ſtill
Lives with that torment which the whole did kill.

Even ſo rude armies, when the field they quit,
And into ſeveral quarters get;
Each troop does ſpoil and ruin more
Than all join'd in one body did before.

How many Loves reign in my boſom now!
How many loves, yet all of you!

Thus have I chang'd with evil fate
My Monarch-Love into a Tyrant-State.

THE USURPATION.

THOU 'adſt to my ſoul no title or pretence;
I was mine own, and free,
Till I had given myſelf to thee;
But thou haſt kept me ſlave and priſoner ſince.
Well, ſince ſo inſolent thou 'rt grown,
Fond tyrant! I 'll depoſe thee from thy throne;
Such outrages muſt not admitted be
In an elective monarchy.

Part of my heart by gift did to thee fall;
My country, kindred, and my beſt
Acquaintance, were to ſhare the reſt;
But thou, their covetous neighbour, drav'ſt out all:
Nay more; thou mak'ſt me worſhip thee,
And would'ſt the rule of my religion be:
Did ever tyrant claim ſuch power as you,
To be both emperor and pope too?

The public miſeries, and my private fate,
Deſerve ſome tears; but greedy thou
(Inſatiate maid!) wilt not allow
That I one drop from thee ſhould alienate:
Nor wilt thou grant my ſins a part,
Though the ſole cauſe of moſt of them thou art;
Counting my tears thy tribute and thy due,
Since firſt mine eyes I gave to you.

Thou

Thou all my joys and all my hopes doſt claim;
Thou rageſt like a fire in me,
Converting all things into thee;
Nought can reſiſt, or not encreaſe the flame:
Nay, every grief and every fear
Thou doſt devour, unleſs thy ſtamp it bear:
Thy preſence, like the crowned baſiliſk's breath,
All other ſerpents puts to death.

As men in hell are from diſeaſes free,
So from all other ills am I;
Free from their known formality:
But all pains eminently lie in thee!
Alas, alas! I hope in vain
My conquer'd ſoul from out thine hands to gain;
Since all the natives there thou 'aſt overthrown,
And planted garriſons of thine own.

MAIDENHEAD.

THou worſt eſtate ev'n of the ſex that 's worſt;
Therefore by Nature made at firſt
T' attend the weakneſs of our birth!
Slight outward curtain to the nuptial bed!
Thou caſe to buildings not yet finiſhed!
Who, like the centre of the earth,
Doſt heavieſt things attract to thee,
Though thou a point imaginary be!

A thing God thought for mankind ſo unfit,
That his firſt bleſſing ruin'd it.
Cold, frozen nurſe of fierceſt fires!
Who, like the parched plains of Afric's ſand
(A ſterile, and a wild unlovely land!)
Art always ſcorch'd with hot deſires,
Yet barren quite, didſt thou not bring
Monſters and ſerpents forth thyſelf to ſting!

Thou that bewitcheſt men, whilſt thou doſt dwell
Like a cloſe conjurer in his cell,
And fear'ſt the day's diſcovering eye!
No wonder 'tis at all that thou ſhould'ſt be
Such tedious and unpleaſant company,
Who liv'ſt ſo melancholily!
Thou thing of ſubtile, ſlippery kind,
Which women loſe, and yet no man can find!

Although I think thou never found wilt be,
Yet I 'm reſolv'd to ſearch for thee;
The ſearch itſelf rewards the pains:
So, though the chemick his great ſecret miſs
(For neither it in Art nor Nature is)
Yet things well worth his toil he gains;
And does his charge and labour pay
With good unſought experiments by the way.

Say what thou wilt, chaſtity is no more
Thee, than a porter is his door.

In

In vain to honour they pretend,
Who guard themſelves with ramparts and with walls;
Them only Fame the truly valiant calls,
Who can an open breach defend.
Of thy quick loſs can be no doubt,
Within ſo hated, and ſo lov'd without.

IMPOSSIBILITIES.

IMpoſſibilities! oh no, there 's none;
Could mine bring thy heart captive home,
As eaſily other dangers were o'erthrown,
As Cæſar, after vanquiſh'd Rome,
His little Aſian foes did overcome.

True lovers oft by Fortune are envied;
Oft earth and hell againſt them ſtrive;
But Providence engages on their ſide,
And a good end at laſt does give:
At laſt, juſt men and lovers always thrive.

As ſtars (not powerful elſe) when they conjoin,
Change, as they pleaſe, the world's eſtate;
So thy heart in conjunction with mine
Shall our own fortunes regulate;
And to our ſtars themſelves preſcribe a fate.

'Twould grieve me much to find ſome bold romance,
That ſhould two kind examples ſhew,
Which before us in wonders did advance;

Not

Not that I thought that ſtory true,
But none ſhould Fancy more, than I would Do.

Through ſpite of our worſt enemies, thy friends;
Through local baniſhment from thee;
Through the loud thoughts of leſs-concerning ends,
As eaſy ſhall my paſſage be,
As was the amorous youth's o'er Helle's ſea:

In vain the winds, in vain the billows, roar;
In vain the ſtars their aid deny'd;
He ſaw the Seſtian tower on th' other ſhore:
Shall th' Helleſpont our loves divide?
No, not the Atlantick ocean's boundleſs tide.

Such ſeas betwixt us eaſily conquer'd are;
But, gentle maid! do not deny
To let thy beams ſhine on me from afar;
And ſtill the taper let me eſpy:
For, when thy light goes out, I ſink and die.

SILENCE.

CURSE on this tongue, that has my heart betray'd,
And his great ſecret open laid!
For, of all perſons, chiefly ſhe
Should not the ills I ſuffer know;
Since 'tis a thing might dangerous grow,
Only in her to pity me:
Since 'tis for me to loſe my life more fit,
Than 'tis for her to ſave and ranſom it.

Ah!

Ah! never more ſhall thy unwilling ear
My helpleſs ſtory hear;
Diſcourſe and talk awake does keep
The rude unquiet pain
That in my breaſt does reign;
Silence perhaps may make it ſleep:
I 'll bind that ſore up I did ill reveal;
The wound, if once it cloſe, may chance to heal.

No, 'twill ne'er heal; my love will never die,
Though it ſhould ſpeechleſs lie.
A river, ere it meet the ſea,
As well might ſtay its ſource,
As my love can his courſe,
Unleſs it join and mix with thee:
If any end or ſtop of it be found,
We know the flood runs ſtill, though under ground.

THE DISSEMBLER.

UNHURT, untouch'd, did I complain,
And terrify'd all others with the pain:
But now I feel the mighty evil;
Ah! there 's no fooling with the devil!
So, wanton men, whilſt others they would fright,
Themſelves have met a real ſprite.

I thought, I 'll ſwear, an handſome lye
Had been no ſin at all in poetry;
But now I ſuffer an arreſt,
For words were ſpoke by me in jeſt.

Dull,

Dull, ſottiſh God of Love! and can it be
Thou underſtand'ſt not raillery?

Darts, and wounds, and flame, and heat,
I nam'd but for the rhyme, or the conceit;
Nor meant my verſe ſhould raiſed be
To this ſad fame of propheſy:
Truth gives a dull propriety to my ſtyle,
And all the metaphors does ſpoil.

In things where fancy much does reign,
'Tis dangerous too cunningly to feign;
The play at laſt a truth does grow,
And Cuſtom into Nature go:
By this curſt art of begging I became
Lame, with counterfeiting lame.

My lines of amorous deſire
I wrote to kindle and blow others' fire;
And 'twas a barbarous delight
My fancy promis'd from the ſight:
But now, by Love, the mighty Phalaris, I
My burning Bull the firſt do try.

THE INCONSTANT.

I Never yet could ſee that face
Which had no dart for me;
From fifteen years, to fifty's ſpace,
They all victorious be.

Love,

Love, thou 'rt a devil, if I may call thee one;
For ſure in me thy name is Legion.

Colour, or ſhape, good limbs, or face,
Goodneſs, or wit, in all I find;
In motion or in ſpeech a grace;
If all fail, yet 'tis woman-kind;
And I 'm ſo weak, the piſtol need not be
Double or treble charg'd to murder me.

If tall, the name of proper ſlays;
If fair, ſhe 's pleaſant as the light;
If low, her prettineſs does pleaſe;
If black, what lover loves not night?
If yellow-hair'd, I love, leſt it ſhould be
Th' excuſe to others for not loving me.

The fat, like plenty, fills my heart;
The lean, with love makes me too ſo:
If ſtraight, her body's Cupid's dart
To me; if crooked, 'tis his bow:
Nay, age itſelf does me to rage incline,
And ſtrength to women gives, as well as wine.

Juſt half as large as Charity
My richly-landed Love 's become;
And, judg'd aright, is Conſtancy,
Though it take up a larger room:
Him, who loves always one, why ſhould they call
More conſtant than the man loves always all?

Thus

Thus with unwearied wings I flee
Through all Love's gardens and his fields;
And, like the wiſe, induſtrious bee,
No weed but honey to me yields!
Honey ſtill ſpent this diligence ſtill ſupplies,
Though I return not home with laden thighs.

My ſoul at firſt indeed did prove
Of pretty ſtrength againſt a dart;
Till I this habit got of love;
But my conſum'd and waſted heart,
Once burnt to tinder with a ſtrong deſire,
Since that, by every ſpark is ſet on fire.

THE CONSTANT.

GREAT and wiſe conqueror, who, where'er
Thou com'ſt, doſt fortify, and ſettle there!
Who canſt defend as well as get,
And never hadſt one quarter beat-up yet;
Now thou art in, thou ne'er wilt part
With one inch of my vanquiſh'd heart;
For, ſince thou took'ſt it by aſſault from me,
'Tis garriſon'd ſo ſtrong with thoughts of thee,
It fears no beauteous enemy.

Had thy charming ſtrength been leſs,
I 'ad ſerv'd ere this an hundred miſtreſſes:
I 'm better thus, nor would compound
To leave my priſon to be a vagabond;
A priſon in which I ſtill would be,
Though every door ſtood ope to me.

In ſpite both of thy coldneſs and thy pride,
All love is marriage on thy lover's ſide,
For only death can them divide.

Cloſe, narrow chain, yet ſoft and kind
As that which ſpirits above to good does bind,
Gentle and ſweet Neceſſity,
Which does not force, but guide, our liberty!
Your love on me were ſpent in vain,
Since my love ſtill could but remain
Juſt as it is; for what, alas! can be
Added to that which hath infinity
Both in extent and quality?

HER NAME.

WITH more than Jewiſh reverence as yet
Do I the ſacred name conceal;
When, ye kind ſtars, ah when will it be fit
This gentle myſtery to reveal?
When will our loves be nam'd, and we poſſeſs
That chriſtening as a badge of happineſs?

So bold as yet no verſe of mine has been,
To wear that gem on any line;
Nor, till the happy nuptial Muſe be ſeen,
Shall any ſtanza with it ſhine.
Reſt, mighty name! till then; for thou muſt be
Laid down by her, ere taken up by me.

Then

Then all the fields and woods ſhall with it ring;
Then Echo's burden it ſhall be;
Then all the birds in ſeveral notes ſhall ſing,
And all the rivers murmur, thee;
Then every wind the ſound ſhall upwards bear,
And ſoftly whiſper 't to ſome angel's ear.

Then ſhall thy name through all my verſe be ſpread,
Thick as the flowers in meadows lie,
And, when in future times they ſhall be read
(As ſure, I think, they will not die)
If any critic doubt that they be mine,
Men by that ſtamp ſhall quickly know the coin.

Meanwhile I will not dare to make a name
To repreſent thee by;
Adam (God's nomenclator) could not frame
One that enough ſhould ſignify:
Aſtrea or Celia as unfit would prove
For thee, as 'tis to call the Deity Jove.

WEEPING.

SEE where ſhe ſits, and in what comely wiſe
Drops tears more fair than others' eyes!
Ah, charming maid! let not ill-fortune ſee
Th' attire thy ſorrow wears,
Nor know the beauty of thy tears;
For ſhe 'll ſtill come to dreſs herſelf in thee.

As

As ſtars reflect on waters, ſo I ſpy
In every drop, methinks, her eye.
The baby, which lives there, and always plays
In that illuſtrious ſphere,
Like a Narciſſus does appear,
Whilſt in his flood the lovely boy did gaze.

Ne'er yet did I behold ſo glorious weather,
As this ſun-ſhine and rain together.
Pray Heaven her forehead, that pure hill of ſnow
(For ſome ſuch fountain we muſt find,
To waters of ſo fair a kind)
Melt not, to feed that beauteous ſtream below!

Ah, mighty Love! that it were inward heat
Which made this precious limbeck ſweat!
But what, alas! ah, what does it avail,
That ſhe weeps tears ſo wondrous cold,
As ſcarce the aſs's hoof can hold,
So cold, that I admire they fall not hail.

DISCRETION.

DIſcreet! what means this word diſcreet?
A curſe on all diſcretion!
This barbarous term you will not meet
In all Love's lexicon.

Jointure, portion, gold, eſtate,
Houſes, houſhold-ſtuff, or land,
(The low conveniencies of Fate)
Are Greek no lovers underſtand.

Believe me, beauteous one! when love
Enters into a breaſt,
The two firſt things it does remove
Are friends and intereſt.

Paſſion 's half blind, nor can endure
The careful, ſcrupulous eyes;
Or elſe I could not love, I 'm ſure,
One who in love were wiſe.

Men, in ſuch tempeſts toſt about,
Will, without grief or pain,
Caſt all their goods and riches out,
Themſelves their port to gain.

As well might martyrs, who do chooſe
That ſacred death to take,
Mourn for the cloaths which they muſt loſe,
When they 're bound naked to the ſtake.

THE WAITING-MAID.

THY Maid! ah! find ſome nobler theme
Whereon thy doubts to place;
Nor by a low ſuſpect blaſpheme
The glories of thy face.

Alas! ſhe makes thee ſhine ſo fair,
So exquiſitely bright,
That her dim lamp muſt diſappear
Before thy potent light.

Three hours each morn in dreſſing thee
Maliciouſly are ſpent;
And make that beauty tyranny,
That 's elſe a civil government.

Th' adorning thee with ſo much art
Is but a barbarous ſkill;
'Tis like the poiſoning of a dart
Too apt before to kill.

The miniſtering angels none can ſee;
'Tis not their beauty' or face,
For which by men they worſhip'd be;
But their high office and their place
Thou art my Goddeſs, my Saint ſhe;
I pray to her, only to pray to thee.

COUNSEL.

AH! what advice can I receive!
No, ſatisfy me firſt;
For who would phyſick-potions give
To one that dies with thirſt?

A little puff of breath, we find,
Small fires can quench and kill;
But, when they 're great, the adverſe win
Does make them greater ſtill.

Now whilſt you ſpeak, it moves me much
But ſtrait I 'm juſt the ſame;
Alas! th' effect muſt needs be ſuch
Of cutting through a flame.

THE CURE.

COME, doctor! uſe thy roughest art,
Thou canſt not cruel prove;
Cut, burn, and torture, every part,
To heal me of my love.

There is no danger, if the pain
Should me to a fever bring;
Compar'd with heats I now ſuſtain,
A fever is ſo cool a thing.
(Like drink which feveriſh men deſire)
That I ſhould hope 'twould almoſt quench my fire.

THE SEPARATION.

ASK me not what my love ſhall do or be
(Love, which is ſoul to body, and ſoul of me!)
When I am ſeparated from thee;
Alas! I might as eaſily ſhow,
What after death the ſoul will do;
'Twill laſt, I 'm ſure, and that is all we know.

The thing call'd ſoul will never ſtir nor move,
But all that while a lifeleſs carcaſe prove;
For 'tis the body of my love:
Not that my love will fly away,
But ſtill continue; as, they ſay,
Sad troubled ghoſts about their graves do ſtray.

THE

THE TREE.

I Choſe the flouriſhing'ſt tree in all the park,
With freſheſt boughs and faireſt head;
I cut my love into his gentle bark,
And in three days, behold! 'tis dead:
My very written flames ſo violent be,
They 've burnt and wither'd-up the tree.

How ſhould I live myſelf, whoſe heart is found
Deeply graven every where
With the large hiſtory of many a wound,
Larger than thy trunk can bear?
With art as ſtrange as Homer in the nut,
Love in my heart has volumes put.

What a few words from thy rich ſtock did take
The leaves and beauties all,
As a ſtrong poiſon with one drop does make
The nails and hairs to fall:
Love (I ſee now) a kind of witchcraft is,
Or characters could ne'er do this.

Pardon, ye birds and nymphs, who lov'd this ſhade;
And pardon me, thou gentle tree;
I thought her name would thee have happy made,
And bleſſed omens hop'd from thee:
"Notes of my love, thrive here," ſaid I, "and grow;
"And with ye let my love do ſo."

Alas, poor youth! thy love will never thrive!
This blaſted tree predeſtines it;
Go, tie the diſmal knot (why ſhould'ſt thou live?)
And, by the lines thou there haſt writ,
Deform'dly hanging, the ſad picture be
To that unlucky hiſtory.

HER UNBELIEF.

'TIS a ſtrange kind of ignorance this in you!
That you your victories ſhould not ſpy,
Victories gotten by your eye!
That your bright beams, as thoſe of comets do,
Should kill, but not know how, nor who!

That truly you my idol might appear,
Whilſt all the people ſmell and ſee
The odorous flames I offer thee,
Thou ſitt'ſt, and doſt not ſee, nor ſmell, nor hear,
Thy conſtant, zealous worſhiper.

They ſee 't too well who at my fires repine;
Nay, th' unconcern'd themſelves do prove
Quick-ey'd enough to ſpy my love;
Nor does the cauſe in thy face clearlier ſhine,
Than the effect appears in mine.

Fair infidel! by what unjuſt decree
Muſt I, who with ſuch reſtleſs care
Would make this truth to thee appear,
Muſt I, who preach it, and pray for it, be
Damn'd by thy incredulity?

I, by

I, by thy unbelief, am guiltleſs ſlain:
Oh, have but faith, and then, that you
May know that faith for to be true,
It ſhall itſelf by' a miracle maintain,
And raiſe me from the dead again!

Meanwhile my hopes may ſeem to be o'erthrown;
But lovers' hopes are full of art,
And thus diſpute—That, ſince my heart,
Though in thy breaſt, yet is not by thee known,
Perhaps thou may'ſt not know thine own.

THE GAZERS.

COME, let's go on, where love and youth does call;
I 've ſeen too much, if this be all.
Alas! how far more wealthy might I be
With a contented ignorant poverty!
To ſhew ſuch ſtores, and nothing grant,
Is to enrage and vex my want.
For love to die an infant 's leſſer ill,
Than to live long, yet live in childhood ſtill.

We 've both ſat gazing only, hitherto,
As man and wife in picture do;
The richeſt crop of joy is ſtill behind,
And he who only ſees, in love, is blind.
So, at firſt, Pygmalion lov'd,
But th' amour at laſt improv'd;
The ſtatue' itſelf at laſt a woman grew,
And ſo at laſt, my dear, ſhould you do too.

Beauty to man the greateſt torture is,
Unleſs it lead to farther bliſs,
Beyond the tyrannous pleaſures of the eye;
It grows too ſerious a cruelty,
Unleſs it heal, as well as ſtrike:
I would not, ſalamander-like,
In ſcorching heats always to live deſire,
But, like a martyr, paſs to heaven through fire.

Mark how the luſty ſun ſalutes the ſpring,
And gently kiſſes every thing!
His loving beams unlock each maiden flower,
Search all the treaſures, all the ſweets devour:
Then on the earth, with bridegroom-heat,
He does ſtill new flowers beget.
The ſun himſelf, although all eye he be,
Can find in love more pleaſure than to ſee.

THE INCURABLE.

I Try'd if books would cure my love, but found
Love made them nonſenſe all;
I 'apply'd receipts of buſineſs to my wound,
But ſtirring did the pain recall.

As well might men who in a fever fry,
Mathematic doubts debate;
As well might men who mad in darkneſs lie,
Write the diſpatches of a ſtate.

I try'd

I try'd devotion, ſermons, frequent prayer,
But thoſe did worſe than uſeleſs prove;
For prayers are turn'd to ſin, in thoſe who are
Out of charity, or in love.

I try'd in wine to drown the mighty care;
But wine, alas! was oil to th' fire:
Like drunkards' eyes, my troubled fancy there
Did double the deſire.

I try'd what mirth and gaiety would do,
And mix'd with pleaſant companies;
My mirth did graceleſs and inſipid grow,
And 'bove a clinch it could not riſe.

Nay, God forgive me for 't! at laſt I try'd,
'Gainſt this ſome new deſire to ſtir,
And lov'd again, but 'twas where I eſpy'd
Some faint reſemblances of her.

The phyſic made me worſe, with which I ſtrove
This mortal ill t' expel;
As wholeſome medicines the diſeaſe improve,
There where they work not well.

HONOUR.

SHE loves, and ſhe confeſſes too;
There 's then, at laſt, no more to do:
The happy work 's entirely done;
Enter the town which thou haſt won;

The

The fruits of conqueſt now begin;
Iō triumph! Enter in.

What 's this, ye Gods! what can it be?
Remains there ſtill an enemy?
Bold Honour ſtands up in the gate,
And would yet capitulate;
Have I o'ercome all real foes,
And ſhall this phantom me oppoſe?

Noiſy nothing! ſtalking ſhade!
By what witchcraft wert thou made?
Empty cauſe of ſolid harms!
But I ſhall find out counter-charms,
Thy airy devilſhip to remove
From this circle here of love.

Sure I ſhall rid myſelf of thee
By the night's obſcurity,
And obſcurer ſecrecy!
Unlike to every other ſprite,
Thou attempt'ſt not men t' affright,
Nor appear'ſt but in the light.

THE INNOCENT ILL.

THOUGH all thy geſtures and diſcourſes be
Coin'd and ſtamp'd by modeſty;
Though from thy tongue ne'er ſlipp'd away
One word which nuns at th' altar might not ſay;

Yet

Yet ſuch a ſweetneſs, ſuch a grace,
In all thy ſpeech appear,
That what to th' eye a beauteous face,
That thy tongue is to th' ear:
So cunningly it wounds the heart,
It ſtrikes ſuch heat through every part,
That thou a tempter worſe than Satan art.

Though in thy thoughts ſcarce any tracks have been
So much as of original ſin,
Such charms thy beauty wears as might
Deſires in dying confeſs'd ſaints excite:
Thou, with ſtrange adultery,
Doſt in each breaſt a brothel keep;
Awake all men do luſt for thee,
And ſome enjoy thee when they ſleep.
Ne'er before did woman live,
Who to ſuch multitudes did give
The root and cauſe of ſin, but only Eve.

Though in thy breaſt ſo quick a pity be,
That a fly's death 's a wound to thee;
Though ſavage and rock-hearted thoſe
Appear, that weep not ev'n Romance's woes;
Yet ne'er before was tyrant known,
Whoſe rage was of ſo large extent;
The ills thou doſt are whole thine own;
Thou 'rt principal and inſtrument:
In all the deaths that come from you,
You do the treble office do
Of judge, of torturer, and of weapon too.

Tho

Thou lovely inſtrument of angry Fate,
Which God did for our faults create!
Thou pleaſant, univerſal ill,
Which, ſweet as health, yet like a plague doſt kill!
Thou kind, well-natur'd tyranny!
Thou chaſte committer of a rape!
Thou voluntary deſtiny,
Which no man can, or would, eſcape!
So gentle, and ſo glad to ſpare,
So wondrous good, and wondrous fair,
(We know) ev'n the deſtroying-angels are.

DIALOGUE.

She. WHAT have we done? what cruel paſſion
mov'd thee,
Thus to ruin her that lov'd thee?
Me thou 'ſt robb'd; but what art thou
Thyſelf the richer now?
Shame ſucceeds the ſhort-liv'd pleaſure;
So ſoon is ſpent, and gone, this thy ill-gotten treaſure!

He. We 'ave done no harm; nor was it theft in me,
But nobleſt charity in thee.
I 'll the well-gotten pleaſure
Safe in my memory treaſure:
What though the flower itſelf do waſte,
The eſſence from it drawn does long and ſweeter laſt.

She.

She. No: I 'm undone; my honour thou haſt ſtain,
And nothing can reſtore 't again.
Art and labour to beſtow,
Upon the carcaſe of it now,
Is but t' embalm a body dead;
The figure may remain, the life and beauty 's fled.

He. Never, my dear, was honour yet undone
By Love, but Indiſcretion.
To th' wiſe it all things does allow;
And cares not What we do, but How.
Like tapers ſhut in ancient urns,
Unleſs it let-in air, for ever ſhines and burns.

She. Thou firſt, perhaps, who didſt the fault commit,
Wilt make thy wicked boaſt of it;
For men, with Roman pride, above
The conqueſt do the triumph love;
Nor think a perfect victory gain'd,
Unleſs they through the ſtreets their captive lead enchain'd.

He. Whoe'er his ſecret joys has open laid,
The bawd to his own wife is made;
Beſide, what boaſt is left for me,
Whoſe whole wealth 's a gift from thee?
'Tis you the conqueror are, 'tis you
Who have not only ta'en, but bound and gagg'd me too.

She. Though public puniſhment we eſcape, the ſin
Will rack and torture us within;

Guilt

Guilt and ſin our boſom bears;
And, though fair yet the fruit appears,
That worm which now the core does waſte,
When long 't has gnaw'd within, will break the ſkin at laſt.

He. That thirſty drink, that hungry food, I ſought,
That wounded balm is all my fault;
And thou in pity didſt apply,
The kind and only remedy:
The cauſe abſolves the crime; ſince me
So mighty force did move, ſo mighty goodneſs thee.

She. Curſe on thine arts! methinks I hate thee now;
And yet I 'm ſure I love thee too!
I 'm angry; but my wrath will prove
More innocent than did thy love.
Thou haſt this day undone me quite;
Yet wilt undo me more ſhould'ſt thou not come at night.

VERSES LOST UPON A WAGER.

AS ſoon hereafter will I wagers lay
'Gainſt what an oracle ſhall ſay;
Fool that I was, to venture to deny
A tongue ſo us'd to victory!
A tongue ſo bleſt by nature and by art,
That never yet it ſpoke but gain'd an heart:

Though

Though what you ſaid had not been true,
If ſpoke by any elſe but you;
Your ſpeech will govern deſtiny,
And Fate will change rather than you ſhould lye.

'Tis true, if human Reaſon were the guide,
Reaſon, methinks, was on my ſide;
But that 's a guide, alas! we muſt reſign,
When th' authority 's divine.
She ſaid, ſhe ſaid herſelf it would be ſo;
And I, bold unbeliever! anſwer'd no:
Never ſo juſtly, ſure, before,
Error the name of blindneſs bore;
For, whatſoe'er the queſtion be,
There 's no man that has eyes would bet for me.

If Truth itſelf (as other angels do
When they deſcend to human view)
In a material form would deign to ſhine,
'Twould imitate or borrow thine:
So dazzling bright, yet ſo tranſparent clear,
So well-proportion'd, would the parts appear!
Happy the eye which Truth could ſee
Cloath'd in a ſhape like thee;
But happier far the eye
Which could thy ſhape naked like Truth eſpy!

Yet this loſt wager coſts me nothing more
Than what I ow'd to thee before:
Who would not venture for that debt to play,
Which he were bound howe'er to pay?

If Nature gave me power to write in verſe,
She gave it me thy praiſes to rehearſe:
Thy wondrous beauty and thy wit
Has ſuch a ſovereign right to it,
That no man's Muſe for public vent is free,
Till ſhe has paid her cuſtoms firſt to thee.

BATHING IN THE RIVER.

THE fiſh around her crowded, as they do
To the falſe light that treacherous fiſhers ſhew,
And all with as much eaſe might taken be,
As ſhe at firſt took me;
For ne'er did light ſo clear
Among the waves appear,
Though every night the ſun himſelf ſet there.

Why to mute fiſh ſhould'ſt thou thyſelf diſcover,
And not to me, thy no leſs ſilent lover?
As ſome from men their buried gold commit
To ghoſts, that have no uſe of it;
Half their rich treaſures ſo
Maids bury; and, for aught we know,
(Poor ignorants!) they 're mermaids all below.

The amorous waves would fain about her ſtay,
But ſtill new amorous waves drive them away,
And with ſwift current to thoſe joys they haſte,
That do as ſwiftly waſte:
I laugh'd the wanton play to view;
But 'tis, alas! at land ſo too,
And ſtill old lovers yield the place to new.

Kiſs

Kiſs her, and as you part, you amorous waves
(My happier rivals, and my fellow-ſlaves)
Point to your flowery banks, and to her ſhew
The good your bounties do;
Then tell her what your pride doth coſt,
And how your uſe and beauty 's loſt,
When rigorous winter binds you up with froſt.

Tell her, her beauties and her youth, like thee,
Haſte without ſtop to a devouring ſea;
Where they will mix'd and undiſtinguiſh'd lie
With all the meaneſt things that die;
As in the ocean thou
No privilege doſt know
Above th' impureſt ſtreams that thither flow.

Tell her, kind flood! when this has made her ſad,
Tell her there 's yet one remedy to be had:
Shew her how thou, though long ſince paſt, doſt find
Thyſelf yet ſtill behind:
Marriage (ſay to her) will bring
About the ſelf-ſame thing.
But ſhe, fond maid, ſhuts and ſeals-up the ſpring.

LOVE GIVEN OVER.

IT is enough; enough of time and pain
Haſt thou conſum'd in vain;
Leave, wretched Cowley! leave
Thyſelf with ſhadows to deceive;
Think that already loſt which thou muſt never gain.

Three of thy luſtieſt and thy freſheſt years
(Toſs'd in ſtorms of hopes and fears)
Like helpleſs ſhips that be
Set on fire i' th' midſt o' the ſea,
Have all been burnt in love, and all been drown'd in tears.

Reſolve then on it, and by force or art
Free thy unlucky heart;
Since Fate does diſapprove
Th' ambition of thy love,
And not one ſtar in heaven offers to take thy part.

If e'er I clear my heart from this deſire,
If e'er it home to its breaſt retire,
It ne'er ſhall wander more about,
Though thouſand beauties call it out:
A lover burnt like me for ever dreads the fire.

The pox, the plague, and every ſmall diſeaſe,
May come as oft as ill-fate pleaſe;
But death and love are never found
To give a ſecond wound,
We 're by thoſe ſerpents bit, but we 're devour'd by theſe.

Alas! what comfort is 't that I am grown
Secure of being again o'erthrown?
Since ſuch an enemy needs not fear
Leſt any elſe ſhould quarter there,
Who has not only ſack'd, but quite burnt down, the town.

A POEM

A POEM ON THE LATE CIVIL WAR*.

THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER. 1679.

MEeting accidentally with this poem in manuſcript, and being informed that it was a piece of the incomparable Mr. A. C's, I thought it unjuſt to hide ſuch a treaſure from the world. I remembered that our author, in his preface to his works †, makes mention of ſome poems written by him on the late civil war, of which the following copy is queſtionably a part. In his moſt imperfect and unfiniſhed pieces, you will diſcover the hand of ſo great a maſter. And (whatever his own modeſty might have adviſed to the contrary) there is not one careleſs ſtroke of his but what ſhould be kept ſacred to poſterity. He could write nothing that was not worth the preſerving, being habitually a poet, and always inſpired. In this piece the judicious reader will find the turn of the verſe to be his; the ſame copious and lively imagery of fancy, the ſame warmth of paſſion and delicacy of wit, that ſparkles in all his writings. And certainly

* This and the two following Poems are not given with certainty as Cowley's. They have been aſcribed to him; are poſſibly genuine; and therefore are preſerved in this collection. N.

† See p. 16 of this Volume.

no labours of a genius ſo rich in itſelf, and ſo cultivated with learning and manners, can prove an unwelcome preſent to the world.

WHAT rage does England from itſelf divide,
More than the ſeas from all the world beſide?
From every part the roaring cannons play,
From every part blood roars as loud as they.
What Engliſh ground but ſtill ſome moiſture bears,
Of young men's blood, and more of mothers' tears?
What air 's unthicken'd with the ſighs of wives,
Though more of maids for their dear lovers' lives?
Alas! what triumphs can this victory ſhew,
That dyes us red in blood and bluſhes too!
How can we wiſh that conqueſt, which beſtows
Cypreſs, not bays, upon the conquering brows?
It was not ſo when Henry's dreadful name,
Not ſword, nor cauſe, whole nations overcame.
To fartheſt Weſt did his ſwift conqueſts run,
Nor did his glory ſet but with the ſun.
In vain did Roderic to his hold retreat,
In vain had wretched Ireland call'd him great;
Ireland! which now moſt baſely we begin
To labour more to loſe than he to win.
It was not ſo when in the happy Eaſt,
Richard, our Mars, Venus's Iſle poſſeſt:
'Gainſt the proud Moon he th' Engliſh croſs diſplay'd,
Eclips'd one horn, and th' other paler made;
When our dear lives we ventur'd bravely there,
And digg'd our own to gain Chriſt's ſepulchre.

That

That ſacred tomb, which, ſhould we now enjoy,
We ſhould with as much zeal fight to deſtroy!
The precious ſigns of our dead Lord we ſcorn,
And ſee his croſs worſe than his body torn;
We hate it now both for the Greek and Jew,
To us 'tis fooliſhneſs and ſcandal too.
To what with worſhip the fond Papiſt falls,
That the fond zealot a cure'd idol calls:
So, 'twixt their double madneſs, here 's the odds,
One makes falſe devils, t'other makes makes falſe gods.

It was not ſo when Edward prov'd his cauſe,
By a ſword ſtronger than the Salique laws,
Tho' fetch'd from Pharamond; when the French did fight,
With women's hearts, againſt the women's right.
Th' afflicted ocean his firſt conqueſt bore,
And drove red waves to the ſad Gallic ſhore:
As if he 'ad angry with that element been,
Which his wide ſoul bound with an iſland in.
Where 's now that ſpirit with which at Creſſey we,
And Poictiers, forc'd from Fate a victory?
Two kings at once we brought ſad captives home,
A triumph ſcarcely known to ancient Rome!
Two foreign kings: but now, alas! we ſtrive,
Our own, our own good ſovereign to captive!

It was not ſo when Agincourt was won;
Under great Henry ſerv'd the rain and ſun:
A nobler fight the ſun himſelf ne'er knew,
Not when he ſtopp'd his courſe a fight to view!
Then Death's old archer did more ſkilful grow,
And learn'd to ſhoot more ſure from th' Engliſh bow;

Then France was her own ſtory ſadly taught,
And felt how Cæſar and how Edward fought.
It was not ſo when that vaſt fleet of Spain
Lay torn and ſcatter'd on the Engliſh main;
Through the proud world a virgin terror ſtrook;
The Auſtrian crowns, and Rome's ſeven hills, ſhe ſhook!
To her great Neptune homag'd all his ſtreams,
And all the wide-ſtretch'd ocean was her Thames.
Thus our forefathers fought, thus bravely bled,
Thus ſtill they live, whilſt we alive are dead;
Such acts they did, that Rome, and Cæſar too,
Might envy thoſe whom once they did ſubdue.
We 're not their offspring; ſure our heralds lye;
But born we know not how, as now we die;
Their precious blood we could not venture thus:
Some Cadmus, ſure, ſow'd ſerpents' teeth for us;
We could not elſe by mutual fury fall,
Whilſt Rhine and Sequan for our armies call:
Chuſe war or peace, you have a prince, you know,
As fit for both, as both are fit for you;
Furious as lightning, when war's tempeſt came,
But calm in peace, calm as a lambent flame.
Have you forgot thoſe happy years of late,
That ſaw nought ill, but us that were ingrate;
Such years, as if earth's youth return'd had been,
And that old ſerpent Time had caſt his ſkin?
As glorioufly and gently did they move,
As the bright ſun that meaſures them above;
Then only in books the learn'd could miſery ſee,
And the unlearn'd ne'er heard of miſery.

Then

Then happy James with as deep quiet reign'd,
As in his heavenly throne, by death, he gain'd;
And, left this bleſſing with his life ſhould ceaſe,
He left us Charles, the pledge of future peace;
Charles, under whom, with much ado, no leſs
Than ſixteen years, we endur'd our happineſs;
Till in a moment, in the North, we find
A tempeſt conjur'd up without a wind.
As ſoon the North her kindneſs did repent;
Firſt the peace-maker, and next war, ſhe ſent.
Juſt Tweed, that now had with long peace forgot
On which ſide dwelt the Engliſh, which the Scot,
Saw glittering arms ſhine ſadly on his face,
Whilſt all th' affrighted fiſh ſank down apace.
No blood did then from this dark quarrel grow,
It gave blunt wounds, that bled not out till now!
For Jove, who might have us'd his thundering power,
Choſe to fall calmly in a golden ſhower!
A way we found to conquer, which by none
Of all our thrifty anceſtors was known;
So ſtrangely prodigal of late we are,
We there buy peace, and here at home buy war.
How could a war ſo ſad and barbarous pleaſe,
But firſt by ſlandering thoſe bleſt days of peace?
Through all the excrements of ſtate they pry,
Like emp'ricks, to find out a malady;
And then with deſperate boldneſs they endeavour,
Th' ague to cure by bringing-in a fever:
The way is ſure to expel ſome ill, no doubt;
The plague, we know, drives all diſeaſes out.

What ſtrange wild fears did every morning breed,
Till a ſtrange fancy made us ſick indeed!
And cowardice did valour's place ſupply,
Like thoſe that kill themſelves for fear to die!
What frantic diligence in theſe men appears,
That fear all ills, and act o'er all their fears!
Thus into war we ſcar'd ourſelves; and who
But Aaron's ſons, that the firſt trumpet blew?
Fond men! who knew not that they were to keep
For God, and not for ſacrifice, their ſheep!
The churches firſt this murderous doctrine ſow,
And learn to kill, as well as bury, now:
The marble tombs where our forefathers lie,
Sweated with dread of too much company;
And all their ſleeping aſhes ſhook for fear,
Leſt thouſand ghoſts ſhould come and ſhroud them there.
Petitions next from every town they frame,
To be reſtor'd to them from whom they came:
The ſame ſtyle all, and the ſame ſenſe, does pen,
Alas! they allow ſet forms of prayer to men.
Oh happy we, if men would neither hear
Their ſtudied form, nor God their ſudden prayer.
They will be heard, and, in unjuſteſt wiſe,
The many-headed rout for juſtice cries;
They call for blood, which now I fear does call
For blood again, much louder than they all.
In ſenſeleſs clamours, and confuſed noiſe,
We loſt that rare, and yet unconquer'd voice;
So, when the ſacred Thracian lyre was drown'd
In the Biſtonian women's mixed ſound,

The

The wondering ſtones, that came before to hear,
Forgot themſelves, and turn'd his murderers there.
The ſame loud ſtorm blew the grave mitre down;
It blew down that, and with it ſhook the crown.
Then firſt a ſtate, without a church, begun;
Comfort thyſelf, dear church! for then 'twas done.
The ſame great ſtorm to ſea great Mary drove;
The ſea could not ſuch dangerous tempeſts move:
The ſame drove Charles into the North, and then
Would readilier far have driven him back again.
To fly from noiſe of tumults is no ſhame;
Ne'er will their armies force them to the ſame:
They all his caſtles, all his towns, invade,
He 's a large priſoner in all England made!
He muſt not paſs to Ireland's weeping ſhore;
The wounds theſe ſurgeons make muſt yield them more:
He muſt not conquer his lewd rebels there,
Leſt he ſhould learn by that to do it here.
The ſea they ſubject next to their command;
The ſea, that crowns our kings and all their land.
Thus poor they leave him, their baſe pride and ſcorn,
As poor as theſe, now mighty men, were born:
When ſtrait whole armies meet in Charles's right;
How no man knows, but here they are, and fight.
A man would ſwear, that ſaw this alter'd ſtate,
Kings were call'd gods becauſe they could create
Vain men; 'tis Heaven this firſt aſſiſtance brings,
The ſame is Lord of Hoſts that 's King of Kings.
Had men forſook him, angels from above
(Th' Aſſyrian did leſs their juſtice move)

Would

Would all have muſter'd in his righteous aid,
And thunder 'gainſt your cannon would have play'd.
It needs not ſo, for man deſires to right
Abus'd mankind, and wretches you muſt fight.
Wor'ſter firſt ſaw 't, and trembled at the view;
Too well the ills of civil war ſhe knew.
Twice did the flames of old her towers invade,
Twice call'd ſhe in vain for her own Severn's aid.
Here firſt the rebel winds began to roar,
Brake looſe from the juſt fetters which they bore;
Here mutinous waves above their ſhore did ſwell,
And the firſt ſtorm of that dire winter fell.
But when the two great brethren once appear'd,
And their bright heads, like Leda's offspring, rear'd;
When thoſe ſea-calming ſons from Jove were ſpied,
The winds all fled, the waves all ſunk and died!
How fought great Rupert, with what rage and ſkill!
Enough to have conquer'd had his cauſe been ill!
Comely young man! and yet his dreadful fight
The rebels' blood to their faint hearts does fright.
In vain, alas! it ſeeks ſo weak defence;
For his keen ſword brings it again from thence.
Yet grieves he at the laurels thence he bore;
Alas, poor Prince! they 'll fight with him no more;
His virtue 'll be eclips'd with too much fame,
Henceforth He will not conquer, but his Name.
Here —— with tainted blood the field did ſtain,
By his own ſacrilege, and 's country's curſes, ſlain.
The firſt commander did Heaven's vengeance ſhew,
And led the rebels' van to ſhades below.

On

On two fair hills both armies next are ſeen,
Th' affrighted valley ſighs and ſweats between;
Here Angels did with fair expectance ſtay,
And wiſh'd good things to a king as mild as they;
There Fiends with hunger waiting did abide,
And curſed both, but ſpurr'd-on th' guilty ſide.
Here ſtood Religion, her looks gently ſage,
Aged, but much more comely for her age!
There Schiſm, old hag, tho' ſeeming young, appears,
As ſnakes by caſting ſkins renew their years;
Undecent rags of ſeveral dyes ſhe wore,
And in her hand torn liturgies ſhe bore.
Here Loyalty an humble croſs diſplay'd,
And ſtill, as Charles paſs'd by, ſhe bow'd and pray'd.
Sedition there her crimſon banner ſpreads,
Shakes all her hands, and roars with all her heads:
Her knotty hairs were with dire ſerpents twiſt,
And every ſerpent at each other hiſs'd.
Here ſtood white Truth, and her own hoſt does bleſs,
Clad with thoſe arms of proof, her nakedneſs;
There perjuries like cannons roar aloud,
And lyes flew thick, like cannons' ſmoky cloud,
Here Learning and th' Arts met; as much they fear'd
As when the Hunns of old and Goths appear'd.
What ſhould they do? Unapt themſelves to fight,
They promis'd noble pens the acts to write.
There Ignorance advanc'd, and joy'd to ſpy
So many that durſt fight they know not why;
From thoſe who moſt the ſlow-ſoul'd monks diſdain,
From thoſe ſhe hopes the monks' dull age again.

Here

Here Mercy waits, with ſad but gentle look,
Never, alas! had ſhe her Charles forſook!
For mercy on her friends, to Heaven ſhe cries,
Whilſt Juſtice pulls down vengeance from the ſkies.
Oppreſſion there, Rapine, and Murder, ſtood,
Ready, as was the field, to drink their blood;
A thouſand wronged ſpirits amongſt them moan'd,
And thrice the ghoſt of mighty Strafford groan'd.
Now flew their cannon thick through wounded air,
Sent to defend, and kill, their ſovereign there.
More than he them, the bullets fear'd his head,
And at his feet lay innocently dead;
They knew not what thoſe men that ſent them meant,
And acted their pretence, not their intent.
This was the day, this the firſt day, that ſhew'd
How much to Charles for our long peace we ow'd:
By his ſkill here, and ſpirit, we underſtood,
From war nought kept him but his country's good.
In his great looks what chearful anger ſhone!
Sad war, and joyful triumphs, mix'd in one.
In the ſame beams of his majeſtic eye,
His own men life, his foes did death, eſpy.
Great Rupert this, that wing great Wilmot leads,
White-feather'd Conqueſt flies o'er both their heads.
They charge, as if alone they 'd beat the foe,
Whether their troops follow'd them up or no.
They follow cloſe, and haſte into the fight,
As ſwift as ſtrait the rebels make their flight.
So ſwift the miſcreants fly, as if each fear
And jealouſy they fram'd had met them there.

They

They heard war's muſic, and away they flew,
The trumpets fright worſe than the organs do.
Their ſouls, which ſtill new bye-ways do invent,
Out at their wounded backs perverſely went.
Purſue no more; ye noble victors, ſtay,
Leſt too much conqueſt loſe ſo brave a day!
For ſtill the battle ſounds behind, and Fate
Will not give all; but ſets us here a rate:
Too dear a rate ſhe ſets; and we muſt pay
One honeſt man for ten ſuch knaves as they.
Streams of black, tainted blood the field beſmear,
But pure, well-colour'd drops ſhine here and there;
They ſcorn to mix with floods of baſer veins,
Juſt as the nobler moiſture oil diſdains.
Thus fearleſs Lindſey, thus bold Aubigny,
Amidſt the corpſe of ſlaughter'd rebels lie:
More honourably than —— e'er was found,
With troops of living traitors circled round.
Reſt, valiant ſouls, in peace! ye ſacred pair,
And all whoſe deaths attended on you there,
You 're kindly welcom'd to heaven's peaceful coaſt,
By all the reverend martyrs' noble hoſt;
Your ſoaring ſouls they meet with triumph, all
Led by great Stephen their old general.
Go, ——, now prefer thy flouriſhing ſtate
Above thoſe murder'd heroes' doleful fate;
Enjoy that life which thou durſt baſely ſave,
And thought'ſt a ſaw-pit nobler than a grave.
Thus many ſav'd themſelves, and night the reſt,
Night, that agrees with their dark actions beſt.

A diſmal

A diſmal ſhade did heaven's ſad face o'erflow,
Dark as the night ſlain rebels found below:
No gentle ſtars their chearful glories rear'd,
Aſham'd they were at what was done, and fear'd
Left wicked men their bold excuſe ſhould frame
From ſome ſtrange influence, and ſo vail their ſhame.
To Duty thus, Order and Law incline,
They who ne'er err from one eternal line;
As juſt the ruin of theſe men they thought,
As Siſera's was, 'gainſt whom themſelves had fought.
Still they rebellions' ends remember well,
Since Lucifer the great, their ſhining captain, fell.
For this the bells they ring, and not in vain;
Well might they all ring out for thouſands ſlain:
For this the bonfires their glad lightneſs ſpread,
When funeral flames might more befit their dead:
For this with ſolemn thanks they tire their God,
And, whilſt they feel it, mock th' Almighty's rod;
They proudly now abuſe his juſtice more,
Than his long mercies they abus'd before.
Yet theſe the men that true religion boaſt,
The pure and holy, holy, holy, hoſt!
What great reward for ſo much zeal is given?
Why, Heaven has thank'd them ſince as they thank'd Heaven.

Witneſs thou Brentford, ſay, thou ancient town,
How many in thy ſtreets fell groveling down:
Witneſs the red-coats weltering in their gore,
And dy'd anew into the name they bore;

Witneſs their men blow'd up into the air
(All elements their ruins joy'd to ſhare);
In the wide air quick flames their bodies tore,
Then, drown'd in waves, they 're toſt by waves to ſhore:
Witneſs thou Thames, thou waſt amaz'd to ſee
Men madly run to ſave themſelves in thee;
In vain, for rebels' lives thou would'ſt not ſave,
And down they ſunk beneath thy conquering wave.
Good, reverend Thames! the beſt-belov'd of all
Thoſe noble blood that meet at Neptune's hall;
London's proud towers, which do thy head adorn,
Are not thy glory now, but grief and ſcorn.
Thou griev'ſt to ſee the white-nam'd palace ſhine,
Without the beams of its own lord and thine:
Thy lord, which is to all as good and free,
As thou, kind flood! to thine own banks canſt be.
How does thy peaceful back diſdain to bear
The rebels' buſy pride at Weſtminſter!
Thou, who thyſelf doſt without murmuring pay
Eternal tribute to thy prince the ſea.

To Oxford next great Charles in triumph came,
Oxford, the Britiſh Muſes' ſecond fame.
Here learning with ſome ſtate and reverence looks,
And dwells in buildings laſting as her books;
Both now eternal, but they 'ad aſhes been,
Had theſe religious Vandals once got in.
Not Bodley's noble work their rage would ſpare,
For books they know the chief malignants are.
In vain they ſilence every age before;
For pens of time to come will wound them more!

The

The temple's decent wealth, and modeſt ſtate,
Had ſuffer'd; this their avarice, that their hate:
Beggary and ſcorn into the church they 'd bring,
And made God glorious, as they made the king:
O happy town, that to lov'd Charles's ſight,
In thoſe ſad times, gav'ſt ſafety and delight,
The fate which civil war itſelf doth bleſs!
Scarce would'ſt thou change for peace this happineſs.
'Midſt all the joys which Heaven allows thee here;
Think on thy ſiſter, and then ſhed a tear.
What fights did this ſad winter ſee each day,
Her winds and ſtorms came not ſo thick as they!
Yet nought theſe far-loſt rebels could recall,
Not Marlborough's nor Cirenceſter's fall.
Yet ſtill for peace the gentle conqueror ſues;
By his wrath they periſh, yet his love refuſe.
Nor yet is the plain leſſon underſtood,
Writ by kind Heaven in B— and H—'s blood.
Chad and his church ſaw where their enemy lay,
And with juſt red new-mark'd their holy-day.
Fond men! this blow the injur'd Croſier ſtrook;
Nought was more fit to periſh, but thy book.
Such fatal vengeance did wrong'd Charlegrove ſhew,
Where —— both begun and ended too
His curs'd rebellion; where his ſoul 's repaid
With ſeparation, great as that he made.
——, whoſe ſpirit mov'd o'er this mighty frame
O' th' Britiſh iſle, and out this chaos came.
——, the man that taught confuſion's art;
His treaſons reſtleſs, and yet noiſeleſs heart.

His

His active brain like Ætna's top appear'd,
Where treaſon 's forg'd, yet no noiſe outward heard.
'Twas he contriv'd whate'er bold M— ſaid,
And all the popular noiſe that P— has made;
'Twas he that taught the zealous rout to riſe,
And be his ſlaves for ſome feign'd liberties:
Him for this black deſign, hell thought moſt fit;
Ah! wretched man, curs'd by too good a wit!
If not all this your ſtubborn hearts can fright,
Think on the Weſt, think on the Corniſh might:
The Saxon fury, to that far-ſtretch'd place,
Drove the torn relics of great Brutus' race:
Here they of old did in long ſafety lie,
Compaſs'd with ſeas, and a worſe enemy;
Ne'er till this time, ne'er did they meet with foes
More cruel and more barbarous than thoſe.
Ye noble Britons, who ſo oft with blood
Of Pagan hoſts have dy'd old Tamar's flood;
If any drop of mighty Uther ſtill,
Or Uther's mightier ſon, your veins does fill;
Shew then that ſpirit, till all men think by you
The doubtful tales of your great Arthur true:
You 'ave ſhewn it, Britons, and have often done
Things that have chear'd the weary, ſetting ſun.
Again did Tamar your dread arms behold,
As juſt and as ſucceſsful as the old:
It kiſs'd the Corniſh banks, and vow'd to bring
His richeſt waves to feed th' enſuing ſpring;
But murmur'd ſadly, and almoſt deny'd
All fruitful moiſture to the Devon ſide.

Ye ſons of war, by whoſe bold acts we ſee
How great a thing exalted man may be;
The world remains your debtor, that as yet
Ye have not all gone forth and conquer'd it.
I knew that Fate ſome wonders for you meant,
When matchleſs Hopton to your coaſts ſhe ſent;
Hopton! ſo wiſe, he needs not Fortune's aid,
So fortunate, his wiſdom 's uſeleſs made:
Should his ſo-often-try'd companions fail,
His ſpirit alone, and courage, would prevail.
Miraculous man! how would I ſing thy praiſe,
Had any Muſe crown'd me with half the bays
Conqueſt hath given to thee; and next thy name
Should Berkeley, Stanning, Digby, preſs to fame.
Godolphin! thee, thee Grenville! I 'd rehearſe,
But tears break off my verſe!—
How oft has vanquiſh'd Stamford backward fled;
Swift as the parted ſouls of thoſe he led!
How few did his huge multitudes defeat,
For moſt are cyphers when the number 's great!
Numbers, alas! of men, that made no more
Than he himſelf, ten thouſand times told o'er.
Who hears of Stratton-fight, but muſt confeſs
All that he heard or read before was leſs;
Sad Germany can no ſuch trophy boaſt,
For all the blood theſe twenty years ſhe 'as loſt.
Vaſt was their army, and their arms were more
Than th' hoſt of hundred-handed giants bore.
So ſtrong their arms, it did almoſt appear
Secure, had neither arms nor men been there.

In Hopton breaks, in break the Corniſh powers,
Few, and ſcarce arm'd, yet was th' advantage ours:
What doubts could be, their outward ſtrength to win,
When we bore arms and magazine within?
The violent ſword's outdid the muſket's ire;
It ſtrook the bones, and there gave dreadful fire:
We ſcorn'd their thunder; and the reeking blade
A thicker ſmoke than all their cannon made;
Death and loud tumults fill'd the place around
With fruitleſs rage; fall'n rebels bite the ground!
The arms we gain'd were wealth, bodies o' th' foe,
All that a full-fraught victory can beſtow!
Yet ſtays not Hopton thus, but ſtill proceeds;
Purſues himſelf through all his glorious deeds:
With Hertford and the Prince he joins his fate
(The Belgian trophies on their journey wait);
The Prince, who oft had check'd proud W—'s fame,
And fool'd that flying conqueror's empty name;
Till by his loſs that fertile monſter thriv'd;
This ſerpent cut in parts rejoin'd and liv'd:
It liv'd, and would have ſtung us deeper yet,
But that bold Grenville its whole fury met;
He ſold, like Decius, his devoted breath,
And left the commonwealth heir to his death.
Hail, mighty ghoſt! look from on high, and ſee
How much our hands and ſwords remember thee!
At Roundway Heath, our rage at thy great fall
Whet all our ſpirits, and made us Grenvilles all.
One thouſand horſe beat all their numerous power;
Bleſs me! and where was then their conqueror?

Coward of fame, he flies in haſte away;
Men, arms, and name, leaves us, the victors' prey.
What meant thoſe iron regiments which he brought,
That moving ſtatues ſeem'd, and ſo they fought?
No way for death but by diſeaſe appear'd;
Cannon, and mines, and ſiege, they ſcarcely fear'd:
Till, 'gainſt all hopes, they prov'd in this ſad fight
Too weak to ſtand, and yet too ſlow for flight.
The Furies howl'd aloud through trembling air;
Th' aſtoniſh'd ſnakes fell ſadly from their hair:
To Lud's proud town their haſty flight they took,
The towers and temples at their entrance ſhook.
In vain their loſs they' attempted to diſguiſe,
And muſtered up new troops of fruitleſs lyes:
God fought himſelf, nor could th' event be leſs;
Bright Conqueſt walks the fields in all her dreſs.
Could this white day a gift more grateful bring?
Oh yes! it brought bleſs'd Mary to the King!
In Keynton field they met; at once they view
Their former victory, and enjoy a new:
Keynton, the place that Fortune did approve,
To be the nobleſt ſcene of war and love.
Through the glad vale ten thouſand Cupids fled,
And chac'd the wandering ſpirits of rebels dead;
Still the lewd ſcent of powder did they fear,
And ſcatter'd eaſtern ſmells through all the air.
Look, happy mount! look well! for this is ſhe,
That toil'd and travel'd for thy victory:
Thy flouriſhing head to her with reverence bow;
To her thou ow'ſt that fame which crowns thee now.

From

From far-ſtretch'd ſhores they felt her ſpirit and might;
Princes and God at any diſtance fight.
At her return well might ſhe' a conqueſt have!
Whoſe very abſence ſuch a conqueſt gave.—
This in the Weſt; nor did the North beſtow
Leſs cauſe their uſual gratitude to ſhow:
With much of ſtate brave Cavendiſh led them forth,
As ſwift and fierce as tempeſt from the north;
Cavendiſh! whom every Grace, and every Muſe,
Kiſs'd at his birth, and for their own did chuſe:
So good a wit they meant not ſhould excel
In arms; but now they ſee 't, and like it well:
So large is that rich empire of his heart,
Well may they reſt contented with a part.
How ſoon he forc'd the northern clouds to flight,
And ſtruck confuſion into form and light!
Scarce did the Power Divine in fewer days
A peaceful world out of a chaos raiſe.
Bradford and Leeds prop'd up their ſinking fame;
They bragg'd of hoſts, and Fairfax was a name.
Leeds, Bradford, Fairfax' powers are ſtrait their own,
As quickly as they vote men overthrown:
Boötes from his wain look'd down below,
And ſaw our victory move not half ſo ſlow.
I ſee the gallant Earl break through the foes;
In duſt and ſweat how glorioufly he ſhows!
I ſee him lead the pikes; what will he do?
Defend him, Heaven! oh, whither will he go?
Up to the cannons' mouth he leads! in vain
They ſpeak loud death, and threaten, till they 're ta'en.

So Capaneus two armies fill'd with wonder,
When he charg'd Jove, and grappled with his thunder:
Both hoſts with ſilence and with terror ſhook,
As if not he, but they, were thunder-ſtrook.
The courage here, and boldneſs, was no leſs;
Only the cauſe was better, and ſucceſs.
Heaven will let nought be by their cannon done,
Since at Edgehill they ſinn'd, and Burlington.
Go now, your ſilly calumnies repeat,
And make all Papiſts whom you cannot beat!
Let the world know ſome way, with whom you 're vext,
And vote them Turks when they o'erthrow you next!
Why will you die, fond men! why will you buy
At this fond rate your country's ſlavery?
Is 't liberty? What are thoſe threats we hear? *
Why do you thus th' old and new priſon fill?
When that 's the only why; becauſe you will?
Fain would you make God too thus tyrannous be,
And damn poor men by ſuch a ſtiff decree.
Is 't property? Why do ſuch numbers, then,
From God beg vengeance, and relief from men?
Why are th' eſtates and goods ſeiz'd-on, of all
Whom covetous or malicious men miſcall?
What 's more our own than our own lives? But oh
Could Yeomans or could Bourchier find it ſo?
The barbarous coward, always us'd to fly,
Did know no other way to ſee men die.

* A line is here evidently wanting; but the defect is in all the copies hitherto known. N.

Or

Or is 't religion? What then mean your lyes,
Your ſacrileges, and pulpit-blaſphemies?
Why are all ſects let looſe that ere had birth,
Since Luther's noiſe wak'd the lethargic earth?

The Author went no further.

THE PURITAN AND THE PAPIST.

A SATIRE

SO two rude waves, by ſtorms together thrown,
Roar at each other, fight, and then grow one.
Religion is a circle; men contend,
And run the round in diſpute, without end:
Now, in a circle, who go contrary,
Muſt, at the laſt, meet of neceſſity.
The Roman Catholic, to advance the cauſe,
Allows a lye, and calls it Pia Fraus;
The Puritan approves and does the ſame,
Diſlikes nought in it but the Latin name:
He flows with his devices, and dares lye
In very deed, in truth, and verity.
He whines, and ſighs-out lyes with ſo much truth,
As if he griev'd 'cauſe he could ne'er ſpeak truth.
Lyes have poſſeſs'd the preſs ſo, as their due,
'Twill ſcarce, I fear, henceforth print Bibles true.
Lyes for their next ſtrong fort ha' th' pulpit choſe;
There they throng out at th' preacher's mouth and noſe,
And, howe'er groſs, are certain to beguile
The poor book-turners of the middle iſle;
Nay, to th' Almighty's ſelf they have been bold,
To lye; and their blaſphemous miniſter told,

They might ſay falſe to God; for if they were
Beaten, he knew 't not, for he was not there.
But God, who their great thankfulneſs did ſee,
Rewards them ſtrait with another victory,
Juſt ſuch an one as Brentford; and, ſans doubt,
Will weary, ere 't be long, their gratitude out.
Not all the legends of the ſaints of old,
Not vaſt Baronius, nor ſly Surius, hold
Such plenty of apparent lyes as are
In your own author, Jo. Browne, Cleric. Par.
Beſides what your ſmall poets ſaid or writ,
Brookes, Strode, and the baron of the ſaw-pit:
With many a mental reſervation,
You 'll maintain liberty:—Reſerv'd "your own."
For th' public good the ſums rais'd you 'll diſburſe;
—Reſerv'd "the greater part, for your own purſe."
You 'll root the Cavaliers out, every man;
—Faith, let it be Reſerv'd here "if ye can."
You 'll make our gracious Charles a glorious king;
—Reſerv'd "in heaven"—for thither ye would bring
His royal head; the only ſecure room
For kings; where ſuch as you will never come.
To keep th' eſtates o' th' ſubjects you pretend;
—Reſerv'd "in your own trunks." You will defend
The church of England, 'tis your proteſtation;
But that 's "New"-England by a ſmall Reſervation,
Power of diſpenſing oaths the Papiſts claim;
Caſe hath got leave of God to do the ſame:
For you do hate all ſwearing ſo, that when
You 've ſworn an oath, ye break it ſtrait again.

A curſe

A curſe upon you! which hurts moſt theſe nations,
Cavaliers' ſwearing, or your proteſtations?
Nay, though oaths be by you ſo much abhor'd,
Y' allow "God damn me" in the Puritan Lord.

They keep the Bible from laymen; but ye
Avoid this, for ye have no laity.
They in a foreign and unknown tongue pray,
You in an unknown ſenſe your prayers ſay;
So that this difference 'twixt you does enſue,—
Fools underſtand not them, not wiſe men you.

They an unprofitable zeal have got
Of invocating ſaints, that hear them not:
'Twere well you did ſo; nought may more be fear'd,
In your fond prayers, than that they ſhould be heard.
To them your nonſenſe well enough might paſs,
They 'd ne'er ſee that i' th' divine looking-glaſs.
Nay, whether you 'd worſhip ſaints is not known,
For ye 'ave as yet, of your religion, none.

They by good-works think to be juſtify'd:
You into the ſame error deeper ſlide;
You think by works too juſtify'd to be,
And thoſe ill-works—lyes, treaſon, perjury.
But, oh! your faith is mighty; that hath been,
As true faith ought to be, of things unſeen:
At Wor'ſter, Brentford, and Edgehill, we ſee,
Only by faith, ye 'ave got the victory.
Such is your faith, and ſome ſuch unſeen way
The public faith at laſt your debts will pay.

They hold free-will (that nought their ſouls may bind)
As the great privilege of all mankind:

You

You 're here more moderate; for 'tis your intent
To make 't a privilege but of parliament.
They forbid prieſts to marry: you worſe do;
Their marriage you allow, yet puniſh too;
For you 'd make prieſts ſo poor, that upon all
Who marry ſcorn and beggary muſt fall.

They a bold power o'er ſacred ſcriptures take,
Blot out ſome clauſes, and ſome new ones make:
Your great lord Jeſuit Brookes publickly ſaid
(Brookes, whom too little learning hath made mad),
That to correct the Creed ye ſhould do well,
And blot-out Chriſt's deſcending into hell.
Repent, wild man! or you 'll ne'er change, I fear,
The ſentence of your own deſcending there.

Yet modeſtly they uſe the Creed; for they
Would take the Lord's-Prayer root and branch away:
And wiſely ſaid a Levite of our nation,
The Lord's-Prayer was a Popiſh innovation.
Take heed, you 'll grant ere long it ſhould be ſaid,
An 't be but to deſire your daily bread.

They keep the people ignorant: and you
Keep both the people and yourſelves ſo too.
They blind obedience and blind duty teach:
You blind rebellion and blind faction preach;
Nor can I blame you much, that ye advance
That which can only ſave you, Ignorance;
Though, Heaven be prais'd! 't has oft been proved well,
Your ignorance is not invincible:

Nay,

Nay, ſuch bold lyes to God himſelf ye vaunt,
As if you 'd fain keep him too ignorant.
Limbus and Purgatory they believe,
For leſſer ſinners; that is, I conceive,
Malignants only: you this trick does pleaſe;
For the ſame cauſe ye 've made new Limbuſes,
Where we may lie impriſon'd long, ere we
A day of judgment in your courts ſhall ſee.
But Pym can, like the Pope, with this diſpenſe,
And for a bribe deliver ſouls from thence.
Their councils claim infallibility:
Such muſt your Conventicle-ſynod be;
And teachers from all parts of th' earth ye call,
To make 't a Council Oecumenical.
They ſeveral times appoint from meats' t' abſtain;
You now for th' Iriſh wars a faſt ordain;
And, that that kingdom might be ſure to faſt,
Ye take a courſe to ſtarve them all at laſt:
Nay, though ye keep no eves, Fridays, nor Lent,
Not to dreſs meat on Sundays you 're content;
Then you repeat, repeat, and pray, and pray,
Your teeth keep ſabbath, and tongues working-day.
They preſerve relicks: you have few or none,
Unleſs the clout ſent to John Pym be one;
Or Holles's rich widow, ſhe who carry'd
A relick in her womb before ſhe marry'd.
They in ſucceeding Peter take a pride;
So do you; for your maſter ye 'ave deny'd.
But chiefly Peter's privilege ye chooſe,
At your own wills to bind and to unlooſe.

He was a fiſherman; you 'll be ſo too,
When nothing but your ſhips are left to you:
He went to Rome; to Rome you backward ride
(Though both your goings are by ſome deny'd)
Nor is 't a contradiction, if we ſay,
You go to Rome the quite contrary way.
He dy'd o' th' croſs; that death 's unuſual now;
The gallows is moſt like 't, and that 's for you.
They love church-muſic; it offends your ſenſe,
And therefore ye have ſung it out from thence;
Which ſhews, if right your mind be underſtood,
You hate it not as muſic, but as good:
Your madneſs makes you ſing as much as they
Dance who are bit with a Tarantula.
But do not to yourſelves, alas! appear
The moſt religious traitors that e'er were,
Becauſe your troops ſinging of pſalms do go;
There 's many a traitor has march'd Holborn ſo.
Nor was 't your wit this holy project bore;
Tweed and the Tyne have ſeen thoſe tricks before.
They of ſtrange miracles and wonders tell:
You are yourſelves a kind of miracle;
Ev'n ſuch a miracle as in writ divine
We read o'—th' devil's hurrying down the ſwine.
They have made images to ſpeak: 'tis ſaid,
You a dull image have your Speaker made;
And, that your bounty in offerings might abound,
Ye 'ave to that idol giv'n ſix thouſand pound.
They drive out devils, they ſay: here ye begin
To differ, I confeſs—you let them in.

They

They maintain tranſubſtantiation;
You, by a contrary philoſopher's-ſtone,
To tranſubſtantiate metals have the ſkill,
And turn the kingdom's gold to ir'n and ſteel.
I' th' ſacrament ye differ; but 'tis noted,
Bread muſt be fleſh, wine blood, if e'er 't be voted.
They make the Pope their head; y' exalt for him,
Primate and metropolitan, maſter Pym;
Nay, White, who ſits i' th' infallible chair,
And moſt infallibly ſpeaks nonſenſe there;
Nay, Cromwell, Pury, Whiſtler, Sir John Wray,
He who does ſay, and ſay, and ſay, and ſay;
Nay, Lowry, who does new church-government wiſh,
And propheſies, like Jonas, 'midſt the fiſh;
Who can ſuch various buſineſs wiſely ſway,
Handling both herrings and biſhops in one day:
Nay, all your preachers, women, boys, and men,
From maſter Calamy to miſtreſs Ven,
Are perfect Popes, in their own pariſh, grown;
For, to out-do the ſtory of pope Joan,
Your women preach too, and are like to be
The whores of Babylon as much as ſhe.
They depoſe kings by force: by force you 'd do it,
But firſt uſe fair means to perſuade them to it.
They dare kill kings: and 'twixt ye here 's the ſtrife,
That you dare ſhoot-at kings to ſave their life:
And what 's the difference, pray, whether he fall
By the Pope's Bull or your Ox general?
Three kingdoms thus ye ſtrive to make your own,
And, like the Pope, uſurp a triple crown.

Such is your faith, ſuch your religion;
Let 's view your manners now, and then I 've done.
Your covetouſneſs let gaſping Ireland tell,
Where firſt the Iriſh lands, and next ye ſell
The Engliſh blood, and raiſe rebellion here
With that which ſhould ſuppreſs and quench it there.
What mighty ſums have ye ſqueez'd out o' th' city!
Enough to make them poor, and ſomething witty.
Exciſe, loans, contributions, poll-monies,
Bribes, plunder, and ſuch parliament priv'leges,
Are words which you ne'er learnt in holy writ,
Till th' Spirit, and your Synod, mended it.
Where 's all the twentieth part now, which hath been
Paid you by ſome, to forfeit the nineteen?
Where 's all the goods diſtrain'd, and plunders paſt?
For you 're grown wretched pilfering knaves at laſt;
Deſcend to braſs and pewter, till of late,
Like Midas, all ye touch'd muſt needs be plate.
By what vaſt hopes is your ambition fed?
'Tis writ in blood, and may be plainly read:
You muſt have places, and the kingdom ſway;
The king muſt be a ward to your lord Say.
Your innocent Speaker to the Rolls muſt riſe;
Six thouſand pound hath made him proud and wiſe.
Kimbolton for his father's place doth call,
Would be like him;—would he were, face and all!
Iſaack would always be lord-mayor; and ſo
May always be, as much as he is now.
For the Five members, they ſo richly thrive,
That they would always be but Members five.

Only Pym doth his natural right enforce,
By th' mother's ſide he 's Maſter of the horſe.
Moſt ſhall have places by theſe popular tricks,
The reſt muſt be content with biſhopricks.
For 'tis 'gainſt ſuperſtition you 're intent;
Firſt to root out that great church-ornament,
Money and lands: your ſwords, alas! are drawn
Againſt the Biſhop, not his cap, or lawn.
O let not ſuch lewd ſacrilege begin,
Tempted by Henry's rich, ſucceſsful ſin!
Henry! the monſter-king of all that age;
Wild in his luſt, but wilder in his rage.
Expect not you his fate, though Hotham thrives
In imitating Henry's tricks for wives;
Nor fewer churches hopes, than wives, to ſee
Buried, and then their lands his own to be.
Ye boundleſs tyrants! how do you outvy
Th' Athenians' Thirty, Rome's Decemviry!
In rage, injuſtice, cruelty, as far
Above thoſe men, as you in number are.
What myſteries of iniquity do we ſee!
New priſons made to defend liberty!
Our goods forc'd from us for property's ſake;
And all the real nonſenſe which ye make!
Ship-money was unjuſtly ta'en, ye ſay;
Unjuſtlier far, you take the ſhips away.
The High Commiſſion you call'd tyranny:
Ye did! good God! what is the High Committee?
Ye ſaid that gifts and bribes preferments bought:
By money and blood too they now are ſought.

To

To the king's will, the laws men ſtrove to draw;
The ſubjects' will is now become the law.
'Twas fear'd a new religion would begin:
All new religions, now, are enter'd in.
The king delinquents to protect did ſtrive:
What clubs, pikes, halberts, lighters, ſav'd the Five!
You think th' parl'ment like your ſtate of grace;
Whatever ſins men do, they keep their place.
Invaſions then were fear'd againſt the ſtate;
And Strode ſwore laſt year * would be eighty-eight.
You bring-in foreign aid to your deſigns,
Firſt thoſe great foreign forces of Divines,
With which ſhips from America were fraught;
Rather may ſtinking tobacco ſtill be brought
From thence, I ſay: next, ye the Scots invite,
Which you term brotherly-aſſiſtance, right;
For England you intend with them to ſhare:
They, who, alas! but younger brothers are,
Muſt have the monies for their portion;
The houſes and the lands will be your own.
We thank you for the wounds which we endure,
Whilſt ſcratches and ſlight pricks ye ſeek to cure;
We thank you for true real fears, at laſt,
Which free us from ſo many falſe ones paſt;
We thank you for the blood which fats our coaſt,
As a juſt debt paid to great Strafford's ghoſt;
We thank you for the ills receiv'd, and all
Which yet by your good care in time we ſhall;

* viz. 1642.

We

We thank you, and our gratitude 's as great
As yours, when you thank'd God for being beat.

THE CHARACTER OF AN HOLY-SISTER.

SHE that can ſit three ſermons in a day,
And of thoſe three ſcarce bear three words away;
She that can rob her huſband, to repair
A budget-prieſt, that noſes a long prayer;
She that with lamp-black purifies her ſhoes,
And with half-eyes and Bible ſoftly goes;
She that her pockets with lay-goſpel ſtuffs,
And edifies her looks with little ruffs;
She that loves ſermons as ſhe does the reſt,
Still ſtanding ſtiff that longeſt are the beſt;
She that will lye, yet ſwear ſhe hates a lyar,
Except it be the man that will lie by her;
She that at chriſtenings thirſteth for more ſack,
And draws the broadeſt handkerchief for cake;
She that ſings pſalms devoutly next the ſtreet,
And beats her maid i' th' kitchin, where none ſee 't;
She that will ſit in ſhop for five hours ſpace,
And regiſter the ſins of all that paſs,
Damn at firſt ſight, and proudly dares to ſay,
That none can poſſibly be ſav'd but they
That hang religion in a naked ear,
And judge men's hearts according to their hair;
That could afford to doubt, who wrote beſt ſenſe,
Moſes, or Dod on the commandements;
She that can ſigh, and cry "Queen Elizabeth,"
ıil at the Pope, and ſcratch-out "ſudden death:"

And for all this can give no reaſon why;
This is an holy-ſiſter, verily.

THE FORCE OF LOVE.

PRESERVED FROM AN OLD MANUSCRIPT.

THROW an apple up a hill,
Down the apple tumbles ſtill;
Roll it down, it never ſtops
Till within the vale it drops:
So are all things prone to Love,
All below, and all above.

Down the mountain flows the ſtream,
Up aſcends the lambent flame;
Smoke and vapour mount the ſkies;
All preſerve their unities;
Nought below, and nought above,
Seems averſe, but prone to Love.

Stop the meteor in its flight,
Or the orient rays of light;
Bid Dan Phœbus not to ſhine,
Bid the planets not incline;
'Tis as vain, below, above,
To impede the courſe of Love.

Salamanders live in fire,
Eagles to the ſkies aſpire,
Diamonds in their quarries lie,
Rivers do the ſea ſupply:
Thus appears, below, above,
A propenſity to Love.

Metals grow within the mine,
Luſcious grapes upon the vine;
Still the needle marks the pole;
Parts are equal to whole:
'Tis a truth as clear, that Love
Quickens all, below, above.

Man is born to live and die,
Snakes to creep, and birds to fly;
Fiſhes in the waters ſwim,
Doves are mild, and lions grim:
Nature thus, below, above,
Puſhes all things on to Love.

Does the cedar love the mountain?
Or the thirſty deer the fountain?
Does the ſhepherd love his crook?
Or the willow court the brook?
Thus by Nature all things move,
Like a running ſtream, to Love.

Is the valiant hero bold?
Does the miſer doat on gold?
Seek the birds in ſpring to pair?
Breathes the roſe-bud ſcented air?
Should you this deny, you 'll prove
Nature is averſe to Love.

As the wencher loves a laſs,
As the toper loves his glaſs,
As the friar loves his cowl,
Or the millar loves the toll,
So do all, below, above,
Fly precipitate to Love.

When young maidens courtſhip ſhun,
When the moon out-ſhines the ſun,
When the tigers lamps beget,
When the ſnow is black as jet,
When the planets ceaſe to move,
Then ſhall Nature ceaſe to Love.

EPIGRAM,

ON THE POWER OF LOVE.

BY MR. ABRAHAM COWLEY.

N. B. This is delivered down by tradition as a production of that celebrated poet; and was ſpoken at the Weſtminſter-School election, on the following ſubject:

"Nullis amor eſt medicabilis herbis." OVID.

SOL Daphne ſees, and ſeeing her admires,
Which adds new flames to his celeſtial fires:
Had any remedy for Love been known,
The god of Phyſic, ſure, had cur'd his own.

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